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"A SUDDEN PUFF OF THICK WHITE SMOKE SPRANG FROM THE VESSEL'S SIDE."

BARNABY LEE

BY

JOHN BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "MASTER SKYLARK"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

CLYDE O. DE LAND

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, INC.

NEW YORK

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Dedication

As some small return for steadfast love, unflagging courage, and faithful and informing criticism, which have ever been unfailing cheer and inspiration to my endeavor: to bring again to memory a day in spring spent in the highways and byways of Concord village, and in wayfaring upon old roads, and an afternoon worn away at last like the wind across the grass, chatting upon a shadowed rock in a sunlit summer meadow: in enduring remembrance of brave days of devoted companionship: an inadequate interchange for never-failing confidence in trial, wise counsel in doubt, an ever-increased debt: and as a tribute to a good comrade, I dedicate this volume and its unfilled aspiration to the loyal sharer of the vicissitudes and perplexities of my life, my sister, Martha Trimble Bennett

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BARNABY LEE

Barnaby Lee

CHAPTER I

THE ENGLISH CABIN-BOY

IT was the year 1664, and the day was the 1st of April according to the reckoning of the Julian calendar.

The raw shores of the New World lay stretched along the gray Atlantic, with the new day lying half awake upon their forested hills.

There had been a sea change in the night, and across the low white sand-hills of Long Island the south wind blew in from the sea with a tune like that of a shepherd's pipe; and all the little weathercocks on the peaked roofs of New Amsterdam, when they heard that wind in their curly tails, as it hurried over the ridge-poles, turned with a shrill and coppery creaking, and stared, as if with one accord, across the bay.

The sentinel, too, in his coat of buff leather and his morion of battered steel, who stood on the bastion of the fort above the wash of the rising tide, turned like the copper weathercocks, and, with one hand above his eyes, looked steadfastly away over the shimmering waves.

For out of the south, at the break of day, rising sharply through the shadows, had come a tilted square of

brown, that waxed and broadened on the view, grew near and clear, until it stood distinct, advancing steadily —the topsail of an incoming ship which winged a course both fast and free before the breeze.

Passing the stretches of Sandy Hook at the first gleam of dawn, she had come about as the purple headlands arose before her in the west, and laid her course northward through the bay that reached away before her bow.

She was evidently a stranger, and unfamiliar with the channel, for in the horns of her foretop crosstrees hung a lookout, shrewdly watching the water ahead as she drove along her path. He was a yellow-skinned, uncanny rogue with long black hair tied back from his brow in a crimson cloth, and with silver rings like crescent moons seesawing in his ears.

From time to time he shouted to the helmsman below as they went driving onward, for they were now upon short soundings, and the dark blue of the deep sea had turned to yellow-green and gray with color from the shifting sands.

Yet, though a stranger to the course, and unacquainted with the bay, the strange ship spun upon her keel as careless as a school-boy's top, and sped away as if her seams were calked with self-assurance.

She was a flute-ship, short and broad, with bows as bluff as a walnut-hull, a high forecastle, towering stern, and a swell amidships like a bowl. Her weather-beaten hulk was black; her high poop green, with lettering of tarnished gold and dingy scrolls along her quarters.

Her masts were made of southern pine, as yellow as an orange, and all her canvas was old and brown, except a white, new jib. At her mainmast-head a long red wind-jack struggled in the breeze.

To judge from her general careless air, the vessel was a trading coaster. Her well-worn gangways were mud-tracked; her hatches were fouled by unstowed freight; her bulwarks were battered and scraped and banged; and at her side her splintered fenders, carelessly dangling, sloshed along through the yeasty foam like the broken wings of a water-fowl. Yet there was in her look a something that was not all coast-trader; for, though her muddied anchor-chains betrayed the frequent harbor, she wore in her easy-going sweep the freedom of the seas. Somehow she seemed to hail direct from nowhere in particular; or, if one pleased to have a choice, from anywhere at all.

Upon her forward deck was geared a short six-pounder cannon; on her poop a four-pound saker was mounted in a swivel; and in the waist below were two long culverins of brass and a murdering-gun mounted amidships so as to cover both her gangways. Even in those troubled times, when honest merchantmen had need to go both armed and able to defend their own, an array like this was not the hall-mark of peaceable coast-trading.

What was more, she was heavily over-manned. She had in her full thirty men besides the cook's knave and the cabin-boy; and over-crewing such as this bespoke some rash adventure.

Whence she had come was hard to tell; what she was, was harder; and what her errand here might be, was an exceedingly dubious question.

The crew had all been piped on deck at the first red glimmer of the dawn. The morning watch, in dingy jackets of faded red and green, were hauling a tattered tarpaulin across a stack of merchandise in the waist. The cook's knave sat on a coil of cable, scraping out a pot. The cabin-boy sat on the lower step of the poop-deck ladder staring out at the shore, with his hands clasped about his knees.

His face was thin and his cheeks were hollow, although he was anything but starved. There are in the world things that a boy may crave besides merely his daily bread. His eyes ran hungrily along the distant shore, following the undulating line of the tree-tops, out of the valleys and over the hills, and climbing the forested promontories that jutted out into the sea. His look was at once both wistful and yearning.

"There are trees there," he said, "and dirt and stones, and rocks with moss on 'em, and green brakes; and water-brooks and sheep-walks, and burrows for the conies, and marshes where the bitterns be! Ay, there 's birds, robin-redbreasts and throstles, and little brown hens that lay white eggs. There 's apples growing in orchards; and strawberry-vines in the meadows; and hives of bees in plaited straw standing under the hedge-rows!"

His voice was eager and trembling, and he twisted the

fingers of one hand in the fingers of the other. "And there are cows—brown-eyed bossies, and girls to milk them into a piggin. Oh, I can hear them singing in the twilight by the byre!"

As he spoke a far-off melody seemed to come floating through the wind. It probably was nothing more than the harp-like humming of the shrouds. Yet, as he heard it, he struck his hands together in a sort of ecstasy.

"Ah," he whispered breathlessly, "there! They are singing now."

The mate leaned over the poop-deck rail with an angry scowl on his ugly face.

"Bear a hand, you good-for-nothing gromet!" he bellowed. "Bear a hand, there; do ye hear? Lively, now! Don't sulk with me: I 'll cat your back to fiddle-strings!"

The cabin-boy sprang up and ran across the deck, limping a little as he ran.

"If ever I come ashore again!" he panted. "Oh, if ever I come ashore again!"

A sailor kneeling upon the deck, hitching the end of a rope around a cleat, looked up from the corner of his squinting eye.

"What 's the matter with you," he said, "that you 're so wild for shore? Hang me, there 's too many shores a-fencing the sea. If it had n't 'a' been for the cursed shores a-getting in my way, I 'd 'a' been in China long ago, picking up pearls."

"Like enough," replied the cabin-boy, as if he had not

heard at all, or had not cared to hear; "but it 's been four years since I was ashore, and that is a long, long time."

"Long?" laughed the sailor. "What? four year? Ye don't call four year a long time? Just wait till ye come to hang your bones on Execution Dock! Four year won't seem nigh so long."

"It 's long enough for me now," cried the boy. "Ay, long enough and to spare!"

"Well," said the sailor, carelessly, "don't fret your ship in the gale. Stow your jib, and bide your time. Every dog shall have his day. By George! that 's what I say, says I: Every dog shall have his day."

A passionate look of despair crept over the lad's face. "Please God," he cried out bitterly, "I should like to have mine now!"

The sailor, still kneeling on the deck, looked narrowly at the cabin-boy.

"You are n't just right in the head, my jo," said he. "That 's what 's the matter with you."

And, in truth, the boy was a melancholy and singular-looking young rogue. His eyes were black and his cheeks discolored by some cruel blow. His hands were stained with tar and paint, but his sinewy wrists were slender, and where his gaudily figured shirt lay open upon his breast, the skin showed white and fair. He wore no stockings, although it was quite cold, so his legs below the knee were bare; and on his feet he wore sandals of sail-cloth, bound with plaited canvas thongs. A sash of faded crimson silk, with torn gold lace upon it, was awk-

wardly knotted around his waist, and through it was thrust a long, straight knife.

He was slightly built, and thin, but trim and straight as an arrow. He carried his head with a graceful air that was akin to pride, and his eyes, although blackened, were very bright. His lips were firm, and in their corners still lingered the traces of a boyish smile. He might have been sixteen, not more, but his face looked older. Its expression of passionate resolution and sadness was old beyond his years.

The sailors ran here and there about him, but he little heeded what they did or where they went. He stood an alien among them. He did not seem to care. An apathy was upon him in which nothing seemed to matter much, yet he whispered to himself, "Four years! It is a long, long time!" and turning with a weary sigh, went limping slowly along the deck.

The sun was now well up. The shores were drawing nearer.

To starboard stretched a broken coast of sandy rills and marshy islands, glimmering under a wooded upland. To leeward sprang a steep, bold shore of frosty hills and valleys, checkered here and there by bare brown fields and little clearings. The forests came down to the edge of the water, their borders purpled with wild raspberry thickets; in the leafless boughs of the gnurly oaks along the stony slope the ancient grape-vines hung like ropes upon a frigate's masts. Along the broad, white, sandy beach under the edge of the purple wood, on a sudden a herd of deer went bounding straight through the deep

of a reedy marsh whose waters splashed in a silver rain around them.

The cabin-boy limped forward, staring out across the rail, and rubbing his numb wrists. His hands were blue with the cold.

He longed to be ashore. He hated the ship beneath him. The sea, which seemed a fairyland to many a lad on shore, to him was a world of grief and trouble, from which he was weary to be free. Its enchantment was a lie. He hated the long, green, slanting waves which foamed and rolled behind them. For four long years he had sailed the New World's coast and never set foot ashore; his world was become but a wandering ship, whose pent space of lurching decks and swinging masts were his only hillside fields and groves. Mauled by the captain and the mate, by turns or by both together, as they chanced to be in drink, the butt of the sailors, helpless and alone, what wonder that his heart yearned for the touch of the brown earth, where trees may grow, flowers bloom, birds build nests and men have fixed abodes?

"God never made the sea a home for anything but fish," he said, and raised his thin hand to his face with a despairing gesture. The crosstrees swayed; the dark yards stretched out black and gaunt against the sky. The dangling ropes seemed like a tangled snare around him.

"Oh, daddy," he said, "why did ye never come back?"

CHAPTER II

THE THREE PICAROONS

ON the flute-ship's towering poop-deck the captain stood, leaning against the rail. His restless eyes roamed among the sails. He was a tall man, swarthy, with a frame inclining to spareness, and bore himself in a headstrong, domineering way that marked him a leader among his kind. He was dressed in an ordinary sailor's garb, of stuff neither better nor worse than that worn by the commonest seaman. Nothing marked him for a chief but his masterful demeanor. His nose was hooked like a parrot's beak; his look combined both shrewdness and daring; but his eyes and the narrow mouth under his nose were not only false, but were villainous too. Beside him, standing by the rail, were the sailing-master and the mate. The latter was a bull-necked scoundrel with a voice as hoarse as an iron horn. He wore a sailor's turban made of a yellow handkerchief, from under which his short black hair hung curling in oily rings along his sunburnt forehead.

The sailing-master would have been a hard man to match—six feet tall, long of leg, brawny-shouldered, deep-chested. His stubbly red hair and bristling beard

made his brown face look like an old reaped field in which lay two gray, quiet pools, and across which his broad mouth drew a crimson furrow. His great shoulders stretched his old jacket of green; his belt was as broad as a horse's girth; in it were thrust two daggers with Brazil stones in their hilts. With one of these daggers he wrought and fought; the other he kept for company. As he stood there on the poop-deck, beside the weather-rail, his long legs planted wide apart, his huge red hands carelessly forked across his hips, he looked as if a hogs-head of sugar might have been bowled at him in vain.

The sailors as they hurried about were hoarsely chanting a wild song which the cook led from the galley-door in a most distressing voice:

"I never sunk an English ship,
But Turk and King of Spain;
Likewise the blackguard Dutchmen
I met upon the main.
Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him this from me:
If he reigns king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea!"

"By glory, I will, or my name is not King!" said the captain, turning to the sailing-master with a sparkle in his eye.

"All right," said the sailing-master. "I never said ye would n't. *Be as may be* 's all I said. Cock-sure 's a pretty bird. But they stopped the *San Beninio,* and they made a pack of monkeys of Will Trevor and his crew."

"Hang Will Trevor and his crew!" said the captain. "Is the *Ragged Staff* a mussel-boat like the *San Beninio?* Why, blight me green, man, you talk as if you were afeard of a web-footed Dutchman!"

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master, steadily. "Suppose I be afeard? You ought to know. I ha' sailed with ye. I think I ha' mostly took my own part. I be no swine for fighting, nor am I eager for bloody death; a common bunk at fourscore is good enough for me. But that 's not what I 'm driving at. Will they stop us, do ye think?"

"Stop us? Stop who? Me—John King? Oh, yes; I 'm a pig in a country lane, that any addled loon can stop. I 've come here after a load of stops! That crew looks ripe for stoppage; now, don't it? Blight me green!"

Leaning back against the rail, the captain swept a keen glance forward.

On the forecastle, where the wind came down from the foresail, the crew were gathered in a group. Some played a game on the deck with a pack of greasy cards. The others, standing, beat their arms across their brawny chests, and growled like surly dogs together. Most of them wore knitted shirts and jackets of crimson cloth, with gaudy handkerchiefs loosely knotted around their necks. Their faces were tanned to the color of leather, and their arms were blue with tattooing. Some wore pistols in their belts, and all had sheath-knives at their breasts. Their teeth shone through their beards as they

talked, and they looked far more like a pack of wolves than like a good ship's crew.

"If they try to stop *me*," quoth John King, "they will catch a hurricane by the tail."

"All right," replied the sailing-master. "Don't ye argufy with me. I be no hand at an argument. I ships to sail a boat. Be as may be, I takes my own part, and shares the upshot wi' the rest; but I ha' seen 'em as smart as you, John, rattling like dry sheepskins on the wrong end of a rope. These Dutch traders may be web-footed, but, mark what I say, they can swim to a purpose."

"Let 'em swim!" said the captain, with a gesture of contempt, and turning with an angry face, he fell to conning the sails. Then suddenly he turned again to where the sailing-master stood, and, smiting the rail with his clenched fist, he cried out wrathfully, "Will ye just look at that young jack-fool? What has got into him now?"

The sailing-master turned and looked. Half-way up to the main-crosstrees, the cabin-boy clung in the larboard shrouds, staring out at the passing shore as if he were fascinated.

"Od sling me! Look at his face!" said the mate. "I see a man look that way once, and again I heard he run mad and died."

"Died?" cried King. "There 's no such luck. The knave would n't die to please ye."

"Well, he 's fay," said the mate, "that 's what he is; so what luck can ye look for? 'T is ill luck carrying folk

that be fay aboard of any ship. What came to pass when Jonah shipped from Joppa down to Tarshish?''

''Oh, plague on Jonah and the whale!'' interjected the sailing-master. ''The lad 's not fay, nor will he die; he 's not the kind that dies. Look at the build of him, by hen! I guess I know his breed—as slim and lean and as clean as a greyhound, and a face on him like a tomb-stun marble! Nay, bully, he 'll not die, nor neither is he fay. He 'll see your toes pointing at the stars all down amongst the daisies.''

''He has caught a sniff of the land,'' snarled King, ''and just as sure as he smells land he 's as mad as a hatter.''

''And that is as true as the Book o' Jack,'' assented the sailing-master. ''He were fetching my breakfast awhile ago, when he caught a whiff of the offshore breeze. He dropped the collops on the deck, and flung up his head with a snort. 'If ever I come ashore,' quo' he, 'oh, if ever I come ashore!' 'If ever ye come ashore,' quo' I, 'ye 'll be hanged for a picaroon.' And what d' ye think he said to me? 'I 'd rather be hanged on shore,' quo' he, 'than float ten thousand year!' 'T is exactly what he said to me. I 'll take my oath upon it. 'You misbetaken gromet,' says I, 'I will break ye in two,' and drew back my hand to fetch him a wipe—for those shipwrecked collops smelled passing gay! But he just stood up and looked at me, and never wavered a hair. 'Now, strike him or lie,' quo' I to myself. 'Tom Scarlett, strike him or lie!' But, 'pon my word o' rectitude, when I looked

at his face, I could n't 'a' struck him a finger-flip had it cost me twenty joe! 'Liar ye be,' quo' I to myself; 'a most pernickulous liar!' But strike him I could n't, not to save my soul. He never flinched a hair."

"By granny, I can make him flinch!" growled the mate. "D' ye mark the eyes I put on him? By granny, he 'll dodge for me."

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master, quietly shrugging his brawny shoulders; "I never said he would n't. But I ha' yet to see him dodge for you or for any man. I ha' seen a young springal with a face like his look up at the executioner, and make the headsman shut both eyes afore he durst strike. 'T is a quality runneth in the blood when men be thoroughbred."

"A blight upon his quality," snarled John King. "I would I were shut of him."

"Why don't ye drop him overboard, then?" said the mate. "I 've advised ye to do it half a dozen times. A man is a fool to wear a wart, I say, when there is a cure so handy."

"Don't call me a fool, Jack Glasco," said the captain. "If a man be paid to wear warts, he 'd be a fool to cure 'em. If I choose to wear warts for other men, what business is it of yours? There 's greater fools than them that wear warts. There 's fools that stick their meddling thumbs in other people's pie."

"They takes 'em out again, John King," said the sailing-master, calmly. "They takes 'em out again straightway. Your plums be werry bad."

"I don't take mine out," growled the mate; "and a murrain on your plums! Who is the gromet, anyway, that we should cherish him? What right has he to these respects?"

King turned to the mate.

"Look here," he said, "I warned ye once to attend your own affairs. Do ye want that I should warn ye twice?" There was an ugly look in his eye.

"Oh, no, John," hastily stammered the mate. "Indeed, John, truly I don't." He laid his hand on the captain's arm in an ingratiating way. "But, John, now, marry, look ye, John," and he swallowed hard at a lump in his throat, "the knave will slip a venom in the soup some day."

"Oh, quits!" said the sailing-master. "Ye act like two old tom-cats: 'Fizz-zz! miaouw!—and the dickens to pay!' What 's the good of it? One says 'Spit!' t' other 'Spat!' that 's all it ever comes to. I think you 'd come to sense. I don't care who the gromet is, nor what John King does with him here; but there 's one thing I do know. He 'll never poison soup. That 's not his sort; the lad 's a thoroughbred. Nay, Jack, he 'll leave the ratsbane to you and King."

The captain turned with a flushing face: "You call me a poisoner?" he roared.

The sailing-master looked at him. "Well, now, suppose I did?" His hands were set upon his hips, and his head was cocked upon one side. "Do ye think ye can daunt me with your face or frighten me with your up-

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roar? Bah!" he said, with a sudden touch of unexpected fire. "Do ye think that I 'd fear to break ye in two like a scouring-rush where ye stand? I never said I 'd do it; but mark my words, John King, some day, when we 're not sober, we will come to hand-grips yet. I be a slow-natured man, nor quick to wrath; but I give ye a fair warning. Don't ye rouse me, for when the old Adam b'ileth up I be as heady as an elephant that weareth of his teeth outside and sporteth tails both fore and aft. And mark me, John," he continued, with a cold blaze in his eyes, "if ever we come to that happy day, there 'll be somebody wishing he never was born, and it won't be 'yours dutiful,' neither."

King laid his hand on his pistol, his countenance flaming with fury. Yet, as he stared into the unmoved face of the stalwart sailing-master, something stayed his frenzy. Twice his hand thrilled with a deadly impulse, then his whole look changed.

"Blight me green!" he said, with a harsh, forced laugh, and showing his teeth like a beaten hound, he turned to the master's mate. "Here is a gromet ye cannot cow, Glasco. Don't ye want to try it on?"

The mate leaned back against the rail with a grin of sullen satisfaction.

"No," said he; "that 's not my pie. You 've put your own fingers into it; go on and eat your plums."

"*Ware shoal!*" shrieked the lookout. "*Hard a-starboard. Jam her down!*"

"*Jam she is!*" said the helmsman. The flute-ship

"'WE SHALL SOON SEE WHETHER I 'LL PASS OR NOT!' HE SAID."

whirled upon her keel. The wind piped; the spray sang; the headlands swept astern. To right and left, the crew stared across a spacious bay in which the fleets of the world might have found safe harbor. The air was filled with snow-white gulls; wide-winged ospreys wheeled dizzily overhead. Along the west a vast, wild fen stretched measureless, rimming the wilderness. Off to the east the oaks on the forest-covered hills were turned to lattices of gold by the sun. Down from the lookout came a new hail, this with a sharper, more vehement ring: "Port, ho!" he shouted. "The Dutchmen be in sight!"

Upon a narrow point of land five miles beyond the ship's prow, stood a little shining city. Its frosty gables glistened like bright crystals in the sunlight, and above them a pale-blue cloud of smoke drifted slowly away across the sky.

The peaked roofs from which the frost had thawed were red and green and blue; in the yellow walls below them the many tiny windows flashed.

So very small and so crystal-clear the little town lay clustering there, it seemed to be a toy town.

To the left a wide green river came spreading to meet the sea; to the right an uncertainty of dancing waters rippled. Behind the town arose a wooded hill; against its purple slope stood a dark-red windmill, whose slowly revolving sails shimmered and fluttered in the sun like the trembling wings of a dragon-fly.

A stir ran over the flute-ship, a quick, impetuous

thrill. The crew drew closer together, and the quarrel upon the poop-deck ceased; for this was the stronghold of the Dutch, the city of New Amsterdam.

As they drove on they could discern the ships that lay at anchor in the roads, and make out goods piled on the wharves in bales and casks; there were pipes of wine, hogsheads of sugar, firkins of butter, tuns of oil, huge round copper-fastened butts of rum, and trundles of leaf-tobacco.

The houses were of brick and stone; the windows were cased in lead; their framework was of the stoutest oak. It was no toy town. Then a long breath ran through the *Ragged Staff*, and the sailors set their teeth.

Close by the western waterside, facing the channel, the walls of an earthen fort arose, four-square, dun-colored, ragged with grass, reinforced, where its angles jutted out, with bastions faced with cut graystone.

On the far bastion was a windmill, dim in a cloud of flour, its one black window staring down the harbor like an eye. On the near bastion was a flagstaff, up which a flag was running to the truck. As they watched they heard shouting; saw men come running from below with morions and breastplates gleaming brightly in the sun.

There was a brazier on the rampart; the smoke curled up from it. Along the walls, like candle-flames, they could see brass cannon shining.

John King drew out his flintlock pistols and stirred their priming-pans. "We shall soon see whether I 'll pass or not!" he said, with flashing eyes.

CHAPTER III

A STARTLING CANNON-SHOT

AT the dawn of that fair first day of April, New Amsterdam lay dreaming between the rivers which washed her sides. The night stars still were shining, and the earth was hushed and gray, but the waking cocks were crowing bravely, and the eastern sky was touched with light.

"It is a fine spring morning," said the night watch, and with that they blew out their lanterns and went trudging homeward through the lanes among the cabbage-patches.

The day broke cold and clear and bright. The higher tree-tops caught the glory of the sun. The crows began their clamor in the edges of the forest, or in long files, high overhead, flapped westward to the mainland. The burghers of the town awoke, yawned, stretched, arose and dressed themselves, and having duly breakfasted and filled their long clay pipes, went straight about their business in the city.

The breakfast smoke still lingered in the chimneys of the town, and the hoar-frost still defined the shadows on the ground, but the red sun had run its course an hour up the sky, and the bustle of the new day ceased in quiet.

In Metje Wessel's tavern by the waterside, where the drowsy sailors slowly drained their pewter mugs, it was so still that one could almost hear the needles click as Juffrouw Metje knitted by the fireside.

Suddenly there came a crash that sent the echoes flying from the finger-post at Copsey Hook to the gray sand-hills where sweet Minetta-water ran.

"Hei!" cried the sailors, dropping their mugs.

"Where?" gasped Metje, dropping her knitting.

"Fizz-zz-zz!" said the cat, and flew under the cupboard, her tail swelled as big as a blacking-brush.

The brewer's boy in Stony Street was hoisting a sack of malt to the loft. "Heigh-ho!" he cried. "My faith! what 's that? Why, bless my heart, 't was a cannon-shot!"

In his astonishment he slipped his hold upon the hoisting-tackle. Down rushed the sack.

"Thou *dom-kop!*" roared the overseer, from the storage-loft above. "What 's that to thee? Hoist up the sack; we have no time to spare."

But the apprentice was gone, the sack was down. The overseer followed.

Mynheer Johannes Van Hoorn had just climbed up to his lofty office stool. "What 's that?" he cried, as the thundering crash made the lead-cased windows rattle in the wall. "What 's that, I say? Guns? *Donderslag!*" and he dropped two guilders on the floor. "Pick them up, Jan; pick them up!" he sputtered, bouncing down from the stool. "Heida! there it is again! Oh, my

great-uncle Christopher!'' and forgetting his copper-buckled shoes that stood behind the office door, he dashed out into the Winckel Street, wiping his pen upon what he supposed to be his long black coat-tails; it happened to be his best silk handkerchief, but that is no matter now. ''Guns!'' he shouted at the door of Mynheer Cornelis Van Brugh. ''They are shooting guns like anything! Oh, my great-uncle Christopher!'' For again the sound of that thumping gun came rolling over the town. Away went Mynheer Van Hoorn, his gold-rimmed spectacles all askew, his quill-pen waving in the air, and his leather slippers clocking on the cobbles as he ran.

Mynheer Van Brugh laid down his pen and looked up from his long accounts.

''My soul and body, what a waste!'' he groaned, wringing his skinny hands. ''Ten pounds of powder at a crack; and ach! how gunpowder costs!''

But ''Fire!'' cried Goosen Van Bommel, the chief of the volunteers, and hurling his ladder against the house, he went scrambling up to see where the smoke arose the thickest. But all the smoke that he could see as he clambered along the ridge-pole came out of his own chimney-pot, under his very nose. ''Aha! I will put that out so soon!'' he cried triumphantly, and emptied his bucket down the flue. There came a shriek from below, for Goosen's wife was baking bread! Down tumbled Goosen Van Bommel. Thump, bump! he rolled along the roof; thump, bump! the echoes rumbled.

Down the wind again came the thunder of a cannon;

and suddenly, as if replying to it, farther off, and faint but sullen, another cannon-shot resounded, and at that instant in the town a heavy bell began to ring, until the thin air trembled with the reverberating din.

Klang, kling-klang! Thump-bump! thump-bump! the echoes banged and rumbled. Tousled heads came popping out at a hundred windows; gray-haired gaffers tottered forth in their woolen-stockinged feet; housewives cackled on the stoops; grandams cried, "Ach! God keep us!" and the shock-headed children, on their way to the little gray dominie's school, turned and ran for home again in short, fat-legged fright. It was the wild men come again, with horrid butchery, or the pirates from the east shore where the fires were at night; or, worst of all,—their hearts stood still at the thought,—it was the bloody Duke of Alva risen from the dead, and, with the demon Spaniards out of their nightmares, falling upon the town. With one accord the children fled for home.

The cannon now had taken on an ugly, spiteful sound, like dogs barking defiance at one another across a ditch, and through the market-field came a sound of running, and of a hoarse voice shouting, "To the fort!" Up the crooked street came Johan Vos, the messenger, waving his official staff and shouting, "Ho, burghers! To the fort, or pay the penalty!"

"What says he? To the fort? Oh, hei! How can we leave our shops?" they cried. "But the penalty—three guilders? *Ach, neen;* we 'll to the fort!" And

away they all ran toward the market-field, their shop doors banging behind them; and on went the messenger, shouting. From every direction came the sound of running feet. From highways, byways, lanes, and alleys, the people came hurrying through the town, and into the market-field.

There, on slightly rising ground, stood Fort Amsterdam, staring across the bay, like a huge, brown spider on the margin of a web, aroused from slumber by some blundering fly, and ready to spring upon its prey.

But the only fly the burghers could see, as they hurried through the market-field to the narrow beach below the fort, was a heedless, headlong, ominous thing with an ugly air of its own. There in the offing, beyond the reefs which hedged Manhattan Island, a strange ship lay, hove to upon the tide, her dark hull rimmed with yellow foam where the curt waves beat upon her rolling sides. Her brown sails flapped and slatted in the wind, and across the water, on the shifting gusts, came the rattle of her rigging and the hoarse calling of the sailors as they braced her yards about.

There she drifted to and fro like a huge, uncertain bird, the heads of her crew, like dark, round balls, running along her rail. The tide was almost at the flood, yet still was running strong, and, through the eddy at Copsey Hook, a shallop was seen putting off from shore.

A hush fell upon the crowd. They stood there, staring anxiously. No one knew what had transpired, nor what should yet betide.

Then, suddenly, on the silence, like the beating of a drum, there rose a sound of hurrying feet inside the fort's quadrangle. From the open market-field a boy came running through the wide north gate across the deserted square. His bright-red monkey-jacket gleamed in the sunlight, and under his jacket his knit shirt of wool stared like a black-and-yellow grate. His stockings were of yellow yarn, and his legs were as stout as two small trees. His breeches of brown-gray duffles had a most amazing slack, and his wooden shoes thumped loudly as he ran. His hair was the color of Archangel flax, and on his head he wore a red Rouen cap with a tassled tip that dangled down upon the side and fluttered in the air.

He scudded along the windowed row which faced the deserted parade until he came to a house built of dark glazed brick, with a tall, narrow chimney at each end, and a flight of wooden steps before its door. Pausing a moment, breathless, he leaned against the stoop, and then, with a sharp, clear voice, cried, "What, there, Dorothy!" Then, again, "Dorothy, Dorothy Van!" he called, and beat on the stoop with his shoe. "Come quickly forth. An English ship is putting us to shame!"

A bright face gleamed for an instant at the curtained window. Light footfalls hurried across the floor within. The knocker rattled, the door swung wide, and a slender, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl came running down the steps.

"An English ship?" she exclaimed, excitedly flushing. "Oh, Dirck, will there be war?"

"Who knows?" cried the boy. "As like as not; or a

battle, which is much the same. The English are an evil lot. Up quickly, that we may see."

Across the empty quadrangle they ran, and up the ragged path, zigzag along the grassy wall. Upon the crest of the rampart lay a rotting gabion filled with earth; on this the boy sprang and stood staring.

"Heida! see them row!" he cried.

The shallop had passed the foaming reefs, and was heading straight for the stranger.

CHAPTER IV

HOW JOHN KING PASSED

ON the southwest bastion of Fort Amsterdam stood Jan Reyndertsen, the master gunner. His red mustache flared straight out from under his long nose, and his reddish-brown eyes peered through their bristling lashes like frosted hazel-nuts. Unlike frosted hazel-nuts, they had a wicked gleam.

"Give me the word to fire," he snarled, "and I 'll mend this Englishman's manners for him with a vengeance. He hath neither asked if he may voyage upstream, nor stricken his topsails to the Dutch flag, as he is bound to do, and all the reply the rogue hath vouchsafed to our polite salute is to fire a beggarly four-pounder not fit to shoot at rats. Just give me the word. I 'll teach him! I heaved him to with one round shot; I 'll hull him with the next. I 'll give him a dish of red-hot beans from old Donder-Rooker, here, that will make him think that the black death hath walked through his company four abreast. I 'll teach him to defy our rightful mastery on this stream, and to flout the flag of Holland as though it were a rag!" He blew the half-burnt powder from the touch-hole pan, and smote the cannon

across the breech until it fairly rang. "I 'll teach him! We are the masters here."

For at that time the Dutch in New Amsterdam held the whole North River region in the name of a great trading firm,—the Dutch West India Company,—and knowing that there was nowhere a trade could surpass that of the North River in furs, ship-timbers, and cabinet woods, they were determined to keep the traffic and all of its profits for their own; so they planted their fort at the river-mouth, commanding the only approach, and suffered none but their own ships to pass without a license; and the licenses they did grant were so fenced about with terms as to make compliance with them almost impossible.

But the English, jealous of the Dutch, and coveting their increasing gains, denied their right of possession, and laid claim to the North River region themselves, by ancient grants from old King James, and by right of discovery, on the ground that Henry Hudson, who first explored the stream, was an Englishman by birth, although he sailed upon Dutch ventures, stubbornly maintaining, despite all contradiction, that what an English eye sees first is English thence forever.

This claim the Dutch denied, as men are very apt to do with claims that are not to their liking, and steadfastly maintained their hold upon the river and its traffic.

Thus it had already come to pass that the revenues of the Dutch, in spite of their constant vigilance and ward, had been heavily defrauded by the smuggling of

furs into Boston and Virginia, and by the pillaging of unlicensed traders, sea Bohemians and robbers, who ran into the North River under cover of night, and plied illicit traffic along the borders of the stream.

"They are thieves and lawless rogues!" cried the gunner. "I should like to hang them all! They rob our hunters' deadfalls, and ruin our fishermen's nets. They break the heads of our farmer-boys and terrorize the women. There is no peace in all the world where Englishmen may come!" He shook his fist at the English ship as she swung upon the tide.

The shallop was rapidly nearing her, the oarsmen pulling a long, steady stroke that swiftly ate into the distance.

As soon as they came within hail of her, a man with an air of authority put his head above the ship's side and cried out sharply, "Keep off, there!" But the men in the shallop rowed on. "Keep off, I say!" he shouted again. "Keep off, on your peril!" Yet still the oarsmen rowed on as steadily as before, until they were within twenty yards of the ship, when the ship's company rose up suddenly amidships, in a body, with here and there the point of a half-pike glistening over their heads, and he that seemed the master among them cried again, "Keep off, or I 'll fire into ye! Keep off, I say, in the king's name, and go about your business."

"Our business is with you, sir," answered a sharp voice, and the harbor-master rose in the stern of the shallop. "Why have ye not stricken your topsails?"

"Stricken my topsails?" roared the other. "What slush is this? Who are you, that ye bid me strike my topsails? What do you take me for?"

"I take you for an insolent rogue," said the Dutchman, sturdily, "unless you speedily mend me both your language and your manners."

"Since when have you got a mortgage on the manners of the world?" retorted the English captain. "I will strike my tops for nobody but my own pleasure and King Charles."

"In the name of the city of New Amsterdam, I bid ye strike your topsails!" cried the harbor-master, sternly.

"Be hanged to the city of New Amsterdam!" shouted the Englishman, wrathfully, "and be off about your own affair. I 'll strike no topsails for ye!"

"Then thou art arrest in the name of the law," said the harbor-master, stoutly. "Row on; I will go aboard."

"Keep off, ye meddling fool!" cried the English mariner. "If you attempt to come aboard I will blow ye out of the water! Glasco! Glasco!" he cried shrilly, turning his face inboard.

The oarsmen had taken up the stroke and were rowing steadily onward. The wind had changed, and not a sound could be heard by the throng on shore.

Then suddenly a pantomime began on the vessel's deck. The man in the gangway waved his arms; the crew tugged all together at some unwieldy thing behind the bulwark in the waist. The shallop turned, and the oarsmen began to pull for shore as though the very fiend

himself were at their heels. There was a waving and a scurry in the flute-ship's waist, and, with a shrill outcry, a man ran from the galley with a red-hot touching-iron in his hand.

Hastily sighting a murdering-gun which the crew had cast loose at the gangway, he sprang back, and touched it with a quick thrust at the breech.

A sudden puff of thick white smoke sprang from the vessel's side; there was a vicious crack, and the cannon-shot plunged into the stream an oar's length behind the shallop.

The men in her shrieked and tore at the oars, some this way and some that. One cried, "Help!" another, "Murder!" A third fell down among the stretchers in the bottom of the boat, and lay there palsied with affright, his face hidden in his hands. Yet they came ashore by some means or other, as pale as ghosts, and shaking like leaves.

They were hardly out upon the beach when a boat was lowered from the falls of the ship, and a crew poured into it down the lines. Giving way together, they followed after the flying shallop without a sound except the grinding of the oars against the tholes. After the first came a second boat. Before it cleared the falls, the third, a black-and-yellow yawl, swung swiftly down from the stranger's quarter.

There were four sailors in her at the oars, and two musketeers at her bow. The captain ran down the stern-ladder and leaped into her, thump, across the thwarts.

He had a cutlass in his belt, and a pair of flint-lock pistols, as had also the sailing-master, who was with him. Beside them, in the stern-sheets, was the cabin-boy. He carried two light carbines, slung over his shoulders by straps, and held a burning gun-match in his teeth. As he rattled down the ladder and dropped into the yawl, a thread of white smoke followed him as a cobweb follows the spider. Then the yawl, with her long oars topping the waves, came shearing toward land.

With a swash the three boats drove upon the beach as if they meant to row straight on into the town upon the wind, while from the flute-ship's deck came the ominous sound of rammers plunging home into the cannon.

Nobody spoke. The crowd drew back a little from the shore. The English captain's under jaw was thrust out as though he courted war. "What under the canopy does this arresting mean?" he cried. But no man answered him. Again he cried out angrily, "What does this arresting mean?" Yet nobody answered a word. He laid his hand to his pistol-butt, and was for the third time speaking, when over the crowd came a voice, crying shrilly, "Way, there! Way!"

The people swung to right and left, and down the narrow way came a man so ponderous that he looked like a cask upon two kegs. Under the brim of his high-crowned, gray felt hat his face shone as red as the rising sun on a rainy morning. He wore a pair of wide-mouthed boots, slouched around his ankles, with yellow tassels at their tugs, fantastically bobbing. At the knees of his trousers

were yellow rosettes, with ribbons fluttering from them; and over his shoulders creaked a jacket of red bull's hide, so stiff that it gaped like a warehouse door across his swelling chest. Clutching a dagger in one hand and a long staff in the other, he was striving vainly to buckle his belt as he trundled down the bank. His sword, a prodigious long one, slung in a baldric across his breast, got between his legs, and clanked about like an iron tail.

At his heels came a man so shriveled and thin that he seemed to be only a shadow. He was dressed in black from head to foot; at his girdle was an ink-horn; in one hand he carried a parchment roll, and in the other a staff which he flourished officiously.

"Way!" he cried. "Way, there!" and thrust about him with his staff. "Make way for the Heer Officier! Make way for the *Schout Fiskaal!*" Down the bank, with a strut, came that mighty personage, to face the insolent Englishmen, and to quell them with his mien.

But alas for the haughty spirit that goeth before a fall! The butt of the great Schout Fiskaal's staff caught in the end of his scabbard as the latter went clanking from side to side. He tripped, and, sprawling upon all fours, plunged headlong down the bank.

His deputy caught the scabbard, and clung to it manfully; but, in spite of all his efforts, away the Schout Fiskaal went, like a runaway cask down the cellar stairs, dragging the drayman after it; and with his deputy vainly tugging and skipping behind him like a goat, the Heer Officier plunged head first upon the sand.

A roar of jeers and laughter went up from the three ship's boats.

Struggling heavily to his feet, the great man glared about him, gasping. His breath was driven out of him, and he could not speak. Then "Hah!" said he at last, with a gasp that rattled in his throat. "Hah!" he cried ferociously.

"Hah?" quoth the sailing-master. "A wise, safe saying, that. By hen, no man can say you lie so long as you stick to it!" Then he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "What the murrain is this thing?" he asked. "Can anybody tell? Saith naught but 'Hah!' like a horse that hath an oat-straw in its throat! By hen, it hath gone and swallowed its tongue, and swelleth itself wi' words. If some kind friend don't tap it soon, 't will surely burst a girth!"

"Insolent and ignorant rogue, thou knowest not who I am!" roared the Schout Fiskaal, in a fury. "I am the hangman and the gallows; I am the counsel and the judgment; I am the established law and the execution thereof; I am the Schout Fiskaal!"

"I am much beholden to ye," said the sailing-master, bowing gravely. "I was thinking ye might be Goliath of Gath, with a spear like a weaver's beam, or a cockatrice that killeth with the fury of its eye."

"Beware!" cried the Schout Fiskaal, swelling his breast; "I am not to be trifled with. I am the sheriff of the city."

"And a boddle of it!" said John King. "What are

your sheriff and city to me, and what from Hull to Barbados does this arresting mean?"

The three boats lay with their dripping prows high upon the sand, heeling down on their gunwales until their bottoms were in plain view. Beneath their thwarts were cutlasses, hatchets, and flint-lock guns. Each man had a pistol, some had two; and in the captain's yawl, in quick and easy reach, between the feet of the oarsmen, lay half a dozen musketoons, full cocked and ready primed. The faces of the men were flushed; their shifting eyes were wild and bright. They laughed a little among themselves, and tried the edges of their cutlasses upon their thumbs. The musketeers in the bow of the yawl blew up their smoldering matches until they set the red sparks flying. The smoke whirled over the fort wall.

The boy on the gabion sniffed. "Pah! Smell their matches burn!" said he.

But the girl beside him made no reply; she was watching the English cabin-boy.

His eyes were running along the shore, counting the dwelling-houses, snuggling there cozily side by side, home-like and neighborly. The breakfast smoke was still rising from their little yellow chimney-pots, and their green-shuttered, white-linen-curtained windows gave hint of comfort and cheer within.

The man who sat beside him pulled out a short black pipe and filled it with tobacco. Then he took the match from the cabin-boy's hand, and thrusting it into the bowl

of the pipe, began to draw long breaths. As he puffed he looked at the boy's thin face and scowled, but made no comment. The boy gave heed to nothing that the man beside him did. He was staring at the earthen wall of the fort on the bank above him. The sod upon the rough incline was beginning to stir with spring. There were places in the ragged grass where straying goats had cropped. There were old brown thistles and clumps of dock, and under the thistles were patches of green that, to the English cabin-boy's eyes, seemed a promise of primroses. He wondered if there could be primroses here like those that bloomed in England. And all at once, at the thought of them, the lad's heart leaped within him, and before his eyes, as in a dream, he saw the primroses growing under the tangled hedges—brave little golden-yellow suns, bright when the sky was clear and fair, brighter when it was cloudy. The lanes were bright with primroses, and the fields were lit with daffodils, the day they rode so fast and far through the byways of Surrey—his father and he and the man with the shining sword. The memory of that strange long ride haunted him like a vision. The bell in St. Mary's tower was ringing midnight as they dashed down to the ferry through the street of Twickenham, and the yellow fog lay on the river like a sodden cloud. It was midnight again as they came down the inlet to Shoreham; and they had neither stopped nor stayed between, excepting to water the exhausted horses. At twilight, when he could abide no more in the saddle for himself, his father had

taken him in his arms across the saddle-bow, and so had carried him to the end. And sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, it seemed to him still that he smelled the wet leather, and heard the jingle of bridle-chains and the sound of his father's voice as he cheered the weary horses. Worn out, he had fallen fast asleep as they came down the inlet to Shoreham, and had waked with a salt taste on his lips and the sea-mist in his tired face. He still could feel the dampness running down his cheeks, and could taste the chill bitterness that crept between his lips. Unconsciously he lifted his hand to wipe away the drip, and the motion aroused him as if from a dream. Sea-mist and midnight, horses and bridle-chains faded away. In his nostrils was the smother of the steerage where he slept; his side ached from the cables on which he made his uneven bed. Gone! They were gone from him, gone forever—primroses, daffodils, daddy, and all! Through the mist that came up suddenly into his eyes he saw on the rampart a boy and a girl looking down at him. He set his teeth and turned away proudly; yet his under lip would quiver. Leaning his head a little back, he looked up into the sky.

"Dirck," said the girl, "I do pity that boy!"

"That knave?" exclaimed Dirck. "A rogue."

"A rogue? Oh, no, Dirck; no, no, no. He cannot be a rogue. See what a gentle mouth he hath!"

The red Rouen cap cocked itself on one side with an air of disdain. "A mouth? Oh, pah! He hath two black eyes. I would I had blacked them for him!"

The girl looked up. Her blue eyes flashed with sudden indignation.

"Dirck Storm, thou art unkind," she cried; "and men who are unkind are cowards ever. I warrant that if ye two should meet, that lad would whip thee out of thy wooden shoes like horse-beans out of an old dry pod!"

"Not that lean knave," said the sturdy Dirck, feeling his arm.

"Ay, that lean knave!" rejoined the girl, her bright eyes gleaming. Then, softening, she said, "And I do pity him, rogue or no, in such a company."

The English cabin-boy looked up. She smiled and waved her hand to him. He saw her as he saw her in his dreams for many a year.

Above her head the April sky was a sheet of windy blue against which she stood, outlined crisp and clear. She wore a short jacket of crimson cloth, embroidered with fine gold lace, and a petticoat of dark-blue wool with a narrow, snow-white stripe. Her high-heeled, square-toed Antwerp shoes were of bright-red Spanish leather, stitched with white, and having silver buckles across their arching insteps. Her stockings were of fine red wool, with dainty silk-embroidered clocks along her slender ankles. Her eyes were brightly deep and blue; her face was very fair. Her mouth was sweet, but her chin was firm. The pose of her head was imperious. At her waist a small silk purse hung from a silver girdle, through which she had thrust her thumb. She was tall

for her years and slender. Her expression changed with her changing mood, for at times she was gentle, and again at times she flashed as spirited as a hawk.

The stolid boy beside her was altogether Dutch; but she was half Valenciennes, and sparkled like the French. She swayed as gracefully as a flower against the windy sky—a charming spot of color in the pale spring day.

King's wild eyes fell upon her as she waved her hand to the cabin-boy, and, with a wolfish grin, he kissed his hand to her.

She shrank away behind the rampart, for she could not bear his look. His eyes were as yellow as a cat's, and danced as if with madness.

They dropped from the shrinking girl, and flashed along the waterside, sweeping the crowd with a contemptuous glance, until they fell upon the Schout Fiskaal. The Schout Fiskaal struck his staff into the sand, and glared at Captain John King.

"Who art thou?" he asked. "Whence art thou come? Whither art thou going, and what is thy business?"

"My name is Acorn," said King, "and I grew upon an oak-tree. I came from the place that I left last; I go wherever I choose. My business is peddling peasecods and trucking for sassafras."

"Peddling and trucking? Aha! Then thou wilt show me thy commission."

"Show ye my commission? Pah! a murrain on commissions!"

"Where is your trading-license?"

"I have no trading-license."

"Then hast thou lived in New Netherland a year and forty days? Hast kept both fire and candle-light, as the custom law requireth? Is thy daughter married in this city? Doth thy wife reside here?"

"What rigmarole 's this?" cried King. "Why, you 're mad as the maddest hatter."

"Mad?" cried the Schout Fiskaal. "It is the law! It is made for such rogues as thee. Thou must have an established abode in this province before thou mayest embark in trade without our leave or license."

John King leaned a little forward, with his hands upon his knees.

"Then turn me this boat into mine abode before the sun goes down," quoth he; "for I am going up this river to trade, if it makes an eternal bonfire of all the laws and candles on the coast."

"This will cost thee thy neck!" cried the Schout Fiskaal in a towering rage.

"My neck?" cried King, with a contemptuous shrug. "I have spent it long ago. I am going up the river to trade."

"But thou shalt not go. Thou art arrest."

"And by whose right am I arrest?"

"By the right and the might of this staple town, and of the Lords States-General."

"The Lords States-General be hanged! Their rights and mights are shent. These lands belong to England. What are you doing here?"

"What are we doing?—upon these lands?" the Dutch official gasped. "My soul and body! Oh, my soul and body!"

"Yes," said King, "what are you doing here? These are the King of England's lands, as ye shall find right speedily, I wot. Ye will hang yourself in your own long tow-line if ye think to be playing the master here. This for your staple town!" said he, "and that for your rights and mights!" He snapped his fingers derisively, and laughed as an old dog laughs. "I will spill my heart's blood on the sand before I will yield myself to you or to any other man!"

At that the men in the boats cried out, "Ay, captain, so will we!" and made ready their knives and firearms, and laid their cutlasses handy.

The Schout Fiskaal's face turned ashy pale. He spoke to his deputy.

"Quick, Jacobus, quick!" he cried. "Read them my commission!"

The trembling deputy unrolled the parchment in his hand, and in a shrill voice, made squeakier by fright, recited its terms.

"Now," cried the Dutch high sheriff, with triumph in his tones, "now wilt thou stand arrest? Now wilt thou come peacefully out of thy robbing craft?"

Captain John King gripped his pistol-butts. His yellow eyes were dancing.

"If I come out of my craft," said he, "I will make ye sick of it. I should like to see the proudest of ye all lay

hands on me!" With a swift glance along the bank, he sprang to his feet in the boat. "Put this in your pipe and smoke it," he said; "smoke it good and strong! You may take your black Dutch hen-scratching and fly it for a kite! My name is King, just plain John King, with neither haft nor handle. My vessel is named the *Ragged Staff*, and we sail from Maryland. We are going up this river to trade with the Iroquois. If ye be bent on stopping me, by glory, come and stop! Train one of your guns on me or my craft and I 'll rip this crowd to ravelings. That 's all I 've got to say to you. Push off there, Gideon."

The man in the bow, a sturdy rogue with a welt across his face, put his feet to the sand, and gave a great shove until the water ran over his knees, then leaped into the dancing yawl over her dripping gunwale, and the three boats shot away into the stream.

Along the grassy rampart came the master gunner. "Orders!" he cried, stopping on the wall above the Schout Fiskaal's head. But the Schout Fiskaal stared at the flying boats like a cat let out of a bag. "Have ye no orders for me?" demanded the gunner. "Are ye stricken deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, what to do?" gasped the Schout Fiskaal; "oh, donder, what to do?" He would have wrung his hands, but they were full of his dagger and staff. On a sudden his face grew bright. "Aha!" cried he, "I have it. A keg of schnapps!" he roared. "Bring me a keg of schnapps!" Three men ran for the tavern. "Up with

the flag!" he shouted. The flag was up. "Then hoist it again; shall I not be obeyed?" he cried. Down came the flag from the staff; then up it went again. "Now shoot a gun!" roared the Schout Fiskaal. "Salute the flag!" said he.

"Salute the flag?" cried the master gunner, and stared as if he were losing his wits.

"I said salute. Hast lost thine ears? Dost want to blow a horn?"

"But salutes, mynheer!" cried the gunner, and he stamped upon the wall. "If I am to fire at all—my soul! bid me fire upon those rogues!"

"I dare not!" cried the Schout Fiskaal. "We are at peace with England."

The gunner tore his beard. "Peace?" he cried. "If this be peace, there never was a war! Burn me black and scatter my scraps!"

But what availed his wrath? He was only a hired soldier, and of no authority. His rage was drowned in the cheers of the crowd, as down the slope, to the water's edge, two sturdy loafers came trotting with a brass-bound keg of Holland schnapps, and with a string of drinking-cups over their shoulders.

"Ho, ho!" they shouted as they ran. Their comrades ran behind them. With eager haste they broached the keg.

At the sound of the schnapps in the leather cups the Schout Fiskaal's eyes shot fire. "We shall see who dares to defy us! Fill with me, and drink a rouse to the flag of

the Netherlands. Down with the insolent English!" With the sound of his voice his fury grew. "Down with them all!" he shouted, and dashing his hat upon the ground, he drew his sword and waved it.

There were honest burghers in the crowd who turned their back on this silly farce and stole home through the empty streets with their hearts half sick for shame. But "Hurrah!" said the tavern loafers and the drunken good-for-naughts of the town, and waved their cups until the dripping schnapps made a rainbow shower over their heads. What did it matter to them? They were not trading for bearskins. The English might go and be hanged. But as to good Holland schnapps, that was another matter. They could find a cask's bottom as quickly as could the next. So "Hurrah!" they said, and "Hurrah!" and filling up their cups, they drank confusion three times three to all who were of a different mind.

And there were those of a different mind in the throng on that narrow slope. Some sneered; some stood with stolid faces as though they had been lifeless stocks; some bit their lips, and with black scowls glowered at the Englishmen. But the common herd filled up their cups and raised a husky cheer.

A shout of defiance arose from the decks of the fluteship. She swung about on the running tide, and her brown sails caught the wind. A little ripple of sparkling foam danced about her forefoot, and from a gun upon her further side sprang a quick jet of smoke. The boom

of a cannon rolled across the water, and away went the *Ragged Staff* upstream.

"Are the Englishmen stopping, Dirck?" asked the girl, whose face was still white and averted.

"At the rate they are stopping now," said Dirck, bitterly, "they will stop when they run aground."

"But, Dirck, they must be stopping. They dare not sail!" cried she. "The Schout Fiskaal bade them to stand arrest."

"Doth he talk cable-chains?"

The girl's face flushed. She turned and gazed across the windy water, her head thrown back and her eyes snapping.

"Shame on him, then," she cried, "to try to play the master when he cannot even play the man! If my father were here he would make them laugh on the other side of their mouths."

"How?" said the Dutch boy, quietly. "It is against the law to shoot."

"Then fie on the law!" said the girl, with contempt. "When the law doth not suit my father, he breaketh it until it does, or until they make him a new one that will better serve the turn."

"If he breaketh the laws of New Amsterdam," said the boy, stolidly, "we will hang him like a common thief upon the gallows-tree."

"As ye have hanged these Englishmen?" she said, with a laugh of scorn. "The hawks will nest in the pigeon-house when ye have hanged my father!"

CHAPTER V

THE MAN FROM TROUBLESOME CORNER

NEXT morning the horn of the ferryman cried like a penguin in the mist, and by the earliest boat from the Brooklyn shore there came in at the water-gate, along the road which skirted the town on the east, a young man in a coat of green, with a long sword hanging by his side.

He wore a pair of riding-boots splashed to their tops with mud, and over his shoulder hung a cloak lined with rich brown fur. Under the flap of the cloak a powder-flask and cut-steel bullet-pouch clinked with a sharp, aggressive sound against the butts of a pair of pistols; and at every stride the rowels of his tarnished silver spurs made a little tinkling music at his heels.

He was slenderly built, but broad-shouldered and above the middle height, with dark complexion and keen black eyes, his eyebrows being short and thick, bespeaking a quick, high temper, but a fair, just mind. He bore himself with haughty grace and with some distinction, his manner that of a well-bred man familiar with courts yet used to camps, neither superfine nor over-rough, but self-contained and ready; and with it all he wore a masterful air that fitted him very well, though, to judge from the covert glances which followed him as he strode up the

narrow street, he had small right, if any, to play the master here.

As he swiftly moved along the thoroughfare, he put the slow burghers out of his way with the hand of a man who fears no foe, nor asks the world for a favor.

"Prut, mynheer!" they cried as they whirled around, but, seeing him, quickly smoothed their choler, and gave him all the room he wished, with no more words; for the young man's look was anything but peaceful.

"Ach! it is Gerrit Van Sweringen!" said one. "It is the 'Man from Troublesome Corner.' What makes he here so bold and free with that long sword?"

"They will hang him yet," said Mynheer Van Brugh, rubbing his shoulder. "He hath a halter around his neck for one man's death already." So the muttered whisper ran behind him from door to door.

But the sentry who stood yawning at the gate of the fort sprang wide awake, and, standing as straight as a ramrod, saluted the young man as he came striding across the market-field.

The stranger's eyes flashed with anger as he glanced quickly about the fort, for all the place was filled with the look of relaxing discipline. In the guard-room a lonely light still burned, lonelier for the sunlight that streamed across the floor. On a table, beside the candle, stood an hour-glass in which all of the sand was run down; and lolling between the hour-glass and the candle was the corporal of the guard, with his head on his arms, sound asleep and snoring.

Van Sweringen traversed the parade with a frown on his face. On a door, midway down the officers' row, was nailed a white placard with a broad official seal. On this placard, written in a nervous hand, he read as follows:

Know Ye All Men by these Presents: it is hereby straitly charged upon all burghers that henceforth none shall suffer the English to go up the river to trade with the Savages; nay, nor in any wise permit their passage of the provided limits.

Tearing the placard from the nails, Van Sweringen flung the door wide open and entered.

A little man in a snuff-brown suit was kneeling by the fireplace, sealing a bulky packet with a stick of yellow wax. He was a thin, smooth-shaven, bloodless man, with narrow forehead, slender jaw, and timid eyes that seemed to shrink into their hollow sockets. When peace was piping in the world and his mind was free from dread, Mynheer Oloff Van Ruyter, the Colonial Secretary, had a bold, brisk way about him like a snuff-brown terrier. But let a hint of trouble fall, and his eyes, though they did their best, told on him for a coward like a pair of tattle-tales.

He was no man of war, not he, with his long quill-pen bristling behind his ear and an inkhorn at his girdle; no violent, bloodthirsty soldier he, but a man of wit and sagacity, hired to write, not to fight, but to counsel the burgomasters, and to be next to the Director-General in anything of moment.

The sudden draft across the floor sent a cloud of white

ashes whirling up into his face. He sprang to his feet. "Who cometh here?"

Van Sweringen thrust the placard before him. "What farce is this?" he exclaimed. "What pitiful, silly farce, mynheer? To build a dike of broken straws when the sea is already in?"

Mynheer Van Ruyter shrank back against the chimney-jamb as if some one had thrown cold water in his face.

"Fie!" cried Van Sweringen, with a passionate quiver in his voice, "couldst thou not once have played the man for but the compass of a little day?" Stripping the placard into bits, he threw it into the fire.

The Secretary edged away until the table was well between them. "Mynheer," he stammered, "be calm! I pray you, seat yourself. We will converse upon the subject; but be moderate, I pray!"

"Moderate?" cried Van Sweringen, flinging his hands about wildly. "Be moderate? And let men wipe their feet on me? Why, mynheer, thine heart is mush; if thou wert right well stabbed it might put iron into thy soul!"

"God forbid!" gasped the Secretary, wringing his thin white hands. "Mynheer Van Sweringen is pleased to jest."

"Be not so sure. I am pleased to be most deadly earnest!" His sword rattled against the chairs as he strode up and down the room. "But enough. Hath he returned?"

"He? Who? His Excellency? Nay, mynheer; the

Director-General is still at Fort Orange; they have pressing need of him."

"To scrape the bottom of the pot while the English steal our porridge! Oh, ay," cried Van Sweringen, wrathfully. "A plague upon Fort Orange! Where is Captain Martin Kregier?"

"Across the Esopus, mynheer, with a vengeance upon the savages for murdering Jan Verhulst."

The young man stopped short in his furious stride and looked at the Secretary. "Then there is a vengeance gone to waste; it is needed much nearer home. Where 's Ensign Derrick Schmidt?" His voice snapped like a whip-cracker.

The Secretary's breath grew short; he edged toward the inner door. "Mynheer, he hath gone away, too," he stammered, "on a cruise through Hell Gate to the Red Hill, in the *Sea Bear,* with Pieter Lourensen, to catch Jan Applegate, the smuggler."

Van Sweringen struck the table with his fist so fierce a blow that the ink in the well sprang up like a fountain. "Play, mice!" he cried bitterly; "the cat is away! Gone? Gone? Hath everybody gone, and left thee in supreme control?—thee and this puffed anatomy that calleth itself the Schout Fiskaal? Oh, what hath so wormed our manliness that thieving rogues may mock us at our doors unscathed? Shame on the man who calls himself Dutch, yet dares not lift finger for the honor of the name! Oh, for a day's authority! Oh, for a warrant! These Englishmen should pay a price for their insolence.

By the Red Lion of Flanders, they shall be made to pay!"

The door crashed heavily behind him; the smoke sucked down the chimney, and the ashes and live coals flew out into the room. The Secretary leaned against the table, limp and pale. "The saints preserve us," he gasped, "from all such rapier-rattling, scapegrace firebrands!"

But "What there, Jan Reyndertsen!" the young man called, beating upon the master gunner's door. "Jan Reyndertsen, what ho!" And out into the town he went, with the red-haired master gunner at his heels, and straightway mustered what stout hearts were among the freemen of New Amsterdam: enough for his purpose—sixty-odd brown sailors, broad-shouldered boors, a score of soldiers who had come in the *Gekruyste Hart,* and fourteen free companions who had landed from the *Beaver* on their own wild hook.

A yacht like a Spanish caravel lay in the North River, unlading Tappan stone for the new city wall; and at the established anchorage, beyond the finger-post at Copsey Hook, lay a pinnace, a roomy shallop, and a hoy with bright red sails. They laid hands upon the yacht, the pinnace, and the hoy, and taking a bell-mouthed musketoon from the shallop, they set it on a swivel in the bow of the pinnace, and loaded it to the muzzle with slugs and duck-shot. Then, when the tide was coming in, the troop of adventurers, armed to the teeth with half-pikes, bills, swords, firelock muskets, dirks, and flintlock pistols, embarked in their flotilla, with a brisk wind blowing astern, and followed the *Ragged Staff* up the river.

John King and his crew had established themselves at the mouth of a little stream on the west shore of the river, thirty miles above its mouth, and already had collected a quantity of furs. With fools' assurance, they had left their arms aboard the vessel, and were sitting at dinner among the trees, when the Dutch, who had disembarked below and had come craftily up through the woods, burst upon them with a shout, and took them captive, every man, without so much as a single shot or a stab from a dinner-knife, though there were, in truth, some thumping blows in the sailing-master's corner.

Trussing their prisoners up like fowls, the Dutch carried them aboard the *Ragged Staff*, and sounded a trumpet in triumph over them as they lay fuming upon the deck. Then they weighed their anchors and set sail, with spruce-trees at their mastheads and with cedar-boughs stuck all about their craft, and brought the Englishmen down the river to the gates of New Amsterdam, making exceedingly merry.

When they had come to the city, they moored the *Ragged Staff* at the customs landing at the mouth of the Heere Gracht, the canal which came down through the town upon the East River side, and having thoroughly searched her for any license to trade, and finding none, they took out of her all her cargo, to the last ten-penny nail, and confiscated it as forfeit under the law; which done, they sent the English picaroon foaming out to sea again without so much as a grain in his powder-chest with which to seek for revenge.

Thus life plays at see-saw. Fate is jack, and the whole world teeter-totters. The English came, the English went; the Dutch laughed last. The day passed into oblivion—was as soon forgotten in other days as though it had never been; yet to the heart of one boy it seemed the peak of all eternity.

For when Captain John King footed up his costs, he found that last, but by no means least, his cabin-boy was gone.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE WILDERNESS

THE fire smoked for a little while among the fern where the English traders' camp had been. By times it blazed up fitfully, but gradually dying out, it left but burned logs crumbling into a heap of cold white ashes.

Here and there the underbrush that had been broken in the fight straightened itself out slowly. The uneasy hush which precedes a storm was over everything. The smoke crept down the hollow in a thin blue cloud. It grew a little darker, and the forest-trees began to sigh. The wind which was gathering on the heights murmured like a distant sea. It was a lonely spot indeed since the English trading crew was gone, but to the English cabin-boy who crouched among the spruces it seemed a very paradise.

He arose at last from his hiding-place among the whispering branches, and stole silently down through the little clearing, looking warily here and there, and listening intently through the faint, far noises of the wood for any telltale human sound. Everything was quiet: like himself, the forest seemed to listen.

He looked about him wonderingly, as if in doubt that

it all was real, then hesitatingly touched a tree with his hand, to be sure it was not a dream. Then suddenly he laughed, and falling upon his knees, he ran his fingers through the grass-blades. "I 've come ashore at last!" he said. "Please God, I 've come ashore!" And patting the earth as if it were living, he began to dig into the soft black mold with eagerly delving fingers.

There, in the mold, were slender roots tightly matted together, a small brown beetle, some worm-eaten acorns, an empty snail-shell, and a crumbling chrysalis long since deserted.

Clapping his hands, he rubbed the earth between his quivering fingers, and catching up a handful of it, he smelled it with a long-drawn breath. It had a scent of withered leaves and dampness, of humid earth, and of clean, sweet decay, with a fleeting breath of pennyroyal and a little odor of spicy roots. Then he laughed again, for a clod of earth is sweeter than a rose to a man who has been four years upon the sea. Springing nimbly to his feet, he capered about and leaped upon the turf, as if rejoicing just to feel the solid ground under him.

Here and there the underwood was starred with wild snowdrops, and between the roots of the beech-trees wind-flowers waved. He ran about and looked at them, touched them softly, made a little garden about each group, and having done so, stood up and bowed to them as if they were the fairest of high-born dames attired in tiffany, and as if the dark wood were a king's court.

Then he danced a hornpipe around the glen, in a limping, comical way.

The buds upon the trees were out in tufts and yellow tassels; and in the outer forks of a drooping bough he found a deserted bird's nest of grasses and moss, half raveled out, but still containing a speckled feather and part of a broken egg-shell. He cut a dido over the rocks. "My word, the wood-birds lay blue eggs just as they did in England!" he said. And with that he turned a handspring, ending in a heap, and lay there laughing gaily at himself for tumbling on his head.

Thus for a time he made holiday, stirring among the rocks, exploring secret places, reviewing the things he already knew, and discovering fresh wonders. For a little while his paradise was paradise indeed.

But the silence wore upon him unaware, and although he knew not that it did, the vastness of the solitude oppressed him. He missed the men's voices, the tread of feet, and the constant stir of human life about him. He listened unconsciously for the accustomed sounds, and the sense of their absence filled him more and more. The loneliness in the forest seemed to gather around as the shadows gather about the room when the fire burns low, and all at once, as he looked about the dim glen, the desolation of the place came over him like a chill.

He sprang to his feet, crying, "What shall I do?"

A scattering rain was beginning to fall and to patter upon the old dead leaves. As though he had been suddenly wakened, he stared around the glen, then ran down

quickly to the river-brink, and stared across the wide expanse of waters; but there was nothing to be seen—no boat, nor man, nor living thing.

"What shall I do?" he said.

There came a stirring in the wood. He lifted his head and hearkened. It was only the hurry of the wind. There was no other sound except the rushing of the river and the stealthy fingering of the waves among the little stones.

Then a flock of wild geese passed. He saw them for a moment through the gathering mist; then they were gone. Nothing was left of them but their strange, hoarse clamor, dying behind them as they fled.

The rain was now coming down steadily, and it was growing cold. He pulled his shirt across his breast, and hurrying up the bank, he stirred among the burned logs to find a live coal. One fickle spark ran out and danced along the edge of a charred leaf. Then it was gone like the snap of a finger. He blew until his thin cheeks ached, but all in vain. The fire was out.

Yet still he raked among the ashes awhile, and warmed his fingers on the steaming ground, staring into the underbrush and saying over and over again, "Whatever shall I do?" as if it were a text that had been set for him to learn, or a riddle which he must guess or pay a forfeit.

Look upon it as he would, there was no denying the fact that he had fallen into desperate straits and danger of his life.

From the sailing-master's charts he had some knowledge of the country, and he knew that the land about him was a trackless wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts and by still more savage men; that the ground upon which he now stood was the land of the Mohegans, a tribe of the Algonquins, who were kings of all the coast; and that to the south of their marches lay the land of the Hackensacks and the kingdoms of the Seven Sea-coast Tribes, blood-kin to the Lenni-Lenape. And, further than this, he knew that since Captain John Underhill and the Dutch had slaughtered the Siwanoys as they gathered to their New Year's feast a short twelvemonth before, woe worth the day to the white man who fell into the hands of the vengeful sea-coast savages or any of their kin.

From the Dutch he could hope for no aid. They would hang him for a picaroon. He might as well ask comfort from a monument as from the stubborn Dutch. Holland was England's enemy by land as well as by sea; and though he knew that the nations were professedly at peace, peace was mockery when men were at one another's throats like dogs over a bone.

There was nothing left for him to do but to face the venture to the end, and to play his part out like a man.

With which reflection he began to cast calculating eyes about the glen to see if there had been left anything of comfort or assistance.

Two shattered crates lay tilted on end in the hazel copse, and over the ground were scattered tobacco-

shreds, the shards of a broken pot, a wooden platter split in halves, glass beads glittering in the grass; and at his feet, among the ashes, trodden under foot and charred by the fire, lay a piece of broken biscuit and two half-eaten herring. He picked them up, and cleaning them from broken twigs and ashes, thrust them safe into the bosom of his shirt.

It was coming into his head now that if he could but reach the coast, steer clear of the savages, and maintain a steady course toward the south, he must in time come to the borders of Virginia or upon the shores of Maryland, and there find aid. He had heard how David Ingram, when set ashore in the Bay of Mexico a hundred years before, had crossed the wild New World on foot by following the Indian paths, and had come in safety, through great peril, to St. John's River, whence he had taken ship for France, and so had returned to his own; and the boy was now determined to adventure if he might not do the same in his degree.

How wild and chimerical his plan was he was to find out soon enough; but having been so long at sea, where a man's footing moves forward under him as he goes, and the busy wind does all the work save merely the traversing of the deck, he had lost all sense of distances by land, and guessed at them as wildly as a child. Yet simply making up his mind encouraged him.

It was now too late to venture through the wilderness. The darkness was increasing rapidly and the night was falling fast. He found a sheltered hollow beneath the

shelving rocks, and snuggling deep among the drifted leaves, he commended himself to the mercy of God, and soon fell asleep.

At first he slumbered heavily, but, as the night wore on, from time to time he half awoke and shivered with the cold. But cold was an accustomed thing to an English cabin-boy; so he only burrowed deeper among the withered leaves, and peered from his snug harbor into the pit-mirk night.

The rain came down in torrents, and the trees rocked in the gale; yet despite the fury of the storm the world was strangely silent. Aboard ship such a night would wake a thousand sounds. The waves would boom against the strakes; the bulkheads would creak and groan; the masts would all spring wildly with the strain; at every plunge the hold would crack with the shifting of the cargo, and at every blow the drum-like decks would boom. But here in the trackless wilderness there seemed a solemn hush, a great, majestic silence which even the roar of the storm assailed in vain, a stillness somber and undisturbed, yet full of wild forest noises: the barking of foxes, the whimper of owls, and now and then, far off and drear, a long-drawn howl that made the boy grip hard upon the knife at his belt and stare into the darkness.

Sometime within the passing night he felt the pinch of hunger, and sitting up among the leaves, he leaned against the rock and ate a bite or two of herring and a piece of biscuit. It was still raining heavily, and he

could smell the mist from the river; and though the wind was broken by the forest about him, he could hear it howling wildly overhead in an increasing gale.

Again, for a while, he slept; then, although the night was far from spent, he awoke and could sleep no more, but through the blinding darkness watched for the dawn.

A dismal daybreak came at last. The earth was drenched, the gale still held, and the sky was overcast. A fitful rain was falling, mingled with flying gusts of snow. "God help me!" said the cabin-boy; "it is a bitter morning!" And kneeling down beneath the overhanging stone, he prayed that his heart might be made strong to meet the perils of his journey.

Then, like a soldier for the fray, he girt himself anew, drew in his sash, set his knife free, and folding his red handkerchief, bound it around his yellow locks like a turban, so that his long, matted hair might not blind his eyes nor blow into his nostrils. As he did so he shivered with the cold. "The fiend is in the wind!" he said.

Then creeping out of his hiding-place into the drifting rain, he struck out bravely southward into the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII

IN DESPERATE STRAITS

THREE days, three nights, he struggled through an unkindly country, worn out by constant tripping, and bruised by many a heavy fall, drenched with the rain, beaten by the wind, and pierced to the heart by the benumbing cold.

As long as there was light to see, he held a southward course by the moss upon the trees. Toward the last he hurried on at random through the woods even after darkness had settled upon the world, and when his waning strength gave out and he could trudge no farther, he sought within some hollow tree or under the overhanging rock for any place where he might find shelter from the storm.

He had soon come to the end of his store of ship-biscuit and herring; for a stomach gnawed by hunger is a hard thing to deny. Then he gathered hips from the wild-rose trees which grew among the cliffs, dug up old nuts from under the leaves, and ate the buds of trees, drinking great draughts at every stream, so that his stomach might be filled and stop its hungry crying.

On the third night of his wandering the howling of the wolves came nearer through the valley than it had ever

come before. For fear of it he dared not sleep upon the ground; so he climbed into a spreading elm-tree, and dangled in its branches until the racking of his limbs outgrew the fear of death; then he dropped into the brush below, and under the cover of a rock fell into a fitful slumber and dreamed of Maryland.

In the night it rained again, but he still slept on: within his dream it was summer-time, and everything was bright. Day dawned at last. It was a bleak, cold dawn. He wakened with a start, for his thoughts were still away in dreamland, and he knew not where he was.

The wind had veered to the westward; it blew in tearing, changeful gusts, and the air was filled with great snowflakes which melted as they fell.

He was stiff and sore and feverish, and his head spun dizzily; but as soon as it was light he was up and away again, by hill and dale, through baffling woods and little open glades which stood waist-deep in withered grass and tangled wild-pea vines.

Once, in hope of better faring, he ventured toward the west; but coming upon a swollen stream too wide to swim and too deep to wade, he turned again, and after that maintained his course midway between the river and the heights which ranged the east as far as his eye could reach.

The pine woods had now given way to elm, ash, and oak, lofty walnuts, hoary yews, and hedgy evergreens, from which the water splashed upon him as he ran. He passed many herds of deer, which stared at him wonder-

ingly, and sniffed with whistling nostrils at the slender figure struggling always southward through the forest, desolate, weary, and well-nigh spent, yet still, like a solitary star that may not swerve, pursuing its way through the wilderness toward an unknown goal.

Spring had come, though winter's grip still held upon the world. Everywhere about him animate nature was astir. Out of the thickets the rabbits popped into their earthy tunnels; paddling beavers plunged head-first among the willows; a bearded lynx, with tufted ears and eyes like cold green lanterns, sprang up from a rabbit it had slain, and arching its back like a monster cat, spat at him savagely as he went by; but the boy was past all common fear, and was too weak to wonder.

How far he had come he did not know: it seemed a thousand miles; still, he had not reached the sea, nor even heard its roar.

Coming upon a rock which heaved its head above the forest, he scrambled to its summit by the wild-grape vines growing upon it, and hanging there, all out of breath and trembling with exertion, he sought the horizon for any sign of cheer. For surely he must be upon the borders of Virginia; Maryland must lie somewhere just beyond those gray, misty dells!

But alas! whichever way he turned, the forest lay unbroken on the cloudy heights which faded against the sky, lonely to the utmost valley, lonely to the farthest verge of the last gray ridge that stretched away and was lost in the falling rain. There was no trace of hut nor

of house, no vestige of home nor of habitation; there was no sign of human life in all that dreary waste. He turned his ashy face away, for the first time utterly despairing, and the scalding tears rolled down his cheeks.

When he had come again to the foot of the rock, he sat down on a stone and looked at his hands and his trembling knees for a moment silently. Then said he: "I am 'most nigh done for." He spoke quite cheerily, and looked up with a little smile, as though some one were with him. Then he wiped his face on the sleeve of his shirt, and rubbed his hands together in a clinging, tired sort of way, and looked at them again. His fingers were wrinkled and puckered up like a washerwoman's hands. "The rain has shriveled 'em," said he. "Why does n't it shrivel my stomach, too?" For in a man's despair there comes a place where tears seem turned to laughter, and grief becomes a commonplace scarcely worth a body's while. The boy's heart lay within his breast like a crumpled leaf: he now was in sad case indeed and knew not what to do.

Yet after a little while he got up and started off again, walking along as quietly as if upon pleasure bent, and as if it made no difference whether he arrived or not. Despair had come upon him like a stupor.

At times he stopped and looked about, humming a fragment of a tune; then again he fell to listening as though he were amused by something, for there was an incessant humming in his ears like a hundred busy bee-

hives, and he could not tell if it was the wind, or a fever, or the sea.

His knees were shaking, and his strength was fast failing; he was growing so unstrung from hunger and fatigue that he thought he heard strange whisperings all around him: first John King's voice, then the lookout's hail, and then his father's laughter. At that he gave a sudden cry, and springing into the air, he began to run as though his feet had never known fatigue.

How far he ran he did not know, nor whither he was going. The woods grew thinner as he went, and the hills came narrowing in; the western valley sank into reedy swamps and marshes. He crossed a winding Indian trail which ran among the uneven hills; he passed a jagged little cliff all copper-green and white; he had come he never knew how far. His throat was as dry as dust; his feet made a pounding sound, like a drum, in his head; his tattered sandals dragged on the ground; and his knees were giving way. Yet still he was scudding southward like a sea-bird back to the sea, when suddenly he came out of the woods on the verge of the dwindling hills, and stopped with a shrill, startled cry. His journeying was done!

Before him was nothing but a wilderness of fens through which there was no thoroughfare except for the water-fowl.

"God save me now!" he whispered, falling on his knees, "God save me! I can go no farther: all the land is fallen down into the black morass! Dear Jesus, save

me, lest I die! I am only a boy, and I ha' done my best; I cannot do no more!"

Far off and faint, across the marsh came a sound like a sheep-bell ringing on the hills upon a summer morning: clink, clink, clink! It ceased, and everything was still.

The boy looked up; his cheeks were flushed, and his dazed eyes grew bright and wild.

Far off, and thin as air, the sound of a girl's voice, singing, came through the troubled wind.

Clasping his hands, he sprang to his feet and ran staggering down the slope. "Oh, where?" he cried, "where?"

The wind was blowing from the west; the clouds had begun to break away, and through the opening rifts the setting sun was shining.

"Ahoy!" cried the cabin-boy; but his voice was hoarse and weak. "Ahoy! Ahoy!" he shouted; but his feeble shout blew out like a candle in the wind. "Ahoy!" he cried again, but there was no reply.

He leaned against a tree and hid his face in his hands: it was all but part and parcel with the voices he had heard in the wood!

CHAPTER VIII

A GENTLEMAN IN SCARLET

ON the north shore of the Potomac River, in the ancient province of Maryland, on the eve of the feast of St. James the Just, 1664, a vessel dropped her anchor, two miles west of St. Inigoes inlet, and let her stern-boat down. Beyond the vessel's anchoring-ground stood a ridge of high land overlooking the river, and crested with dark pine-trees. Below the ridge lay an inlet, running westward from the main stream, and ending in a hollow through which a brook ran down from the hills. The mouth of the inlet lay concealed behind a little island, making an ideal place for a quiet rendezvous. There were some persons, two centuries ago, who were apparently of this opinion, for, the ship's boat being lowered, a boat's crew, with the captain following them, rattled down the stern-ladder into her and struck out for the inlet.

The night was cold for the season, and dimly lighted by a crescent moon. The orchards and meadows on the upland were pale in the feeble moonshine, and close under the edge of the pine wood the roof of a great house, dark as pitch, shone with a ghostly glimmer.

The waters of the inlet below sparkled faintly in the

mist, and here and there along the low hills the silence of the early night was broken by the lonely hooting of owls. All at once the owls ceased hooting, and from the upland a footstep came hurrying down through the hollow by a path winding along the brook. The step came quickly through the wood, until, beneath where the branches overhead drew back and let the stars shine through, it ceased beside a giant sycamore, and there, distinctly outlined against the massive trunk, stood a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, listening intently.

For an instant he stood, hearkening to the wind, and to the distant sound of oars, like a pulse-throb in the stillness. The throbbing neared until the grind of the oars against the tholes could be distinctly heard; then the listener put his fingers to his lips and whistled shrilly.

The sound of rowing ceased instantly; a bubbling ripple of water could be heard along the bows of the unseen boat; the long oars thumped a little as the oarsmen backed water. "Hullo!" said a harsh voice; "who 's there?"

"I," said the man in the long cloak. "Under the big sycamore. Come in here."

The man who sat in the stern of the boat lifted a lantern over his head. Its flame was dull and glowed like a smoky will-o'-the-wisp.

"Now what 's the good of a light?" called the voice from the shore. "There 's no good of a light; put it out."

"I 'll be hanged if I do!" was the gruff rejoinder. "I 'm not coming in here to smash on a rock. I can't see in the dark; I 'm no cat. Look alive, Andy Hume; fend us off there!" The boat came ashore with a little swash, and lay rocking gently to and fro.

She was a yawl that had seen hard service; her bearing-tholes were deeply worn, and her thwarts were water-bleached and splintered.

The man who was sitting in the stern got up quickly, lantern in hand, and clambered out of the yawl. "Get the stuff ashore, Yadkin," he said, "and shove her off; don't leave her grind. Where are ye going?" he called to a sailor who had started off along the beach.

"I be a-going to get me a drink," said the man, kneeling beside the little brook that came murmuring down through the hollow. As he stooped, his shadow seemed to totter and fall before him along the glen.

"So the boy is dead?" said the man in the cloak, with an ill-concealed air of eagerness.

"Dead as nails," said the man with the light, and with that he set it down.

"Are ye absolutely certain?"

The sailor glanced at his companion. They were standing under the sycamore. The sailor was smoking a pipe. The faint light from the pipe-bowl glowed on his face and then died away.

"Perhaps you 'd better swear me on a Bible," he said sulkily, "or have me up before the court or a bench-ful of justices!"

"No," said the other, shortly, "we 'll have no oaths nor justices; but I want to be sure that the knave is dead, and I have a right to know."

"Well, by gracious!" said the sailor, "what do you want for assurance? I writ ye the circumstances. Did n't I tell you that we left him there in the wilderness alone, without a morsel of food to eat, remote from any refuge, and nothing with which to defend himself against the savages? That night I heard the wolves go howling down the valley, and it turned as cold as Labrador. Pah! I tell you he 's dead as nails; that 's all there is about it."

A sailor came and got the lantern.

The other twisted his long white hands together nervously and looked about him through the wood. "I suppose he would have died at any rate," he said. "A man must die when his time comes: we all must die when our time comes."

"Well, there 's no need to talk about it now, if we do," growled the sailor; "I sha'n't die till my time does come, and that 's the end of it; don't talk so gashly; this is no place for gashly talk!" He looked around him with a scowl. "I don't like the sound of that bubbling water. I think you 'd only be thankful that ye 've got the boy off your hands."

The other suddenly wiped his hands upon his cloak. "Here," he called with his thin, high voice, "you man there with the lantern, fetch it this way a bit; you don't need all the light."

He waved his hand commandingly. As he did so a gust of wind caught up his cloak and blew it back over his shoulder. In the dull glow of the lantern-light he glimmered like a flame, for his costume was both singular and splendid. He was a tall and striking man, with an air of elegance, and a dark face and thin, high forehead that seemed to mark a person of some distinction. His hands were rich with rings; his cloak had a jeweled buckle, and the lace about his wrists and throat was broad and fine. The shoulders of his cloak were white with powder from his wig, and his hollow cheeks were touched with rouge and sweetened with perfumed honey. His wig was a handsome one of long, dependent curls tied with scarlet ribbons into clusters at the sides.

These ribbons seemed the key-note to his costume. He was dressed in scarlet from head to foot, and though his long cloak hung curtain-like around him, the brilliant stuffs shone through it. His stockings were scarlet silk; his shoes scarlet leather, with scarlet satin bows; his breeches and coat were scarlet velvet: all of the finest.

Yet there seemed something unrefined in his finery—something under the elegance inelegant and untrue, a touch of crude extravagance and of vain desire for display. The glimmering light of the lantern illumined his singular face, and turning the shadows upward, added a strangely sinister look to an already dubious countenance. He looked covertly around him through the wood and rubbed his hands together. "I suppose he would have died at any rate," he said.

The sailor looked about him, and kicked the gravel. "Well," said he, "as to that I don't know; leastwise I 'm none so sure; he might, and then again he might n't. That 's none of my concerns. He 's dead; and I 've come for my three hundred pound sterling—I 'm certain of that!"

It was dark on the uplands, though the new moon filled the air with pallid radiance. There was no sound in the inlet but the distant thump of oars and the hollow bubbling of the brook among the sycamores. Then the sound of the oars died in the mist, and nothing was left but the pattering drip upon the underbrush.

Midway up the hollow the gentleman in the long cloak went swiftly through the wood, his wrap drawn closely about him. Thinking that he heard footsteps following him, he paused for a moment and listened. There was no sound but the murmur of the brook, which rose and fell upon the ear. "He would have died at any rate," he said, and went on up the slope.

Across the dim plateau, among starlit sleeping groves, he saw the white road vanishing into the night. In the valley the night-mist gathered like a cloud. Somewhere a pastured bullock lowed; from far off came the baying of a kenneled hound; upon the ridge a cock crew shrill. "Mine!" he said, and laughed; and putting his hands together, he wrung them until the knuckles cracked, and did not seem to care.

As he hurried through the fields, a star fell down the

eastern sky. He watched it falling until it wore itself away; then, turning from the meadow-path, he hurried to the great house under the wood. Coming swiftly to a room in the high gable, he lighted three candles upon a stand, threw open the window-lattice and looked out. He heard the night-wind whispering over the meadows. A breeze from the orchard blew across his face. He looked abroad over field and fallow, fenland and upland, and pressing his hands upon his breast with a tremulous breath of exultation, "It is mine," he whispered. "It is all mine!"

CHAPTER IX

THE MARSHES OF PAVONIA

BEYOND the river to the west of New Amsterdam lay a wilderness. All the settlements which had adventured there were failures. Far away to the north, in scattered fields, here and there a farmer reaped his barley in peril of his life; but all the rest of the country was a waste, to the east of which lay the North River, to the west the remote blue hills, while to the south the whole land sank into utter desolation. All the coast became a marsh, a waste of reeds and boggy islands that stretched away, for miles, along the sunken shore.

Twice every day the tides swept over the marshes; and twice every day the marshes emerged again, drowned. In their vast expanse wild fowl lurked by thousands, geese, ducks, loons, and herons, in flocks which fairly dimmed the sun, a feathery multitude which offered tempting marks to every hunter's gun. For a wild duck stuffed with onions, hominy, and sage, set about with little rolls of sausage-meat and cheese, popped into the oven, and done to a turn as twilight gathers in the streets and the air grows sharp, is a thing which makes a hungry man water at the mouth.

That was why the sentinel on the fort-wall kept look-

ing out into the west with speculative eye that changeful afternoon of April. At the mouth of an inlet on the margin of the fens the slender mast of a hunter's boat rose above the withered reeds, and over the water, from time to time, rang the distant report of a carbine, a sound which to the world at large said "Thump!" but to the sentinel "Duck and onions."

The tide had turned at the second watch, and was running in swiftly, creeping about the boggy knolls and among the rushes; and the wild fowl were gathering from every direction to seek their feeding-ground among the sedge.

The wind-jack at the peak of the mast flapped and fluttered over the rushes, rocked and swayed, as though it were upon a cradle; and the herring-skiff from which the mast sprang was not unlike a cradle. Like all Dutch water-craft, it was about as broad as it was long, a trifle pointed at the prow, like a basin with a nose, and neither passing fair nor over fast, but safe in any weather.

The dark-red sail was struck, and in its folds against the thwart, snugly sheltered from the wind, sat a girl in a crimson jacket, busily knitting at a scarf of yellow yarn. Beside her upon the thwart lay a pile of barley-cakes, one with an eager little bite through its middle. From time to time the girl's fingers crept under her jacket for warmth, for the sun was going down and the air was growing chill.

In the stern of the boat sat a sturdy boy with a ramrod between his teeth. He was pouring shot from a leather

pouch into a copper charger. A powder-horn lay beside him, and across his knees was a carbine. Four ducks and a goose lay in the skiff, and now and again the boy looked up at the flocks which came winging to right and left. Their outstretched wings made black crosses of them against the west, for the clouds were breaking along the hills, and through the rifts the sunlight streamed in bars of pale glory over the fen.

The girl looked up.

Across the bay the little city stood out bright against the gloom of the eastern sky, the distant mill-sails twirling as merrily as a golden whirligig. Yet even as she looked the twilight dulled the gold to gray, and the reflection that gleamed from the windows of the town faded in the dusk.

"Dirck," said she, "it groweth late."

The boy made no reply.

"Dirck," she repeated, "it is growing late, and the sun is going down. We must be going home. Thou saidst we should not tarry."

"I said that I would bring six ducks," he answered, "and there are only four." He drove the ramrod home into the barrel of the carbine.

"Thou hast a goose."

"But I said six ducks."

"What matter two small wild ducks?"

"I said that I would bring six. I shall not go until I get them," he answered quietly.

The girl leaned back against the thwart, with her knit-

ting in her lap. "I know a song," she said, laughing, "which fitteth thee like the skin on a prune!" and then she began to sing:

"There dwelt a man in Amsterdam, so obstinate, they say,
That the ocean could not move him, though it washed the dikes away;
So when the world was ended and he would not move his chair,
They had to roll the world away and leave him sitting there."

"Tut, tut!" cried the boy, "behush thyself; thou 'lt frighten the fowl to death with thy noise."

"Well," she said, smiling merrily, "I would as lief be frightened to death as to be shot."

"Thou art no duck."

"Nay, nor a goose," she answered, laughing. But suddenly a strange note touched her laughter. She sat up quickly, listening. "Dirck, what was that?" she asked.

"A loon," said he, and blew the gun-match until its spark glowed bright.

The girl had taken up a barley-cake and raised it to her lips; she laid it down untouched. "That was no loon," she said.

The boy tapped his foot impatiently. "Well, it *was* a loon, so there," said he. "Don't talk so much; thou 'lt frighten the ducks away, and we won't get home to-night."

But she leaned forward, listening; there was a startled look on her face. "I tell thee, Dirck, it was no loon, nor

any water-fowl," she whispered, with a tremble in her voice; "I heard it plain."

"Nonsense!" said Dirck.

There was no sound for a moment but the lapping of the waves and the sighing of the wind through the rushes. Then all at once she started up. "There! There it comes again! Oh, surely, Dirck, thou heardest it? There! there!—didst thou not hear it?"

"Hear it? Hear what?" said the boy. "I hear thy silly chatter. Besides that I heard nothing; there was nothing to hear."

Standing upon the forward thwart and clinging to the mast, the girl stared into the mist. "Doth nothing cry out 'Oh, oh, oh!' as if its heart were breaking?"

"Oh, pah!" said the boy, disgustedly; "I tell thee, 't was a loon."

"But, Dirck, it cried 'Ahoy!' as plain as human tongue can speak."

"'T was but the scream of a loon." As he spoke the unearthly laughter of a loon sent a thrill across the marsh. "There, now, Dorothy; I told thee so."

"But it was not that; it was a human voice. Dirck, I am afraid. The twilight falls; it will soon be dark. Let the two ducks go!"

"Prut! don't be foolish, Dorothy! Wouldst have me break my word?"

"But, Dirck, truly I am afraid. This is no goodly place. The Sanhikans make sorcery here, and witchcraft. They freeze the streams in summer-time, and the

forests are full of wizards. Pray, let the two ducks go, Dirck! Nay, I beg of thee, Dirck; I am not wont to beg of thee."

"Tut!" cried the boy. "Do hold thy prate and stand down so that I may see. Here come the bay ducks going out. Stand down; I cannot see through thee."

As he spoke he raised his carbine, for the ducks were rising on whistling wings in every direction and came whirling in clouds across the fen. "My conscience! how they come!" he cried, and stood with his feet braced wide apart against the gunwale and the stern-sheets.

Over the marsh like shadows came the wild fowl, their wings whistling shrilly; the herons sped along the sand, staring with heads upraised; a flock of wild geese rushed across the fen. "Stand down!" cried the boy. "They will not pass over. Thy red jacket frightens them. I shall not get a shot."

A cloud-rift opened overhead. The last rays of the setting sun, reflected from above, lit up the marsh with a pale yellow glow. Upon a bank of rushes in the fen rose a gesturing form. "Dirck," whispered Dorothy, "there is some one in the fen!"

"For the sake of patience hold thy tongue and let me shoot my ducks; the very mill-clapper maketh less noise. Hei, there, now; stand fast, I say!" A red flash stung her eyes and made her head spin; the gun-smoke stifled her. He had fired over her shoulder. She heard a splashing in the water, and Dirck's loud "Hurrah! I have my ducks! Five at a shot; all golden-eyes; and with a car-

bine, too! Hurrah! Herry De Becker may have the twelve he shot with his old musketoon!"

The cold wind blew across her face and drove away the powder-smoke; though the tears were running down her cheeks, she quickly opened her eyes. Then she drew her breath with a little choking cry. Scarcely two oars' length from the boat, a head rose among the rushes, bound about with a miry crimson handkerchief, from under which long, matted locks of yellow hair hung around a haggard face whose eyes were staring straight into hers. Her heart stood still. She tried to speak, but her lips would not make a sound.

"Five ducks!" cried Dirck. "Five good, fat ducks! Five ducks and four ducks are nine ducks. Nine ducks and a goose! Hurrah!" His breast was filled with triumph. "I said I would bring six ducks," cried he, with a little exultant laugh. Then he lifted his eyes and saw the head among the rushes. His cheeks turned pale, and dropping the ducks, he staggered back across the thwart. "Ach! 't is the ghost of Michael Pauw!" he gasped. "St. Nicholas preserve us!"

But the face was only the face of a boy, haggard and sick with hunger, pitiful and woebegone, anything but terrible. He put his hands out pleadingly among the reeds, dripping black with the water-mire, and cried in a faint voice: "Oh, master, take me into the boat; I be sinking in the quag!"

The Dutch boy did not understand; he knew but little English. "Off!" he gasped. "Off, I say!" and catching

up the empty carbine, he leveled it at the head among the rushes. "Stand off, or I will blow thee full of holes. Cast off the mooring-line, Dorothy!"

Dorothy had fallen to her knees among the folds of the sail. Her lips moved silently; she was praying. Her breath went fast, and her breast fluttered like that of a bird in a snare; her eyes were fast on the face in the marsh.

Its eyes met hers; the hands waved; again the voice cried beseechingly: "Oh, mistress, won't ye take me into the boat? I am sinking in the mire! I will give ye my printing-book and my knife; oh, indeed, I will give ye all that I have if ye will only take me up into the boat and save me!"

The eyes were blue, and the face fair, although wild and haggard; the outstretched hands were slender. A wretch? But oh, so wretched! his mouth was pitiful. Compassion welled up in her heart and blotted out all fear. "Who art thou?" she called in a clear voice, with the sweetest and quaintest English accent. "Who art thou, and what art doing here in this foul place?"

The boy cried out at the sound of her voice, and struggled in the fen. "I am Barnaby Lee of Quarrendon, in Bucks; I ha' come from God knows where; I be-a-perishing! Oh, mistress, take me into the boat; I am perishing with the cold. I be weary and worn; and I be, oh, so hungry; and I am ill unto death. Oh, mistress, if ye will not take me in, I be a dead man here this night. Oh, mistress, take me into the boat; I am going down in the water!"

The tide was running about his waist, gurgling as it ran; he staggered as he tried to stand against it. "Oh, Dirck, it is only a boy," cried Dorothy, "a pitiful, starving boy!"

"'T is an English rogue," cried Dirck. "Stand off, thou vagabond, or I 'll shoot!" and he motioned with his gun.

"But, Dirck," she cried, "he perisheth!"

"Well, let the rascal perish; he is a murdering picaroon."

"Nay, Dirck; 't is the English cabin-boy!" She peered through the fast-falling twilight.

"Cast off the mooring," growled Dirck.

"But then we shall swing away."

"I intend to swing away," he replied. "Dost wish to stay here all night?"

"What dost thou mean?" she exclaimed.

"What should I mean?" he rejoined. "Cast off the forward mooring-line there."

"But, Dirck, the tide is coming in; 't will sweep the marshes clean."

"I am not master of the tides." He loosed the after mooring, and the boat swung around on the swiftly hurrying tide. "Cast off that forward line," he said; "I can come and grapple it anon."

She drew a little trembling breath. "Oh, Dirck," she said. "Oh, Dirck!"

But his face was stern. "Cast off the line."

"But, Dirck, the poor lad will drown!"

"Let him drown," he answered bitterly. "'T is a good thing for an Englishman; I would they all were drowned and lying at the bottom of the sea! Cast off that line as I bade thee, and don't be all night about it."

Then all at once he looked at her with wonder in his face; for she sprang upon the forward thwart with her hand on the halyard.

"Coward!" she said. "Coward! Thou art more cowardly than I thought! Fear not," she cried to the English boy; "he cannot fire on thee; his silly gun is empty. Stand fast, lad; I will come for thee; thou shalt not be left here to die." Thrusting the long sweeps through the tholes, she began to tug at them bravely.

The wind was rising, and the tide was strong; the current wrenched the boat about, but the girl rowed well, bracing herself and pulling in a way that was fine to see. The skiff fell off, the waves buffeted it, but she pressed her lips together, and the broad boat drew slowly in among the rushes. "Hold fast, lad," she cried cheerily; "we are coming."

At that the boy in the stern looked up. "Why didst thou call me a coward?" he asked.

"Because thou art cruel," she answered.

"I am not; I deny it. To hate a man is not cruel."

"Hate? What cause hast thou for hate?"

"It is enough that he is an Englishman; I hate them one and all; they stabbed my father in the back. If the whole of England were in the marsh I 'd laugh to watch her sinking."

The sedge scraped on the boat-side, and through the windy patter of the rushes could be plainly heard the exhausted panting of the English boy. Then suddenly he gave a cry, "Oh, mistress, be quick; I am going!" and the rushes on which he was holding gave way.

Dorothy sprang to her feet and thrust one sweep beyond the swinging boat. "Stand fast," she cried; "I am coming!" and pushed with all her might. The boat swung round against the tide and plunged into the swaying reeds. "Now come thou into the skiff," cried Dorothy, bending upon her oar.

The boy reached out toward the boat among the tangled rushes, but lost his balance and fell forward on a tussock of black marsh-grass, where he lay unable to help himself, for his legs were fast in the mire. He burst out in a great sob like a child. "I cannot pull them out," he cried. "Oh, mistress, I be done for!"

The little crimson jacket went like a fire along the boat; Dorothy caught the reeds and the white-birch twigs and tugged with all her strength. Heavily and slowly the broad-bowed skiff dragged across the flooded sedge, jibbing like a restive horse. "Now, quick, give me thine hands!" cried Dorothy, and braced herself against the gunwale. Swiftly reaching forth with her hands, she caught the boy's gaunt, cold fingers. "God bless ye!" he said, and clutched her hands with the energy of despair. The color fled from her face at his grip, but she made no cry. "Now, now!" she said, and swung her body lithely back with the swinging of the boat. The

water dashed him to and fro; one wave broke over him; he came up from it gasping, and fell across the gunwale, but it was all that he could do. The girl put her arms around him, but she could not lift him up. "Dirck," she said, and all at once her voice was very quiet. Dirck looked up, for there was a strange thrill in her tone. "Dost hear me, Dirck?"

"Yea, I hear thee."

"Put down thy silly gun, and take this poor lad into the boat. His feet are fastened in the mire, and I cannot lift him." Her face was white, but her eyes were like stars. He looked at her, but did not move. The place was very still. The gray fen-mist hung over them like a veil. She drew her head back. "Didst thou hear what I said unto thee?"

"Yea," answered Dirck.

"Then do it!" she cried. "I will not be gainsaid. When I tell thee to do a thing I mean that it shall be done forthwith. This is no time for bickering; do as I tell thee!"

Dirck laid down the carbine,—he could not tell just why he did so,—but answered bitterly: "If the English had stabbed thy father, thou wouldst hate them as I do."

Then, all at once, her cheek flushed, and a change came over her passionate face. "Oh, Dirck," she said softly, "be pitiful! Thou wouldst not I should hate thee. Then pity this poor lad. He is dying of hunger. Is hunger English, that thou shouldst not have compassion on it? or death so strange, that thou dost not guess its bitter-

ness? Wouldst have me hate thee? Nay, then, be pitiful!"

He looked at her with a changing face, but his brow still scowled. "Oh, pah!" he said, "I will pity him, then, if pity pleaseth thee; and if it pleaseth thee to have him taken into the boat, I will take the beggar in. Leave go of him. Stand back and let me have room. See, now; thou hast muddied thy dress, and thy mother will be angry. Stand back, Dorothy." So saying, he stooped and thrust his arms under the cabin-boy. "I take him aboard because thou dost wish it, and not that I hate him the less. And, mark me," he continued, scowling unrelentingly, "let him be warmed once, let him be fed, ay, let the beggar be washed and clean, I shall beat him so that he will wish I had left him in the fen. Come, thou miserable bag of bones!" he said to the English lad, and with a long tug and a strong pull he drew him safely over the gunwale.

CHAPTER X

A PRISONER

THE glory of the western sky had faded into gray; the last pale glare of the day was gone. Night fell swiftly; the stars came out, and the moon appeared, swiftly climbing the eastern cloud, but giving little light.

Beyond the shelter of the marsh was a rolling, windy sea; but there was no better sailor in all New Amsterdam than young Dirck Storm. Settling himself at the tiller, he let the boat's head swing until her red sail caught the wind and filled with a flap. Close-hauled, they drew away from the marsh. The water was as cold as pistol-steel, and black with the rush of the wind. The little herring-skiff heeled down until the foam bubbled along her rail.

The English boy looked at neither the water nor the boat, but, with his hands clasped upon his breast, crouched, dripping, against the mast. The girl stared at him with quivering lips. She was trembling from head to foot. Then suddenly she bent her head, and hid her white face in her hands. She was not crying, but her fingers were clenched upon her temples, and by turns her cheeks were red and white; she was over-wrought. Then, straightening up with a fair, brave pride, she laid

her hands in her lap. The stain of the marsh was on them, and the print of the English boy's hard grip still showed in deep, red lines across their backs. Sitting there silent, she watched the water.

It was but a short Dutch mile across the river to the town. As they neared the shore, they could hear the lowing of cattle from the sheds, and the sound of the watchmen's rattles from the square. It was now quite dark, and the night-lights swung on the masts of the ships in the harbor. The fort stood black against the sky, and along the wall a solitary sentinel was pacing up and down.

As they drove in toward the land, Dirck took up a conch-shell which was lying in the bottom of the boat, and blew upon it.

"Here! what are ye blowing for?" cried a voice out of the darkness. "What craft is that, and who are ye that ye come ashore so late?"

Dirck let the sail fall, and taking the oars, pulled stoutly through the wash. "It is I—Dirck Storm," he answered. "We have taken a picaroon."

"What 's that ye say?" the hoarse voice called.

"We have taken an English picaroon in the marshes beyond the river. Go tell the Schout Fiskaal."

Quick feet went running up the bank, voices called along the street, doors opened, lights shone, men came out. The rattle-watch came down. "Dirck Storm hath taken a picaroon!" they shouted.

The skiff drove in upon the sand; the lanterns came

clustering around, pipe-bowls glowed like fireflies in the darkness; then came a voice crying, "Way, there!" and the Schout Fiskaal lumbered down.

"Hah!" he cried. "Where is the rogue?"

"Here," answered the captain of the watch; "I have him."

"Aha, Master Villain! where art thou now?" cried the Schout Fiskaal, clanking his sword. Then he suddenly paused and rubbed his eyes. "So small as that?" he gasped. "He must be very wicked; hold fast to him, Ludowyck; he hath an ugly knife."

But the boy was shaking with the cold, and could hardly keep his feet. The lantern-lights went up and down, and the earth seemed rocking under him; the houses danced before his eyes as if they were drunk, and in his ears was a roaring like the sound of a storm.

"What shall I do with him, mynheer?" asked the captain of the watch.

"Lock him up in the Stad Huis jail."

The captain slowly shook his head. "Impossible, mynheer."

"And why is it impossible?"

"The jail is full of cheeses."

The Heer Officier puffed his cheeks and stared blankly at the captain. "What sort of business is this," he asked, "that the jail is full of cheeses?"

"The very best sort of business," replied the captain of the watch. "Cheeses bring good rents, mynheer, but prisoners cost the city moneys."

"Ach, so! I had not thought of that. Well, then, take him and lock him up in the guard-room at the fort."

The captain doubtfully rubbed his chin.

"Well, now what is the matter, that ye stand there rubbing your chin?"

"The guard-room at the fort, mynheer, is full of pickle-tubs."

The Schout Fiskaal gasped. "Of pickle-tubs? The guard-room full of pickle-tubs! Whose pickle-tubs?"

"Jan Hook's, I think."

"Well, a pest upon Jan Hook! Is the world a warehouse for green cheese and pickle-tubs? This is a nice to-do: cheeses in the Stad Huis, pickle-tubs in the guard-room; that 's a sweet kettle of fish. Donkerheid and donderkloot!—a pest on Jan Hook!"

The captain bowed. "As ye please, mynheer, a pest upon Jan Hook; but what shall be done with the picaroon?"

"Lock him up, I told thee."

"Lock him up? Truly; but where? Where shall I lock him up?"

The Schout Fiskaal clapped his fists together. "Body and soul!" he cried. "Do ye expect me to furnish you with jails as well as to fill them for you? Do ye think that I carry a dungeon in my tobacco-bag? Donder and bliksem! what to do?" He stopped and ruefully rubbed his head; then all at once his face lighted up. "Hah! I have it," he said. "Lock him up in the loft of the windmill; there is room for a dozen of him."

"THE ENGLISH BOY HAD FALLEN FACE DOWN ON THE SAND."

The captain of the night watch bowed, and turned to his prisoner. "Come thou," he said; then he started back. "Preserve my soul!" he cried, for the English boy had fallen face down on the sand.

The burghers crowded around him, crying out. "Ach!" said One. "Tut!" said Two. "Well; to think of it!" said Three. Then they puffed their pipes again, and did nothing. But one kind lad with sense in his head brought down a shutter, on which the night watch laid the boy and, crossing their pike-staves under him, started heavily up the bank. "Run thou," said the captain to the boy who brought the shutter. "Tell them to open the land-gate."

But before the boy came to the market-field a girl had run before him, as light on her feet as a leaf in the wind, and coming first to the land-port, she beat upon the gate, crying: "Quick, Jan Duyvelant; open the gate."

"Who calls?" growled the sentinel.

"'T is I, Jan,—Dorothy Van Sweringen. Open the little wicket and let me in."

Slipping through the little gate, she sped across the fort and up the steps of the house that stood midway of the row, and, breathlessly springing the door-latch, she entered.

Within the room the very roof-beams danced in a pleasant flood of light. The hearth was heaped with beech-logs blazing merrily. On the tables were groups of candles, twinkling like stars. By the window, looking out, was a woman, slender, beautiful, young, yet grave—

a little sad withal. When she heard the girl's step, she turned to meet her with a smile. "My little one," she said, "thou art come at last!" But the girl cried, "Mother, oh, mother, they are putting him up in the windmill loft; and oh, mother, the boy will surely die there. He is hungry and cold and ill—he hath swooned. He is naught but a cabin-boy. Dirck saith that he is a rogue, mother, but he cannot be a rogue. His eyes are as blue as mine, mother, and his mouth doth make me cry!" Her gallant courage failed; she leaned against the wainscot and, with her head upon her arms, sobbed convulsively.

Just then, through the darkness outside, came a shouting, with a trampling of feet and a tumult at the gates. Loud roared the watch from the market-field; they beat upon the gates. The sentries ran to reinforce the guard; the din became an uproar.

A woman, dark and imperious, with a countenance as stern as a man's, stood by the southernmost window in the Director-General's residence. Behind her was a serving-man in quiet livery. "Joris, what means this din?" she asked, with a flash of her black eyes.

"They have taken a picaroon, mevrouw," said he, respectfully.

"And doth one picaroon justify this uproar?"

"He is the city's prisoner, mevrouw, so the guard will not let the night watch bring him into the fort; yet there is no place in the city where they may keep him safely. It is a hanging matter, so they dare not turn him loose.

He must be kept until the Director-General comes. So the city watch demandeth admittance; but the fort guard refuseth. One cries 'In!' t' other cries 'Out!' and so there is a riot."

The woman's dark cheeks flushed angrily. "Another quarrel with the town!" she exclaimed. "Things go from bad to worse. I would that Peter himself were here to take these brawlers by the scruff."

"Oh, Anneke," cried a clear, soft voice from the door of the inner chamber, and a slender, girlish woman's figure came swiftly into the room. "Oh, Anneke, Dorothy telleth me that it is but a cabin-boy who hath wandered in the wilderness and is starving. She saith he hath swooned from exhaustion, yet they are putting him up in the windmill!"

"In the windmill?" cried the other. "A starving boy in the windmill? Have men all lost their senses, or what scatter-brained folly is this? Why, they grow but more witless daily. Tsst! Joris, my cloak! I will settle their nonsense. Make the door open there, Joris. They will put no starving boy up in the windmill this night, or my name is not Anneke Bayard!"

Then out she strode, with her serving-man going before her, across the parade, and her long black cloak blowing about her in the wind.

"Open those gates, Jan Duyvelant," she said.

"But, mevrouw," protested the sentry, "the orders for the night—"

"Are to open those gates as I bid thee, and not to give

me answers. I come not here in search of words; I have had a surfeit of them. Open the gates as I bid thee."

"But, mevrouw," expostulated the guard, "it is against the regulations."

"Then revise thy regulations, in the name of common sense! Dost know that there is a starving boy dying outside those gates? Thou dost eat six meals a day; he dies for lack of one. Shame upon thee! Wouldst banish mercy from the earth for the sake of regulations? Dost thou not know that human kindness overrides all regulations? Ach, thou dolt!" And with that she cried out upon him so fiercely that he fell back, stumbling and stammering, and threw back the heavy bars of the gate before he knew what he was doing.

In rushed the watch; but seeing the tall, dark woman standing there in the glare of the torch-light, they stopped upon the threshold, surprised and abashed.

"Where is this prisoner?" she demanded. His carriers laid him at her feet. His eyes were shut and his face was white, and although he was tall, he was so fallen away that he seemed scarce more than a child. She knelt and laid her hand on his breast to know if his heart was still beating. It trembled faintly under her fingers. "Joris," she cried quickly, "take this poor lad into the house, and wash him thoroughly; and, Joris, clothe him in new, clean linen, and give him a draught of Canary; and take his rags and burn them at once."

Joris stooped and picked him up; the boy seemed but a wisp of bone.

Then Mevrouw Anneke Bayard turned to the captain of the watch, who forthwith fell to mopping and mowing like a clown at a country fair. "Get thee gone straightway," she said, "and hunt thee some wits, for thou hast none; and for thy prisoner hold me responsible." Turning with a look of scorn, she followed her serving-man into the house, never even so much as looking behind her.

There was a good hot fire blazing half-way up the chimney in the room to which Joris carried the boy, and on the glowing coals lay a pailful of oysters roasting in their shells, some wide open, steaming, while others, still closed, puffed filmy jets of steam across the hearth. A slice of dark wild-turkey meat, with a fine, spicy savor, lay hot in a pan, with frying cakes of hominy about it.

The boy opened his eyes and moved his chilled lips with an inarticulate sound. Though his eyes were bright, he seemed to see nothing. His cheeks were beginning to flush.

"Joris," said Mevrouw Bayard.

"Ay, mevrouw," answered the servant.

"Be quick and kind with him, Joris; the lad is scarce himself."

The stout Joris swiftly stripped the boy to his skin, and laid him in a big, white, copper-hooped wooden tub, then poured in water piping-hot until the lad was almost afloat.

The hot water took the pain out of the flesh and eased the weariness of the boy's bones; he closed his eyes and stretched himself out with a strange, sweet sense of ease,

sighed once or twice, and then sank back, almost insensible. His breath trembled through his lips, and he was as helpless as a child; but Joris held him upon his arm and washed him deftly, growling to himself, from time to time, like a grim old dog, "Ach, poor lad!" and "Look ye, now!" for the boy was covered with bruises.

But when Joris came to the slender back and turned it to the light, he said something suddenly under his breath that made his own hair stand up; and "Mevrouw!" he cried indignantly, as he carried the boy, fresh clad, to the other room, "mevrouw, the dirty villains have beaten him like a dog!"

"Poor boy!" said the younger woman, and her eyes filled with tears. "What a life! and oh, Anneke, see how young he is, and how delicate and fair!"

"And, juffrouw, his hair is like silk, and his skin is as soft as a girl's," said Joris. "See, juffrouw!" and he laid the shirt back from the boy's brown neck. "And, juffrouw, he hath no trace of scurvy, but is sound as a guilder piece; a good night's sleep, somewhat to eat, and a quiet rest will set him up again."

CHAPTER XI

A LAND OF DREAMS

SO they tucked the English cabin-boy down in a little bed by the fire, and left him to rest and to dream.

But when morning came, sleep had not done for him all that they had hoped it would do, for he lay in a stupor until noon, and then, but half arousing from his stupor, he wandered in his wits all through the night, and the next day, and the next. His mind was far away. He talked of strange countries where the trees were as tall as the tower upon the village church, and bore nuts the size of a man's head; and he told of water-spouts that tossed great vessels about like chips; and of fish that sang in the starlight, and of others that sailed with little sails like a fleet of fairy boats; and of winged fish that sprang from the sea and flew like birds in the air; and whispered of fires that burned in the water at night, the spirits of the drowned, and, shuddering, murmured of murder and of sudden death.

Often and often the girl who sat beside him and dampened his burning lips with water would put her fingers in her ears and hurry from the room, her blue eyes full and her voice trembling with indignation. "Mother, how

could they treat him so?'' she cried. ''I did not think that there were men so cruel in all the world!''

The boy would often cover his face with his hands as if to shut out things he had seen.

At times the blood in his head throbbed so that it seemed to him as if it were some one beating tattoo on a water-butt with a hand-spike. His ship seemed to be going up and down in the trough of a troubled sea, years without end, over thousands of miles where no land was; and the shambling water gurgled and would not be at peace; but everything went up and down until he could bear it no more, and cried out, ''Stop it! oh, stop it, and leave me to rest!''

Then out of the reeling helter-skelter of the dream came a firm, cool hand that laid itself on his forehead and steadied him a little, and a woman's voice that said cheerily, ''Yes, we will stop it as soon as we can. So, take this, now, down thy red lane, and then we shall be better anon.'' Thereupon something was put into his mouth which was both bitter and sweet; the horrible sense of rolling ceased, and he drifted away to sleep.

At last he came to a still, white place where the dreams and the stupor ended, and he came back to himself again, half-way between sleeping and waking, with a curious giddiness in his head, which seemed somehow to be strangely akin to an emptiness in his stomach.

Half unconscious, he lay quietly collecting his scattered wits, as yet not knowing at all where he was, nor being wide awake enough to wonder.

The rolling of the sea was gone; the sliding waves were still; and instead of the stifle in the ship, he smelled so sweet a perfume that he thought he must have fallen asleep in a garden walk bordered with wallflowers.

His skin was cool and pleasantly moist; all his weariness was gone, and he had not an ache from his top to his toe; but he was as weak as a rag; so he discovered as soon as he tried to move. And then, all of a sudden, he was aware of a wonder of linen about him, as sweet and fresh and clean and cool as newly gathered flowers. With the wondrous, grateful sense of absolute cleanliness came the deeper sense of a perfect peace in which no sound jarred heavily, or was abrupt or noisy, but was softened and fell smoothly on his drowsy ear. Across his upturned face a little breeze was blowing gently, bringing with it a warm, rich odor as of flowers blooming in the sun, so fragrant, thick, and fruit-like that he could almost taste it. Everything about him was so linen-sweet and pure, and he so clean and free from pain, that he thought he must certainly be dead and somehow come into heaven.

He straightway opened his eyes to see the glory and wonder around him, and for a moment almost stopped breathing. He was lying in a trundle-bed beside a cheery fire, in a white-walled, beautiful little room, with dark oak-beams above him; and all the place was full of light and of comfort and good cheer, and all about was the pleasant sound of human habitation.

On a trivet in front of the fire a bowl of stew was warming, and there was a brisk and busy sound of bub-

bling in a pot. The air of the room was perfumed with an odor like that of spikenard, and on a stool by the hearth lay a bunch of wild bergamot diffusing a pungent fragrance.

In all his life before he had never seen a place so clean, nor dreamed that there could be one so free from dirt and grime. There was not the slightest trace of smoke upon the chimney-curtain; shovel and tongs, poker and andirons, the nose of the carved bellows, the very chain upon the spit, and the trammels that held the pot, were scoured until they sparkled like bits of burnished silver.

The plastered walls were as white as cream, and the wainscot shone like satin. The nails in the high-backed chairs twinkled in the fire-light; even the saucepan on the hearth gleamed like a golden mirror; the very floor was as white as the page of a book, and over it white sand was strewn in wandering latticework patterns as crisp and clean as winter frost upon a window-pane.

The chimney-corner and hearth were laid in snow-white tiles, glossy and clean enough to have eaten from if one had had a mind to; and the jambs of the open fire-place were set about with tiles on which impossible little blue farmers were driving improbably little blue horses up tiny blue hills where little blue mills were waving their stubby blue sails, and chubby blue boats as round as cheeses, with little blue skippers as round as churns, were floating along on blue canals. On each side of the fire-place were high-backed chimney-seats, cushioned with leather, and curtained overhead to ward off the whis-

pering drafts, while across the mantel was stretched a trim little curtain of print as fresh as the skirts of a demoiselle.

Everything was as crisply sweet and exquisitely clean as a new-blown April daffodil, and full of a cordial wholesomeness that filled the boy's heart with delight. Peacefully smiling, he looked about and merrily laughed to himself.

As he did so he grew conscious of a high-keyed, humming sound that arose above all the other slighter sounds, and filled the air like the hum of a hundred yellow bees or the note of a distant organ.

Thrusting his arms behind him, he sat up, although at first his head went round and round with a sudden giddiness.

It was afternoon, and the day was so bright that the sunshine dazzled him. The window-sash with its leaded panes was open, and the snow-white linen curtains moved softly in the light breeze. Beyond the window he saw a tree against the sky, its leaves shaking in the wind, and making a sound like the ripple of water. He could hear a far-away bleating of sheep, and the distant sound of a shingler's hammer, and now and then the far-off blowing of a horn.

On the window-sill stood an hour-glass in which the sand was running—a wavering streak of dusty light between two sunlit bubbles; and seated in the open door, at a little spinning-wheel, with her eyes upon the hour-glass, sat a young girl spinning flax.

Her little foot made the treadle fly. She had slipped off and set aside her shoe, and her slender, crimson-stockinged ankle danced in the sunlight. Her lips were slightly parted; her blue eyes were bright; her slender fingers seemed bewitched as they drew out the shining thread. The sunshine falling across her face filled her lips with a ruddy glow; the flying shadows played among the hollows of her braided hair; her own slim shadow on the floor was pretty as a picture. She was fairer than the fairest English girl the cabin-boy had ever seen; but of who she was or where he was he had not the least idea. He watched the thread spin out like the cobwebs of a dream.

Then, all at once, she snapped her thread and stopped the flying wheel, slipped on her small buckled shoe, and, springing to her feet, turned with laughing countenance to the hour-glass. "I have beaten thee again, old snail!" she said merrily. "I have spun three skeins, and still thou art not run out. Thou art a lazy-bones!" She took up the glass, and was shaking it to hurry the lingering sand, when her eyes met those of the wondering boy.

Her bright face paled with quick concern, then flushed with eager pleasure; for by his questioning expression she saw that he had come to himself.

Quickly laying her finger upon her lips, she hurried across the room. "Mother," she called at the inner door, "mother, the boy is himself again."

. . . . . .

When Barnaby Lee awoke from the sleep into which he fell shortly thereafter, the day was done, the candles were lighted, and the little fire was glowing cheerily on the hearth. The bowl of stew was empty, and upon a settle by the bed was a glass of Moselle in which a few sharp herbs had steeped. "That 's very bitter," said Barnaby, making a faint grimace.

"Things that are good for us always are," said the girl, who stood by the bedside; "and some of them are bitterer than feverwort. Nay, do not answer me," she said; "speech is not good for thee. Thou hast been ill for a month or more, and thy brains are no bigger than that." She held up her little finger-tip, and her merry blue eyes twinkled.

He did not speak, but still looked up at her with a questioning, troubled face.

"Nay, now thou art thinking," she said; "and it is not good for thee. Think not at all; content thyself with rest; there will be plenty of time for thought when thou art grown stronger. Sleep, boy, and rest thy weary bones, and I will do thy thinking for thee. I am a master thinker. I know what thou wouldst ask without thine asking; I have a wizard in my wits and I know many wonderful things. But let this be enough. Thou art in the Director-General's house in the fort at New Amsterdam, and thou shalt soon be sound again if care can make thee so. Then what shall befall I know not; that exceedeth my knowledge. But when thou hast gotten thy

strength again and the Director-General cometh, then we shall see what we shall see, and know what we shall know, for *he* is the father of the law, and sitteth in the judgment, and Justice goeth behind the door until he hath had his say. And that is enough for thee to know until he comes; I shall not tell thee any more lest thou shouldst have a nightmare."

Then, stooping by the bedside, she smoothed the crumpled pillows. "Sleep, lad," she said, "and the just Lord God shall say what will betide. We are the sheep of His pasture, and our days lie in the hollow of His hand. Dost say thy prayers? Then pray with me that God will keep us every one in safety. And sleep, for thou hast much need of it."

For an instant she bent and brushed his hair back from his forehead. With the cool, sweet firmness of her fingers a sense of peace and rest seemed spread across his mind. "Good night; rest well!" she said, and turning, she blew out one candle, and taking up the other, left the lad to his own thoughts.

A little while he lay awake, striving to knit his wits together; then the tired brain said, "No; we need a good sleep more!" and silence came and filled the little room with peace.

And this was Whitsun-Tuesday, in the end of the month of May.

CHAPTER XII

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL

IT was an evening, and the rain was pouring down. The lights had been out a good while, and there was no sound but the hoarse calling of the sentinels on the wall, and the dash of the rain beating against the windows.

Now and then a door would open somewhere in the house, and the lead-cased window-sashes would rattle with the draft. Men's voices came and went by intervals, half muffled by the rain, with the tramp of weary horses and the heavy clash of arms. There was a new sound in the house. The rain-drip seemed to come indoors, to gather into footsteps, and to walk with a heavy, measured tread about the floors. Then the voices and the footsteps ceased and everything was still.

Barnaby lay sleeping in a press-bed in the wall. His strength had grown with the flying days, and he slept very soundly.

A press-bed is a strange one, built into the wainscot like a closet, with folding doors which stand open at night, so that the sleeper may have fresh air. The mattress rests upon a shelf which runs the length of the closet, and the pillows lie at the head of the shelf behind

short curtains of print. The sleeper in a press-bed, like a hermit in his cave, peers forth unseen, reviews the world, but takes no part in its affairs.

So, like a hermit, Barnaby lay oblivious to everything, ten thousand miles away in dreamland. How long he slept he did not know; perhaps it was an hour. Then a rustling of papers, the rattling of steel, the scraping of damp powder from the pan of a flint-lock pistol, the smell of meat, and the thumping of an unfamiliar foot-fall, gathered through the roar of the down-pouring rain, and with them light, that crept into the crannies of the wall: Barnaby grew conscious of a presence.

At first he thought he dreamed it; then, waking, was assured of it. In through the cracks of the press-bed came a streak of candle-light, and in the room beyond the little sheltering curtains of print was the almost inaudible, but unmistakable, constant whisper of sound that reveals a living presence in a room. Drowsily turning over, Barnaby pushed open the shutter, and drawing back the little curtain, looked out.

On the center-table six candles, standing in a clump, were burning together in a haze of light, and in an arm-chair by the table sat a dark, brooding man, with a platter of bread and meat before him and a flagon of wine by his side. He was clad in raiment somber in color and severe in style, but of rich material and handsome make. His broad white linen collar drooped upon his shoulders; his jacket was black velvet with slashes at the elbows, through which his fine white shirt-sleeves puffed like

bursting cotton-bolls. Upon his breast was a golden brooch with a coat of arms upon it, token of honorable service in wars long since gone by, and now forgotten by the world, but not by him.

On the wall behind him his shadow hung like a cloud; but his grim face, lighted by the candle-glow, stood bright against the gloom. He was dark-skinned, dark-eyed, iron-mouthed, and stern, with a high-arched nose like an eagle's beak, and a fierce but scholarly brow. His chin was bare, but his upper lip was fringed by a short mustache. On his head he wore a tight skull-cap of fine black India silk, which seemed to add new darkness to his already gloomy countenance.

At his elbow, over the back of a chair, hung a heavy cloak, from which the exhaling dampness rose in a faint gray cloud of steam. Over the cloak hung a leather belt, with a short, straight, common-appearing sword, beside which leaned a cross-topped, ivory-headed staff.

In the shadow under the table was one foot thrusting its buckled shoe against the table-leg. There was only one; the other was gone, and the leg of the man was gone with it. He wore instead a wooden leg, fashioned of ebony strengthened by silver bands, and strapped fast to his thigh. The lower end of this wooden leg protruded across the floor, unbending and comfortless, and forever unfitting the wearer for leading a soldier's life.

When Barnaby saw that ebony leg with the silver bands upon it, his heart sprang up until it seemed to be beating against the cords of his throat, and all at once he

was hot and cold as if with a chill and a fever. For along the Atlantic coast men well knew that wooden leg—wooden leg, iron heart, and the hand of the mighty hater, who made the English along those shores go quaking in their shoes.

It was Peter Stuyvesant, the Director-General of the colony of the Dutch, a man more feared by his jealous foes than were all the rest of the Dutch together. They called him the "Bull in the China-shop" and the "Lame Peacock"; but they feared him. They called him "old." He was not old, but only worn with bitter care and many disappointments. They called him "His Majesty," "Peter the King," and mocked him behind his back; but when they met him face to face they honored him. Shrewd of head and ready of hand, the English marveled at him, and, opposed by even those whom he ruled, he sat upon his throne as fierce, as dark, and as solitary as an eagle on a cliff. His leg he had left at St. Thomas, in battle with the Spanish, and here, in the director-generalship of a struggling New-World colony, he was pensioned off, like an old lame dog, with a kennel and a bone —and a poor enough bone, in all conscience. But there was that in the gleam of his haughty eyes, and in his air of harsh authority, that drew men of fine, high temper to him like swords to a magnet; and Barnaby, fascinated, lay there, peering at him through the curtains, unable to turn away his glance, and scarcely daring to breathe.

On the table before the Governor lay long accounts and letters on which his dark eyes glowered like smoldering

coals. As he read, he was eating meat and cheese with a crust of hard black bread, and drinking wine from the flagon. But as he read he ate less and less, and finally not at all. He held the flagon of wine awhile untouched in his upraised hand, then set it down, his face dark with gathering wrath, and spreading the rattling paper out before him upon the table, he set his clenched hands one upon each side of it, and so perused it to the end. Then he suddenly raised his fist with a look of uncontrollable fury, and struck the open page as if it were the countenance of a man he hated. "Had I thee here," he said, "I would hang thee as high as Haman! I would have thine head from thy shoulders for these wild deeds of thine! Appeal to Holland? Thou shouldst appeal with thine head upon a tray!"

Then he sank back into his chair with his hand above his eyes, and a gloom came over him like a shadow. "I am playing my cards alone," he said, "like a fool at a king's court. What is to be done?" Here he sighed heavily. "Nay, not what is to be done, for that is plain to see; but how to do what needs be done! I cannot see the way." He shook his head, and dropped his hand with a weary, baffled gesture upon the table, and in their hollow sockets his dark eyes gleamed fitfully. "There needeth a man, or we are all undone. And given the man, what then? Nay, I cannot see how to contrive!" With a gesture of despair, he took up a pen and began the draft of a letter.

"*To the Honorable, Wise and Prudent, the Very Discreet States-General!*"

"'Wise and Prudent'? Bah!" said he. "Long Island is lost and gone from our hands. The farmers at the Red Hill are driven from their steadings. The English throng upon us everywhere, and flourish like evil weeds. They even beard us in our gates, and make a mock of us. Oh, for the power to wage just war! I would still hold them off!"

Then he was silent, while his pen ran over the paper.

"*Haste; make haste, mynheeren!*" he wrote below the letter when finished, "*In God's name, haste!*"

"They would not haste if the Binnenhof were falling upon their heads."

With that the sorely handled pen split up between his fingers, and a great blot streaked the page. He sat up with blazing eyes, and did not trust himself to touch the ill-starred letter-draft again. "Mynheer Van Ruyter," he called. "What! Here!"

The thin man in the snuff-brown suit came in hastily from an anteroom, and fell to snuffing the candles to cover his nervousness. "Your Excellency," he began, "Most Gracious and Valorous!—"

"Tssst!" said Stuyvesant, "don't waste the time; take that all for granted, and come to the point."

Mynheer Van Ruyter trembled so that he put out the candle he was snuffing.

"Let be, mynheer; we are dark enough now!" said Stuyvesant, impatiently. "Nor cross me more with

empty words: I am troubled enough already. Copy me this letter, and quickly; it must go on *The Keys of Calmar* at ebb-tide in the morning."

The Director-General sank back into his chair again with his chin on his breast.

There was now no sound but the nervous scratching of the Secretary's pen and the ceaseless rush of the rain. Barnaby slowly moved himself, for he had grown a little stiff, and his shoulder ached from lying in one position. Softly rubbing his cramped arm, he lay back upon the pillow. There was so much comfort in the bed, and the linen was so sweet and cool, that he relaxed his tired muscles with a little sigh. The Director-General raised his head at that, and looked around the room. But as he did so the Secretary pushed the finished letter from him, and taking up the sand-box, shook sand across the sheet to absorb the undried ink. The Director-General turned back, and staring at the candles, said bitterly, "Mynheer, are we but a puppet-play, that men may handle us with strings and laugh to see us caper?"

The Secretary clasped his hands apprehensively beneath the table.

"I am to pay the burgomasters and sheriffs out of the municipal chest, and the municipal chest is empty," continued the Director-General, savagely.

The Secretary bowed his head, and looked uncomfortable.

"And I am to build the city wall, and there is nothing with which to build it. And I am to exterminate the

savages; yet the mad tradesmen of this city sell them guns, and powder by the keg. I am bidden to hold our boundaries against whatever trespass, and to maintain our title against every claim with adequate resistance; but I must use no force. I am to wage successful war, and never shoot a gun."

"War?" stammered the Secretary. "What mad, unhappy thought is this? Your Excellency, it is such peace that not so much as a dog doth wag his tail."

Stuyvesant looked into the Secretary's flinching eyes.

"Mynheer Van Ruyter," he said, slowly, "I say unto you, in the words of the old proverb, 'Beware of a dog that does not wag his tail.' You call it peace, and are content because everything seems still. I tell you, Mynheer Van Ruyter, there is danger in the wind."

Van Ruyter turned suddenly pale.

"A crisis hath arisen," continued Stuyvesant, "which we must meet with instant action, or reap a hurricane. I need a man for a critical mission. He must be crafty, wise, and true, sure and ready, quick at argument, smooth and soft, a gentleman and a courtier, brave, and able to stand for himself, unsupported, as if the universe backed him. If not these, we are undone. Name him, mynheer; I need him."

CHAPTER XIII

"A SWORDER AND A BRAVO"

"NAME me the man for this mission, Mynheer Van Ruyter," said the Director-General, beating on the table with his fist.

The Secretary wrung his hands until his knuckles cracked: "I know none such, your Excellency, unless, perchance, you go yourself."

Stuyvesant looked at Van Ruyter in scorn. "A fool," said he, "doth truckle when he is asked for truth. "There is no man whom I dare trust except Captain Martin Kregier; no man save him alone of whom I may command devoted service."

The Secretary bit his lip. "Your hand hath lain too heavily to be beloved, your Excellency."

"To be beloved?" said Stuyvesant, with a grim look. "Nay; men take me like a medicine—not for love, but because they must. It is the penalty of power that I have lost my friends. I trust I shall never prove so weak as to lose mine enemies!"

As he spoke he turned, with a bitter face, to the papers upon the table. "Willem Beeckman writeth me that there have been no arrests; that Gerrit Van Sweringen still

goes free, and hath not given bail, but hath appealed to Holland in defiance of us all."

The Secretary shivered. "Gerrit Van Sweringen is here."

"Here?" said Stuyvesant. "What doth he here?"

"Whatever pleaseth him, your Excellency, as he doth everywhere," said Van Ruyter, twisting his hands together under the table.

"Then why have ye not taken him?" exclaimed the Director-General. "Why have ye not taken him and hanged him out of hand?"

"He hath been—he hath been in Bushwyck," the Secretary stammered.

"Then why didst say that he was here? Thou saidst that he was here."

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the Secretary, desperately. "One cannot lay finger upon him, and dare not if one could. He walketh the streets as bold and free as any man, with a long sword dangling by his side, and pistols in his belt. He is a rapier-rattling firebrand, a sworder and a bravo."

Peter Stuyvesant knit his brows and stared at the candle-flame until the pupils of his eyes were scarcely more than pin-points in the light. "'A rapier-rattling firebrand, a sworder and a bravo,'" he muttered bitterly to himself. "It hath a merry sound. He hath two feet, and goeth through the world like a soldier. 'A rapier-rattling firebrand, a sworder and a bravo'! Who would not be a bravo with all that the fellow hath? A head to

think, a hand to fight, and youth to back it all—a bold heart and a ready sword. Why, the world is at his feet!"

Then suddenly a sparkle illumined his fierce, unhappy eyes; he sat up swiftly in the chair, and struck his fists together. "Upon my soul," he muttered, "there have been worse adventures." His voice, for a moment, caught the ring of youth. "Ay, there have been worse adventures, and on hazards more forlorn!" He almost laughed at a fantastic humor which filled his mind. "He is a man of parts; hath wit; writeth like a counselor; he cometh of noble blood." Suddenly turning to his secretary: "Is Captain Martin Kregier here?" he asked. "Call Captain Kregier." Then he sat with a new, eager air, until Captain Martin Kregier came striding in.

A fearless old mustache was he, resolute in action, bold of heart, blunt in demeanor, and from head to foot the brownest man in New Amsterdam. His face was browned by wind and sun; his short, curly hair made a crisp brown fringe at the edge of his brown steel cap. His high-topped leather boots were brown; so were his shabby old breeches. His dented breastplate was weathered brown and scarred by many a long, hard campaign. The sword which swung at his side was, like himself, short, stout, and brown, and when he spoke his very voice seemed almost brown, it was so burly and so bluff. "Here am I, your Excellency," he said, and stood there like a ramrod, with his hand to his cap's rim.

"Kregier," asked the Director-General, "dost know Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

"Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

"Either with or without the 'mynheer'?"

A flush crept up the soldier's cheek. "I fought him once," said he.

"So? Then thou knowest him passing well."

"I know him well enough. He threw my sword into the cabbage-patch. I do not speak with him."

Stuyvesant's eyes began to dance as if at the far-away ringing of swords; a light waked in their depths, yet still he frowned grimly. "They tell me he hath been lording it here in our streets like a master."

Captain Kregier's head went back, and his broad, square shoulders straightened. "Why not?" he said quietly. "He maketh it good, and that is a soldier's title. The streets belong to men of brawn and brain. The rest may go walk in the alleys."

"Then I would thou wert a man of brain," said Stuyvesant. "I would lay thee a street that should reach from here to everlasting glory; for thou art faithful and true, and devoted in our service. I would trust thee with my life—and with my honor, too."

The soldier's quiet eyes were steady. "I am but what I am," he replied. "The good God did not give me brains. Perhaps it was His purpose; brains are not required by army regulations. I can do as I am bid."

Stuyvesant nodded. "I know that, Kregier," he said. "We have used thee hard and long, and on many a try-

ing campaign. 'T is good; but alas! not good enough—like the heel of the old Achilles. There cometh a place where bidding ends, and a man must think for himself. I need a man who thinks, and need him most bitterly." With that he was silent, and leaned upon the chair-arm, his chin set in his half-clenched hand, and his eyes flaming darkly. "What doth Gerrit Van Sweringen here?" he asked.

The captain looked his governor square in the face. "He doeth very many things that others leave undone."

Mynheer Van Ruyter's telltale eyes began to cringe.

"It was he," continued Kregier, "and Jan Reyndertsen, the gunner, who headed the volunteer company that took the English picaroons."

"That took the English picaroons!" exclaimed Stuyvesant. "Mynheer Van Ruyter, I was not informed of this."

The Secretary tried vainly to meet the Director-General's gaze. "Your Excellency," he began, "there were some other things—"

"That were more to thy credit," said Stuyvesant.

The Secretary shrank beneath that withering scrutiny, and fumbled nervously among the papers on his desk.

"If thou wouldst shuffle less and deal more manfully," said the Director-General, with scorn, "thou wouldst not have to lie awake so many nights for shame. Get thee to bed; there is no place for cowards in my council; I will call the corporal to see thee safe home."

When Van Ruyter had gone, Stuyvesant turned and

looked at Kregier. "Captain Kregier," he said, "who doeth as he is bid, suppose I bade thee take this man, this Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

Kregier answered quietly: "I should order me a coffin, a well-made nut-wood coffin with silver handles to it; then I should go and try to take him."

Stuyvesant smiled; it was a grim, pleased smile; then for a moment he was silent. "Suppose I bade thee fetch him here?"

"I could make a fair endeavor."

"Then make thy fair endeavor," said the Director-General; "for I would speak with him."

Kregier touched his battered cap, turned on his heel, and was gone without a word.

CHAPTER XIV

AT WOLFERT WEBBER'S TAVERN

AT Wolfert Webber's tavern, just beyond the city wall, two belated burghers sat in the tap-room, drinking schnapps together. The rain poured upon the roof; now and again out of the west there came a heavy peal of thunder. Again and again the thunder rolled over the hills. At last there came a louder peal than all that had gone before it. The two burghers put down their pots and listened.

"Hei! What is that?" cried one. "Not thunder, Pieter Van der Hoogh?"

"Ja, Goosen; that was thunder."

"Ach, so? Well, then it will rain some more; we will not go home just yet."

"Ja, that is true; it will rain some more; we will not go home just yet. *Herein,* Wolfert! bring us some schnapps. We are not going home just yet. Prut! the fatherland was better than this. When the rain there was over it stopped. Hast thou heard the news from the cattle sale?"

"What news? I have heard no news."

"The Man from Troublesome Corner bought forty head of cattle."

"Forty head?"

"Ja, forty head; and paid for them in money."

"Seawant? Wampum?"

"Nay; good gold. There was a bag of it."

"Where did he get it? They say he is a robber."

"Nay, now; he is the sheriff."

"Ach! well, that is much the same."

A man who sat at a table behind them, eating his supper alone, pricked up his ears and listened, and a curious smile came creeping about the corners of his mouth. His cloak was running with rain, and his broad-brimmed hat was dripping wet. The talk went on:

"Dost think that they will hang him for slaying Harmen Hendricksen?"

"I think they needs must catch him first."

"Ja, so; they must catch him first. But there is no price on his head."

"No price on his head?" said the other. "Ach! then it is not worth my while." He heaved a sigh, and set down his mug of schnapps.

"Wouldst catch him if there were a price?"

"Like a beaver-trap."

"Ach, so?—just like a beaver-trap?"

"Just like a beaver-trap."

"Dost know him?" asked the first speaker, in awe and admiration.

"Ja, very well. He is a rogue as large as both of us, and goeth abroad with a brace of silver-mounted pistols in his belt, and a rapier nigh on to three ells long."

"Tut, tut! and wouldst thou face him?"

"Let me see him once, I would tie him in a bow-knot and bring him home behind my saddle. He is a blusterer, a swasher, a braggart, a coward! I would show him what a man is, let me see him once. Pah, I say!"

The man at the table behind them took a bit of cheese, and rolling it into a ball, filliped it with his thumb. It sped like a bullet across the room, and striking the boastful speaker square on the tip of his nose, it stuck there.

Clapping his hand to his face, the burgher sprang to his feet.

"Who did that?" he cried. "Didst thou?" And he caught his companion by the throat.

"Did what?" gasped his companion, and struggled to throw him off.

"My nose!" he cried in a fury. "Somebody shot my nose with cheese. I should like to know who did it!" He glared at the quiet stranger, who was placidly buttering a piece of bread. But the stranger went on buttering, and scarce raised his eyes. "I should like to know who did that!" cried the furious burgher, almost beside himself with rage. "Who shot my nose with a cream-cheese?"

The stranger looked up. He was a handsome young man, and his face was serene and peaceful. "How much wouldst thou give," he asked, "to know who shot thy nose with the cream-cheese?"

The burgher could scarcely speak for anger.

"I would give a guilder!" he sputtered.

"Then give me the guilder," said the stranger. "It was I who shot thy nose with the cream-cheese."

As he spoke he leaned back, smiling, with his head against the wall; but although his mouth was merry enough, his eyes looked dangerous.

The burgher ran across the room toward him. "Thou shottest my nose?" he roared. "Thou shottest my nose with the cream-cheese? Death's talons! who art thou?"

The young man's tone was as soft as silk and as smooth as if his tongue were buttered. "My name is Gerrit Van Sweringen," he said, "and I come from Troublesome Corner."

The burgher sprang back until he cracked his head against the oaken wainscot. "Mercy upon my soul!" he gasped. "The Man from Troublesome Corner!"

His comrade tumbled off the bench and crept under the table. "Ach," said he, "what will mine vrouw Katrinka say to this? I will never stay out so late again, though it rain me plows and pitchforks."

The young man arose from his table with the cream-cheese in one hand. "Thou poor, miserable lump," he said. "Thou makest me ashamed that we have eaten under one roof!" He towered above the braggart, who chattered against the wainscot with a face like a pale-gray pasty. "When thou dost boast in future,"—and the young man was suddenly stern,—"explode thy boasts in a cistern-hole where none can overhear thee. It will magnify the sound of thy voice until it matcheth thy self-conceit. But as for now," he added, with a

laugh like the laugh of a madcap school-boy, "thou shalt be crowned with a cream-cheese crown and royally kinged with a goodly butter-pot."

As he spoke he suddenly raised his hands, and, with a swashing blow, crushed the soft, paste-like cheese upon the boaster's head, and catching up the butter-crock, he clapped it upon the fellow's pate with a squash like a bursting pumpkin.

"Now get thee home, thou toadstool," he said, "before the butter melteth and drowns what little wit thou hast. Come out," he said to the man under the table; "thy friend is playing at blind man, and needeth a dog to lead him."

"Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen," cried a bold, clear voice behind him, "Mynheer Van Sweringen, what mischief make ye here?"

"I have just been baiting a beaver-trap," said Van Sweringen, coolly; but he turned as he spoke, with a sudden look of gravity, and laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"A truce to that, I cry you!" said the bold, clear voice, and Captain Martin Kregier strode in through the tavern door. "A truce to that, mynheer! Draw not that long-tailed spit of thine. I have sought thee far and wide to-night, and there is no time for folly."

The dancing light in Van Sweringen's eyes went out like a spark into the darkness; the old severity squared his black brows, and he was changed in the instant, all his gaiety put away. "Hither," he said to Van der

Hoogh; "take thy friend home. When wolves are out it is high time for foxes to hunt their holes. What wouldst thou of me?" he asked, turning to Captain Kregier. His lips were set; his eyes grim; his whole aspect was forbidding.

"Mynheer, is my word good with thee?" asked the blunt old soldier, simply.

"It is," replied Van Sweringen.

"Then follow me. There is a place which needeth thee more than Wolfert Webber's tavern does."

Van Sweringen looked at him narrowly, with bitter suspicion in his eye.

"Upon my word of honor," said Captain Kregier, facing him squarely, "there is no trap. Is that enough security?"

"It is more than enough," replied Van Sweringen, frankly. Dropping his sword into its sheath with a clank, he took up his dripping hat from the table. "After you, mynheer," he said, and bowed with a courtly gesture. They passed through the doorway into the night.

CHAPTER XV

FOR THE COLONY

DOWN through the dripping town came the two men, Kregier and Van Sweringen. One bleared, bright window in the fort sent its bar of yellow light across the darkness.

"There, mynheer," said Kregier, "the Director-General is awaiting thee. Enter. I wish thee better nights than this." So saying, he turned upon his heel, and left the thus unheralded guest standing alone upon the threshold.

Grasping the latch with his bold, strong hand, Van Sweringen opened the door.

To the boy who lay in the press-bed it had all seemed a feverish dream: the rain on the roof, the glare of the ragged lightning, the candles on the table, dizzily swaying in the drafts, and the fierce, dark face of the Director-General blotting out all the rest. But that which followed was stranger than all that had gone before. The room was so still that he thought they must surely hear the beating of his heart. He dared not touch the curtains; he scarcely dared to move. With his face in

the shadow and his breast upon the pillow, he peered through the crevice of the shutter.

The candles were flaring in the draft. Stuyvesant sprang to his feet. For a moment the two men stood and stared with flashing eyes at each other. Then the Director-General spoke.

"Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen," he said, bowing slightly and haughtily, "Member of the South River Colony Council, and Sheriff of New Amstel."

The young man answered instantly: "Mynheer Peter Stuyvesant, your Excellency, Director for the High and Mighty West India Trading Company, Governor of New Netherland and of the Islands of the Sea, the Esteemed, the Worthy, the Prudent, *also the Most Severe.*"

Then he swept a low and courtly bow, with his plumed hat dripping in his hand; and standing in the open door with his arms folded across his breast, the night wind blowing his long black hair about his face, "Your Excellency," he said, "ye have sent for me. I greatly wonder why."

"Because I have a need of thee," answered Stuyvesant, "not, you may believe, because it hath pleased me."

Then his throat choked up, and he stood speechless. Nothing so roused his anger as defiance, and Van Sweringen's fearless attitude was wormwood to his soul; he dared not trust his voice.

"Your need doth not appear to have dropped sweet oil and honey on your tongue," said the young man, smiling.

The Governor raised his arm with a gesture of command. "Mynheer, provoke me no more!" he said. "I have had provocation enough from thee. I have great need of tranquil speech; but how can I be tranquil if thou dost irritate me? Remember mine office, and honor it. I have a need of speech with thee. Come in and close the door. The rain doth fall around this house like all the plagues of Egypt. Come in, I say, and close the door; and, I pray thee, be seated."

Van Sweringen entered, and seated himself with his sword across his knees. Stuyvesant, leaning upon the table, looked at him silently for a moment; then, "Mynheer, I will tell thee why I sent for thee to-night," he said. "It was not from choice,—thou mayest be sure of that,—but from necessity."

With that he limped suddenly to the door and shot the double bolts, and, coming back, turned down the latch of the inner portal. Then, going to a cupboard in the corner of the room, he took out of it a parchment roll about a cloth-yard long. Turning, he allowed it to unroll. It was a map laid off in red and green and blue by the hand of some skilful draftsman.

There were tall ships sailing the sea, and towers and palaces of savage kings on the borders of undiscovered oceans; there were wild beasts in the forests, and trees along the shore; wonderful mountains filled all the margin, and in the corner a great face blew the wind that filled the vessels' sails; at the farthest north was the flag of France, to north and south the flag of England,

and in the middle, upon a pole, was the flag of Holland, bravely flapping, orange and white and blue.

Stuyvesant spread the map upon the table. "See," he said, "it is an excellent map. Here stand we, in New Amsterdam, on Manhattan Island. Here is the river, here the sea, and here is the shore of the mainland. Our limits run from here to here; this red line circumscribes them. The English colonies hem us in upon both north and south. Mynheer," he asked, facing about, "dost love an Englishman?"

Van Sweringen lifted his brows. "I know some Englishmen, your Excellency, whom I think I do not hate."

"Well," said Stuyvesant, bitterly, "I will give thee ample cause to hate them. They mean to take these lands from us before the year is out. Dost smile? Let this abate thy smiling." He laid an open letter on the table.

Van Sweringen's countenance changed as he read.

"Your Excellency," he said, "they dare not; this thing is impossible!"

"Impossible?" said Stuyvesant. "Call no deed impossible until an Englishman hath tried it and failed to make it good."

"But there is peace!"

"Peace? Save the mark! Go, make thy breakfast on it; it will not keep until evening cometh."

Van Sweringen struck the table a blow that made the sand-box dance.

"How can ye thwart this hideous piece of treachery?" he cried.

"By dealing them craft for craft, mynheer, and playing them card for card. That is the only chance that is left us; yet the right is on our side."

"I would 'right' them with a vengeance," cried Van Sweringen. "I would wage them a war that would make their very door-sills gather moss."

"With a box of broken tenpins?" demanded Stuyvesant. "How can I wage war, mynheer? I have but thirty men, nothing with which to arm them, no powder to shoot my cannon. Why, mynheer, I have not means to make even a show of force. Ach! what do they care for us, across that briny sea? We are no right state-colony; we are only a company's trading-post, where private means are fortunate, but where the company itself hath sunk its whole investment. What do they care for us, then? We do not profit them. They will snap their fingers and let us go like a played-out tune."

"Are we, then, so poor a thing?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Ach, how they lied to me who won me to enter upon this venture!"

"Nay," said Stuyvesant, "we are rich in possibility. But Guinea and the Indies have set these traders mad; they can dream of nothing but the Philippines and the East; the smell of spice and nutmegs seems to have stolen away their reason. Unless we can stand for ourselves, and thwart our enemies alone, we shall all be turned out of house and home, like beggars in the street."

"When they have turned me out of my home they shall have paid me a price for it!" said Van Sweringen.

"I have ventured all that I have myself, and all that my brothers have; and I will stand to it while the breath of life remaineth in my body."

"Then serve me, and we will stand together!" cried Stuyvesant, with sudden passion in his voice. "There are times when two men, if they will stand together, may make a perilous vantage good against a thousand."

But Van Sweringen, scowling, shook his head and turned his face away.

"I would rather stand alone. I love thee not," said he.

"This for thy love!" said Stuyvesant, and snapped his fingers. "Dost think that I have sent for thee because I felt affectionate? Were I to say I like thee, it were a lie. I like thee not, nor thy mad ways. But more than I dislike thee, I have a need of thee. Not for myself; I need thee not, and a murrain on the fancy! I am not asking for myself, but for the colony. New Netherland hath need of thee: I am only her voice."

Van Sweringen looked at him silently, while a creeping tide of blood went reddening up his cheek. Then, drawing his sword with a ring of its blade, he laid it on the table. "There," he said in his quick, sharp voice, "is my answer to the colony. I will serve her while I have a drop of blood in my veins. But as for thee—" He paused, and then his voice resumed its ancient courtly suavity: "What is it, your Excellency, that ye would have me do? Speak quick, for the hour is growing late."

CHAPTER XVI

WANTED: A REASON

"I WOULD have thee go on an embassy to Maryland," replied the Director-General. "Lord Baltimore hath renewed his claim to our southern borderland, and threatens an invasion if his warrant be denied. I believe we can prove his title void. But unless we hold him off until his title *is* proved void, his troops march, New Amstel falls, and the South River country is lost. Attend me on the map, that thou mayest follow my meaning, and I will explain to thee the argument by which I hope to baffle him."

Straightening out the map, which was curled with long rolling, he laid his pistols on it to keep it spread, and stood for a moment silently arranging the details of his argument.

The cold meat stood on the table, with the flagon of wine beside it; the shadows wandered along the walls, and wavered among the roof-beams; there was no sound but the faintly heard drip-dripping of the rain. The cabin-boy in the press-bed drew a long, tired breath.

Van Sweringen lifted his head. "Your Excellency, what was that?"

"What was what?" asked Stuyvesant.

"I thought I heard somebody breathe."

The Director-General looked about. "Nay, I think that I must have sighed," he said, "or else that thou art mistaken. There is no one stirring about the house excepting our two selves. I will try the doors. See; there is naught. Our doubts make rabbits of us."

Van Sweringen looked at him sharply. "Your Excellency, I neither doubt nor fear," he said. "I await the event; and that shall befall as God appointeth it."

"No doubt," rejoined the Director-General. "Yet still, mynheer, speak English. God hath not appointed that keyholes should be deaf."

How long they sat conversing, there was no way of telling. The sand in the hour-glass ran out; yet still they leaned above the map, counseling earnestly. One by one the candles went out with a little gasp of flame until but two stood burning, and these two spent to the socket; the fire was dead, and the ashes lay in a mound on the hearth. Far away across the town a watchman raised his lonely shout; aroused by his melancholy notes, a drowsy watch-dog howled.

The Director-General raised his head, and pushed away the map.

"Hast followed me, mynheer?" he asked.

"Like a spaniel at thine heels," replied Van Sweringen.

"Have I made myself plain?"

"As a pike-staff. It is a shrewd argument. We shall turn them as sure as the river is turned by the tide."

But Stuyvesant shook his head wearily. "Be not so fast, mynheer. We have just come to the sticking-point of all the argument."

He began to roll up the papers that were scattered on the table.

"This is the sticking-point, mynheer." His face was troubled, and his voice became more earnest than before. "We dare not seem to come into Maryland prepared to treat upon matters of state; for if we do they will demand to see the patent by which we hold our lands. That is where our cause will fail, for we have no patent to show them. I have begged for a patent a hundred times; I might as well have begged for the moon. We are only a trading post, and may not have a patent. So, mynheer, having nothing to back us or on which to stand our ground, we dare not seem to come prepared to treat upon boundaries. We must find some other pretext for our embassy, some plausible excuse to cover our real design, a reasonable artifice through which they may not discern our purpose. On my soul, mynheer, I do not know what reason we can offer. The troubles which compass me about have driven away my reasons. This is why I sent for thee; I need a man who can reason. And now, Mynheer Van Sweringen, what reason can we offer?"

Van Sweringen looked thoughtfully at the floor. "A reason at demand?" he said. "Nay, your Excellency, I know none. Our treaties with the savages stand; the red tribes are at peace; the commission hath settled the question upon the ships that were seized on false charges.

Nay, your Excellency, I can think of no reason." Then he looked up stoutly. "But our need will find us a reason."

"Need hath no reason in her," said Stuyvesant, gloomily.

"Then our right will prove our reason," the young man answered bravely.

The Director-General shook his head. "I trust thou mayest find it so."

"Trust, your Excellency? Nay; I stand assured of it." And Van Sweringen threw his head back with a look of bold reliance.

"Then go, mynheer," said Stuyvesant, "and Providence go with thee. I leave the reason and the rest to thee. Yet while thou art gone I shall not sit here as if I were sick with a palsy. An English seafaring man hath been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon. The name matters little. These rascals are but the shadow of greater rogues behind them. I will make an example of this one as a warning to the rest. Picaroon or pirate, I declare I care not which, he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I 'll hang him."

"Oh, no, no, no!" A wild cry rang through the room. Instantly after it followed the sound of a fall in the corner beyond the chimney.

"We are betrayed!" cried Van Sweringen. "There is a spy!"

Springing to his feet, he caught up his sword, and ran across the room. Catching up a pistol and a candle from

the table, Stuyvesant followed as fast as he could hobble. On the floor below the press-bed lay a tumbled heap of white that cried out shrilly, "No, no, no!" and shrank against the wainscot.

Stuyvesant leveled his pistol. Van Sweringen shortened his rapier, crying, "Out, thou felon, cowardly spy! Out!"

Struggling in the covers, Barnaby Lee crept out.

He had lain in the press-bed awake, how long he did not know, but until so oppressed from lack of sleep that he could not watch any more. Now and then he had dozed from utter weariness; but the men's harsh voices beat upon his ears, and he could not fall asleep. What had wrung them so together was more than he could guess, for their Dutch to him was Hebrew; in his half-sleep it sounded like ravens croaking. Then a quiet came over their voices as they counseled across the map. Lulled by the resonant murmur, he slept. How long he slept he could not tell. He awoke with a sense of oppression. The lights had grown dim; the wall was cold; he was all adaze. He wondered; then, all at once, aroused by a strange sound in the room, he turned in the bed. The two men were speaking English. It was a strange, harsh-throated sound; but what had that to do with him, that he should be shivering so?—for his arm shook as he leaned on it. It was the Director-General speaking: "An English seafaring man hath been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon." An Englishman? a picaroon? It was he himself, of whom they

were speaking! "I will make an example of this one as a warning to the rest," said the Governor. "Picaroon or pirate, I declare I care not which, he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I 'll hang him."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Barnaby. He made a spring from the bed; but the bedclothes were tangled about him. He fell on his face on the floor, and the mattress, flying after him, covered him completely.

He heard the thump of running feet, and a voice crying, "Out, thou spy!" Bewildered by his fall, he crept from under the mattress and, blinded by the sudden light, looked up.

With the candle held over his head, the Director-General towered above him, pistol in hand. The candlelight gleamed along Van Sweringen's rapier.

"Quick!" cried Van Sweringen. "Who art thou, *kerel?*"

"Speak!" cried Stuyvesant. "Quick!"

"Oh, masters, I be the picaroon!" gasped Barnaby.

Van Sweringen stared at him. "Light of my soul!" said he. Then suddenly thrusting the point of his rapier into the floor, "The picaroon? God bless me!" he cried, and sinking into a chair behind him, he broke into a peal of laughter.

The Director-General stared at him; then he stared at Barnaby. His harsh face worked, and he tried to scowl, but he let the muzzle of his pistol drop; then he, too, sank into a chair, and roared with laughter for sheer relief.

"'QUICK!' CRIED VAN SWERINGEN. 'WHO ART THOU?'"

And there in the light of the dying candles, long past the midnight hour, sat the two dark, fierce-eyed men, one in his suit of somber velvet, the other in laurel-green, sword in hand and pistol-butts gleaming, laughing together; while Barnaby, his thin arms bare to the elbow, his light shirt parted across his breast, and his tangled hair hanging across his cheek, lay crouching against the wainscot, bewildered and terrified.

At last the Director-General laid down his pistol, and limping slowly across the room, stood with his stalwart arms akimbo, staring at Barnaby. "A pirate? thou? and a picaroon?" said he. Stooping, he took the boy by the arms, and lifted him, looking at him. As he looked a curious wonder came into his deliberate gaze, for the boy was slender, exceedingly fair, with a skin like a woman's, and about his face was a fine-chiseled look out of the common run.

Barnaby looked pleadingly up at him. "You will not hang me, master!" he said. "Ye truly cannot mean it!"

Stuyvesant's swarthy cheek flushed, and his mouth grew bitter.

"What dost take us for?" he asked. "The Spanish Inquisition? Nay; we are not yet fallen so low as to hang half-grown children. But who art thou, boy? and what art doing here in the press-bed in my wall?"

Barnaby drew his feet out of the covers, and stood up, dizzily. "I was servant to Captain John King," he replied, "and cabin-boy on the *Ragged Staff*." That was

all he said. He got no further, but stopped with a little gasp, for Mynheer Van Sweringen sprang to his feet with a sudden startled exclamation, and taking two steps along the floor as if he were going to dance, turned to the Director-General, crying:

"Eureka! I have found it!"

CHAPTER XVII

VAN SWERINGEN'S PRETEXT

"EUREKA!" cried Van Sweringen, dancing along the floor.

The Director-General stared at him. He thought the man losing his senses. But Van Sweringen raised his hands aloft with a gesture of exaltation, crying, "Eureka! The right shall yet prevail! The God of Battles is with us!"

"Ay, doubtless," replied Stuyvesant, staring. "Doubtless; but where hath he showed thee a sign?"

"There!" cried Van Sweringen, pointing at Barnaby.

Stuyvesant, turning, looked at the boy; then he looked back at Van Sweringen. "What hath taken thy wits?" he said, and his face was sorely perplexed.

"What?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Dost not see my idea?" His face was all alight. "Why, your Excellency, what saith the law? 'If any hide or harbor another's serving-man, without the master's acquiescence, or detain the same in any wise, or carry him away, or suffer him to lurk about, it is a felony. And if any apprentice from the English colonies flieth from them into New Netherland, the authorities shall take him at their gates, and shall send him back to the place whence he

hath fled, by the first vessel sailing thither from their ports.' There!" he said, his black eyes dancing. "Dost catch my inspiration?"

Stuyvesant shook his head. "No, mynheer, I do not."

"'T is plain as a mile-post," said Van Sweringen. "Ye asked me for some pretext for an embassy, an excuse with which to cover our real aim. Here is your pretext dropped from the clouds. This boy, who hath blown into your doors upon the wind, is a cabin-boy, a fugitive, a mariner's apprentice. The vessel from which he fled claimed port in Maryland. *There* is sufficient reason for all the missions ye may wish to send to Lord Baltimore's court." He paused a moment to wipe his brow. "We keep the law by returning this boy to his master; I go to Maryland to escort him. What else I do there is naught to the point. Have I made it sufficiently plain?"

A great solemnity rested upon the Director-General's face. "It is indeed a sign," he said. "We are not yet forsaken. When a man's friends fail him utterly, God sendeth him an enemy to serve him. He first sent thee to me, mynheer; and now, to us, this boy. The Lord is a stronghold in which we shall prevail!" So saying, he bowed his head as if in silent prayer.

But the cabin-boy gave a heartbroken cry: "Are ye going to send me back? Oh, masters, ye cannot mean it; ye truly cannot mean it!"

"Tut, tut!" said the Director-General, with a frown. "Do not make such a to-do, boy; I have had a surfeit of to-do. I should like a little peace."

"But ye cannot mean to send me back!" cried Barnaby. "Oh, master, I would rather be hanged than go back to the *Ragged Staff*. Do not send me back to John King! I ha' done no crime, nor broken no law; I ha' never wronged any man. Ye ha' no right to send me back to such horrid servitude. Indeed and indeed, I would rather be hanged than go back to the *Ragged Staff*."

"Tut, tut!" said Stuyvesant, harshly. "Thou dost not know of what thou art talking. Dost think we all have found the world to our fancy? Behush thy plaint, thou foolish knave. Get into bed and cease thy clamor."

But Barnaby would not stop his clamor. "Must ye take me back?" he cried to Mynheer Van Sweringen.

Van Sweringen looked uncomfortable.

"There is nothing else we can do," he said. "We have no choice in the matter. Thou art a runaway, and we have given our word to thy people, the English, to keep the apprentice laws to the letter."

"But, master, I am no apprentice," said Barnaby, earnestly. "My father was a gentleman, and a captain with the king. His name was Lee, sir, Harry Lee of Quarrendon, in Bucks; but he is dead, and I be all that is left. Master, the world is a lonely place when ye be all that is left!"

"Ach, prut!" said Van Sweringen. Turning away with a troubled look, he paced the sanded floor. Stuyvesant's face flushed, and he gnawed his under lip; he

was a just and merciful man, although a most severe one, and the boy's pleading touched his heart.

Barnaby saw the look on his face, and, believing there might still be hope, hurried on eagerly:

"I ha' run this coast four years, from Sagadahoc to Barbados, and never once ha' set foot ashore until this little while ago. One gets sick for shore! The sea is a horrible place. Ye cannot know the misery of it unless ye ha' been a sailor: tempests, sickness, cruelty, shame, and bloody crimes. Masters, the *Ragged Staff* is a pen of things which I am sick to think on; I beg you send me not back to her if ye possess the shadow of mercy or a touch of kindness in your hearts! Leave me stay ashore! I be none so bad a boy, and I will serve ye truly, if only ye will not send me back. I can shoot a gun, and fence with sword and dagger; I can read a book and ride a horse. And I be a right fair sailor; I can hand, reef, steer, and row in proportion to my strength. I can cook a meal fairly and serve it. And I will serve ye forever until I die if only ye will not send me back. Ye cannot send me back!"

Stuyvesant looked at Van Sweringen, but the latter shook his head.

"Look not at me, your Excellency," he said. "There is my plan. I have offered it. I wash my hands of the matter."

"But, mynheer—"

Van Sweringen turned away.

"If ye love me," said Stuyvesant, earnestly.

"I have told you I do not love you. This matter rests with you. I have no authority here; the question is yours to decide. I have shown you a way from your quandary."

Stuyvesant bit his lip.

"And put me into another," he said. "But our need is past all question, and the need of the many must prevail; I have nothing else to serve the turn. Our rights may seem this lad's wrong, and unrighteous altogether, but the single right must be sacrificed to the greater necessities of many. He must make the best of it."

There was no more use for pleading. With one look into the stern, set face, Barnaby turned away, and throwing himself down at full length on the mattress, burst into a storm of grief.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE HANDS OF DESTINY

POOR Barnaby! It seemed to be more than he could bear, and too cruel to be true, that after four years of bitter longing he had at last gained the shore, at imminent peril of his life, only to be sent back again to all from which he had sought to escape. There was no one to befriend him. All that seemed left for him in life was simply to endure. He was only a boy. When that was said the thing was as good as ended. Some boys, perhaps, may equal men, or, given the chance, may even outdo them; but, no matter how brave or how strong he may be, there are things in the world which a boy cannot do. He may overthrow empires, wreck armies, and dethrone kings; but he cannot stay the hand of fate, nor change the course of his own destiny. A destiny greater than his desire or knowledge was carrying Barnaby Lee, and his struggle against it was unavailing; the end remained the same. He could not see before him. Who is there that can? It is as well; for if men could see the dangers that wait their coming, few would go forth to meet their fate; the byways of the earth would slink with cowards. It is as well that men do

not know what may transpire with the coming of morning; but how much brighter a single glimmer of hope would make the night!

Yet, though deserted by hope, Barnaby had sympathy. The women who had nursed him through fever and chill had grown to love the patient boy, and to admire the quiet courage shown in his endurance of weakness and pain. The proud lift of his head, and the shadow of sadness which lay in his eyes and the line of his lips, won the way to their hearts like a spell. The very things they had done for him had made them love him, which is often the case with women; and so, although the men regarded him as almost a gift of Providence, sent to assure their purpose, the women looked upon him with compassion. Whatever his place in the world might be, whoever were his people, *he* was a homeless, motherless, wandering boy; that was enough for them.

"Gerrit," said Juffrouw Van Sweringen, as they sat together in the doorway when twilight filled the walls of the fort as if it were a cup of shadows, "it seemeth a hard case indeed that the lad must be taken back. He is certainly gentle-born, however he hath been bred. There is not a tattoo-mark on him, and he is surely no mariner's son."

"But he was a servant, Barbara; and servants may not escape from their masters, no matter what their own birth may have been. Gentle-born people are found in strange places in countries as young as the New World is. Moreover, Barbara, what saith the law? A runaway servant

must be returned to the master from whom he hath fled away."

"True, Gerrit; that is the ordinance: but what saith the Mosaic law? 'If a servant shelter himself with thee against a cruel master, thou surely shalt not deliver him up.'"

"If we do not deliver him up," replied Van Sweringen, "then doth my mission fail, and with it fails New Netherland for thee and me and Dorothy. Nay, Barbara; the boy must serve the turn; there is no other way."

"Yet the blessed Scripture teacheth us to deal justly and to love mercy."

"Ay; but it putteth justice first," rejoined Van Sweringen. "We would be just; but justice means adherence to the established law; and so, whether the boy were of use to us, or useful for nothing at all, our word is our word, the law is the law, and we must return him. His rights he must seek in the courts of Maryland."

"But, Gerrit, I thought that the law was the right?"

"I thought so once myself. But be it the right or be it the wrong, we have given our word and must keep it. We had no choice in the first place, and necessity hath left us less. Now let us speak of other things; there is no profit in this. Hast had thy supper, Dorothy?"

The girl was sitting in the shadow of the door, with her head leaning against the wall and her slender hand to her cheek.

"Nay, father; I have had no supper, nor do I care for any."

"Then go to thy room; for it is bedtime, and the wind is growing chill."

She arose and went up to her room beneath the roof of the northern gable. The window was full of stars. When her little blue petticoat was slipped off and laid across the foot of the bed, and the little shoes set side by side, she went to the open window, and kneeling there beside the sill, her cheek upon her folded hands, watched the constellations swing in the sky, steadily, solemnly, peacefully. It seemed to her that the mighty hand which had formed and ordered that array might reserve from harm the helpless and the friendless; not only might, but would; not only would, but must, moved by the depth of the infinite mercy that oversees many earths, and on not one, without pity, sees a sparrow fall. A face as sweet as that of the English boy must be reserved for some kinder fate than ignominy and wrath, injustice and cruelty. "God will not forsake him. Nay; he will keep him as he keepeth my father; his strength is with the fatherless, his power for the righteous. He will never fail those who trust him, for Christ's sake. Amen." Turning with a quiet face, she laid herself down upon her bed, and was soon asleep.

"God will keep him," she said as she closed her eyes.

On the fourth night after this, as Barnaby sat in the door looking out into the twilight, a man with a rolling gait, like a sailor, came in at the gate of the fort, and, after inquiry of the sentry, accosted Mynheer Van Swer-

ingen, who was strolling alone in the parade, quietly smoking his pipe. When he had briefly delivered his message, Van Sweringen said: "Tell thy master that I and my party will be on time." Then the man went out at the fort gate; and Van Sweringen, turning, came across the parade to the stoop before the darkened door. "Art there?" he asked, peering into the shadow.

"Ay," returned Barnaby, making a movement.

"Didst hear what yon sailor said?"

"Nay," said Barnaby; "I gave no attention."

"Well," continued Van Sweringen, "he is a sailor from the *Bonte Koe,* the herring-buss on which we are to sail, and bringeth word that we are to flit at the turn of the tide in the morning. Hold thyself in readiness, for we must be doing early. I will have the house-servant call thee at the changing of the watch. The clothes thou hast on will do; the juffrouw giveth them to thee. Go to bed now; thou hast need of the rest. Good night."

"Good night," said Barnaby.

He was awake when they came to call him. He had slept but little. He sat up and brushed the hair back from his face; then he knelt and said his prayers. His heart was aching, but—"What is the good of it?" he said. "What is the good of breaking my heart? It is the only one that I have, and it must serve me out my lifetime; 't is no good breaking it!" Things on earth were as they were, and the heartache would not change them.

He had dreamed to lay hold on freedom, and had grasped but a handful of air. Life was hard indeed to

him. Yet he made up his mind to bear his lot as bravely as he might.

A breeze had sprung up in the night. The trees were stirring with a cool, pleasant sound. It was early when they went to the landing, and the dwelling-houses were closed against the light. The crooked way was deep with the dust, and their feet grew gray with it. At the Stad-Huis Mynheer Van Sweringen stopped and brushed the dust from his shoes.

They were joined at the Stad-Huis by Captain Kregier, Tierck Van Ruyn, the commissary's clerk, secretary of the embassy, and Albert Corlaer, the garrison trumpeter, a straight, smooth-shaven, clear-eyed man. The master of the *Bonte Koe,* Jan Jansen, a ruddy Fleming, met them at the landing with two sailors and his yawl. The men were stout-backed fellows, as broad as a tavern-door; their faces were very red. They wore green jackets with shark-bone buttons as yellow as fiddlewood, and they were very stout fellows indeed, as was the skipper himself. He occupied half the stern-sheets. They rowed the party aboard. The vessel lay north of the finger-post, her dark-red sails already unfurled and puffing in the wind. The watch were heaving up her anchor.

"Mynheer, the tide is going out," said the mate to Skipper Jansen, as they all came clambering over the rail.

"Well," said the skipper, stolidly, "so is my pipe. Wilt get the ship under way? If this wind holds we shall anchor at St. Mary's in five days."

CHAPTER XIX

IN OLD ST. MARY'S TOWN

IT was morning in St. Mary's, and a day near the end of June. The sun shone with a penetrating heat which before noon had grown almost fierce. The men who went about the village street were clad in the lightest linen, with straw hats peaked like steeples. Here and there a negro slave went slowly to and fro, bare to the waist, like a statue of ebony, and with a bright turban around his head.

Across the south, where the Potomac flowed, the horizon blazed like a streak of flame. The distant hills along the west were dark with yellow pine-trees, and in the north the broad white cart-road wound away like a river of dust.

Here and there along the road stood scattered dwelling-houses, thatched with straw or pale-green rushes, or roofed with cheery red English tiles, each house alone in its orchard, peeping through the green. Here and there a small group of houses stood in a clustering grove of trees like friendly neighbors gossiping, with straw-bound beehives, roses, and apple-trees all about them—the head of some great plantation, and a community in themselves.

The clinking sound of distant cow-bells, falling faintly from the uplands, the shrill, sweet song of a bird in the shady dells below, the pleasant voice of a woman singing somewhere in the meadows, gathered, mingled, and floated out across the quiet town in a harmony which seemed to be a part of the day itself.

Down around the landing-place the air was heavy with spicy smells. The wharves were piled with bales and casks. Kegs of spirits, of rum, and of sugar, ginger, molasses, and lime-juice, with rolls of hides and tobacco-trundles, lay heaped in the hot sun.

In a barn beyond the landing-place a crew of petticoated seamen were stowing leaf-tobacco; and in an open place near the barn a heap of spoiled tobacco lay smoldering, filling the air with pungent smoke.

The sunlight on the landing was intolerably bright. Along the roadway through the bluff the hot air danced against the sky. Above the bluff arose the top of a huge mulberry-tree, and upon the trunk of the mulberry a man was nailing a placard.

His mouth was full of copper tacks, and he was in his shirt-sleeves; his hair was cut so very short that his bare head looked like a turnip.

A sailor in a red peaked cap came slowly up from the landing. His feet were bare, and his great brown toes dug deeply into the dust.

In his hand he carried a letter, ill sealed and dirty. "I be a-looking for Master Richard Roe," he said, when he had come to the mulberry-tree.

The man with the tacks in his mouth made an inarticulate sound, and went on with his tacking.

"I have a letter for him," added the sailor.

The tacker drove home his last tack, and then, "Who did ye say it was for?" he asked.

"'T is for Master Richard Roe," replied the sailor. "Be you he?"

"No, I be n't," rejoined the other; "I be Master Roger Askridge, under-secretary of the province."

"Oh!" said the sailor, helplessly. Then he stood and looked about him. "I be Mad Will of Bristol, and I be daffy in the wits."

"Poor soul!" said Roger Askridge.

"Ay," said the sailor, smiling vacantly; "that be what mother said alway." He turned the letter in his hand, and looked along the hill slope. "I be a-looking for Richard Roe, for Master Richard Roe: R-i-c-h-a-r-d R-o-e," said he; "I learned my letters at a school, but that was afore I went daffy."

Just at the summit of the slope stood a row of houses with walls of chocolate-colored brick and roofs of Flemish tiles. On the porch of one of these houses, beside the open door, a tall, dark man, very handsomely dressed, was standing in the sun.

Although the day was exceedingly hot, he seemed to court the sunlight, and to turn and spread himself before it like a butterfly. He wore a wig of long, black, falling curls; his coat was of crimson velvet with buttons of silver-gilt; his waistcoat of grass-green satin, laced

with gold thread. At his watch-fob hung a seal cut from a yellow Brazilian stone, which, like its master, seemed to love the glory of the sunlight, and to spread itself and to gather the radiance until it blazed with borrowed splendor. Rich lace ruffles drooped at throat and wrist of the crimson coat, and seemed to be to their wearer as the savor of balsam to the nostrils; for he ran his fingers through them, spread them back across the velvet sleeve, laid them softly down again with light, caressing touches, and, rubbing his hands together, smoothed his hollow cheek, and turned himself from side to side, resplendent in the sunshine.

"Here," he said; "you man there, you sailor-man with the letter, who be ye looking for?"

The sailor bowed with a vacant smile. "I be a-looking for Master Roe—Master Richard Roe," he said.

"There 's no such person hereabouts," said Askridge, going in at the door.

The seaman twirled the letter and looked helplessly about him.

"Here," said the gentleman, with a gesture, "leave me see that letter."

"It be for Master Richard Roe," said the sailor, doubtfully.

"All right," replied the gentleman, holding out his hand. "I will see to it that he gets it. Well?" he said impatiently; for the simple rogue still stood, turning the letter helplessly over and over.

"It be for Master Richard Roe," the man replied,

"and I 'm to fetch an answer to it, and I 'm to have a shilling. Be you Master Roe?" he asked suspiciously.

The gentleman imperiously stretched out his hand and took the crumpled letter. "Don't be a greater fool," said he, "than Providence ordained ye. Sit down here on the step and wait, if you 're to take back an answer."

"Where be my shilling?" asked the simpleton, anxiously.

"Sit down and wait for it, ye fool," rejoined the gentleman; and turning sharply on his heel without further speech, he went in at the entry.

The sailor leaned against the wall and stared across the fields. Over the bluffs could just be seen the waters of the inlet dancing and sparkling in the sun. A broad-beamed Flemish herring-buss was coming up the channel. As she crept along, the bluffs arose until they stood mast-high and shut away the wind from her sails. Yet still she slowly forged ahead, with her dull red topsails fluttering, until her foremast ranged beyond the mulberry. Then sluggishly luffing up into the wind, which was now almost fallen away, she stood motionless for a moment, her sails like idle banners; then, with a shrill, sudden sound of a chain, she let an anchor go.

The simpleton turned to look at her, and watched her topmasts drifting until her cable tautened and she swung with the stream. "There be good ships in Bristol," he said, with a silly nod; and then a cloud-swept, dreamy silence fell upon St. Mary's Town. Everything seemed fallen asleep.

So, for a few short moments, the summer day slid by. Then over the bluff a cloud of dust floated up from the road running down to the landing, and through the dreamy stillness came a sound of voices. Master Roger Askridge looked out of the window. "There 's somebody coming," said he.

The gentleman with the crimson coat jerked up his pen from the paper. "Who can be coming here?" he said, with an irritated air. "There is no one at all should be coming here."

"Well, they 're coming, just the same, and I 've got this notice here to post. I think I 'll go and post it," replied the under-secretary. "I will come right back."

The gentleman in the crimson coat got up and looked out of the window. "Who can be a-coming here to-day?" he muttered fretfully, watching the little white cloud of dust that drifted on the wind above the hollow roadway coming up through the bluff. Then along the clovered slope which lay before the town came three men walking rapidly. It was Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen and Captain Martin Kregier, with Barnaby Lee following after them.

Briskly up past the mulberry they came through the shimmering grass. Master Roger Askridge was standing in the door.

"Good-morrow," said he. "Who might ye be seeking? The Governor, Master Charles Calvert? Alack, sirs, his Excellency is out; he hath gone to spend Midsummer Eve in a frolic at Master William Darnell's, and I think that

he will scarcely return before to-morrow morning. Pray, what might be the nature of your business with him, sirs? Perchance 't is something I can do. I am Roger Askwith Askridge, under-secretary of the province."

Van Sweringen bowed profoundly. "My name is Gerrit Van Sweringen," said he. "I am the sheriff of New Amstel. I am come hither from his Excellency the Governor of New Netherland, to return an apprentice, a fugitive taken at New Amsterdam."

"Mynheer, I salute ye," said Askridge, bowing most courteously. "Pr'ythee, come into our office; it is exceeding hot out here."

CHAPTER XX

"I WILL NOT HAVE HIM HERE"

THE gentleman in the crimson coat was sitting at his desk beneath the northward window, with his back to the room. His wig was hanging on the chair, and he seemed to be very busy. As the strangers came into the office he neither turned nor looked up, but continued, apparently, as he had been, deeply engrossed with the paper before him.

"Did I understand ye, sir, to say that ye have brought back a runaway apprentice?" asked Askridge, as they came into the room.

"Yes," replied Van Sweringen; "a flute-ship's cabin-boy."

The gentleman in the crimson coat had taken up a quill and begun to write a letter; but at Mynheer Van Sweringen's answer to the under-secretary, his hand stopped with a little jerk, and he did not go on writing. He raised his head a trifle, with a curious expression on his face, and sat with pen uplifted, listening.

"A flute-ship? Hm-m-m!" said Askridge. "There be a heap of flute-ships, sir."

"This one was a trading-coaster by the name of the *Ragged Staff*."

"I do not recollect that name," said the under-secretary. "There be such a heap of flute-ships going up and down the coast that I can't keep track of them all. But I will look in the register, mynheer; she may be noted there." He took the pigskin volume down from the shelf, and turned its pale gray pages one by one. "Well, she 's not on the register, sir," he said after a moment. "I will examine the general shipping-lists; she may be entered among them."

Captain Kregier was standing by the window, with the steady gaze of his nut-brown eyes fastened upon the crimson coat of the gentleman sitting at the desk. If there was one thing more than another that Captain Kregier coveted, it was a crimson velvet coat. Crimson, to him, seemed the acme of all color for a soldier. "Ah," thought he, "here is a spitfire, and a regular reck-for-naught!" But when he came to the head at the top, "Oh, no," said he, in disgust; "no devil-dare that ever lived had a head like a pale blue turnip."

Master Roger Askridge turned the pages of the record. "No, mynheer," he said at last; "she 's not on the shipping-lists. Are ye right certain of the name?"

"Yes," replied Van Sweringen; "I read it on the stern."

"Well, 't is neither in our shipping-lists nor on the register," said Askridge.

"That is singular indeed," said Van Sweringen. "She certainly hailed from here."

The gentleman sitting at the desk had begun with his

writing again, seemingly intent upon what he was doing and utterly heedless of anything else; but there was a queer look in his eye, as though he were dazed, and when his pen came to the edge of the sheet, he went on writing across the desk-top as if oblivious to the fact, until his hand stopped with a little thump against a pile of ledgers. He sat up with a start. "You are in error," he said in a shrill, nervous voice.

Van Sweringen turned with uplifted brows, and stared at the unexpected speaker. The latter had neither turned his head nor looked to see to whom he was speaking.

"You are in error," he said once more, in even sharper tones than he had used before. "There is no such vessel hails from here."

"Sir," said Van Sweringen, sharply, "she gave this city as her port."

"Well, there 's no such vessel hails from here," snapped the other, peevishly. "There is no such vessel has clearance papers out of St. Mary's port, or holds a trading-license of us." As he spoke he took a book from a pigeonhole, and ran his lean finger rapidly down its closely written page. "There be only these commissions let to trade with the savages: Christopher and Abraham Birkenhead, James Jolly, and Jenkin Price; and we have farmed the entire traffic upon the Hudson River. I tell you that Tom Jones of the *Mary Thorpe* has the only license there."

"This ship of which I am speaking had no license,"

replied Van Sweringen, instantly. "'The fact is, she had nothing that an honest vessel should have"; and with that a little angry flush went creeping up his cheeks. "But, sir, do ye think that all English ships sail strictly in accordance with either the Black Book of the Admiralty or the usage of Amsterdam? Nay, sir; they do not. Nor are they all observant of the Sea Laws of Oléron, nor of your own Master John Godolphin's admirable English treatise on the same. This vessel was an English ship; her name was the *Ragged Staff;* and her captain called himself in plain fashion 'John King of Maryland.' "

The blood rushed up the hollow cheek of the gentleman at the desk, but died away as quickly as it came, and left him even more sallow than before. "Sir, what proof is that?" he asked. "Suppose the rascal lied? A man may call himself by any name that happens to take his fancy; or claim to hail from a dozen different ports that chance to suit his convenience. Because a rogue bedubs himself 'John King' 't is no proof that 't is his name. It may be Cook, or Brown, or Ostler."

"Call him Ananias," replied Van Sweringen; "that does not alter the fact, sir, that all the goods aboard his craft were baled in Maryland, that the vessel's masts were of Maryland pine, and that the wine which was in her cabin locker was labeled 'From Tom Vintner of St. Mary's Town.' "

"Aha!" chuckled Kregier to himself. "He hath Old Turnips on the hip! I knew he had good wits."

But the gentleman in the crimson velvet coat would not look around; he had now taken up a penknife, and was scratching at a blot which he had dropped upon his paper, as if his life depended upon its erasure.

Van Sweringen stared at his unmoved back with swiftly gathering resentment, and waited an instant for a reply. But there was no reply.

"Sir," said Van Sweringen, sharply, "have ye any remarks pertinent to this case?"

But the gentleman made no reply. He went on scratching at his blot. The Dutch ambassador drew himself up with no little dignity. "Sir," he said, with imperious asperity, "construe my facts as suiteth thee. I have come to see his Excellency, your Governor, Charles Calvert. I shall return anon. I shall see if the port of St. Mary's bloweth both hot and cold. Meanwhile I shall consign this runaway apprentice to the Collector of the Port in case his master should claim him."

"No master will come to claim him; there 's no use of leaving him here."

"There will be just this much use of it: there are two hundred pounds of tobacco due us for his return to you, a bill of costs to be settled for his keep since the 1st of April, and a surgeon's bill to be discharged, for the boy was ill a month or more; and by your province's agreement with ours, this sum your Collector is bound to pay, whether an owner appeareth or not."

The crimson-coated gentleman struck his fist upon his desk, and, with sudden unaccountable excitement, cried

in a shrill, almost angry voice: "The Collector shall not pay a farthing! We don't want your runaway. I don't want him here; I won't have him here; the Collector shall not receive him."

Van Sweringen's black eyes flashed.

"Look out!" muttered Captain Kregier to himself.

Van Sweringen bridled his angry tongue. "Your Collector will have to receive him," he said, "and that is all there is to it."

"The Collector shall not receive him, I say. I will not have the knave here," the man at the desk rejoined vehemently in an agitated voice. "I should like to know what business you have saying what my Collector shall do?"

"Ach!" said Martin Kregier, "the fat is in the fire!" For the blood had rushed up Van Sweringen's face to the very roots of his hair. For an instant the angry ambassador stared at the motionless back of the man at the desk before him; then, clapping his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, he took a quick step forward. "I do not know who you may be, sir," he said, with considerable fierceness, "nor do I know that I care. But I have this much to say to you: Your courtesy is charming! That is to say, I have never met such discourteous insolence among even heathen savages; and, upon my word and honor, sir, were I not come into Maryland endued with better business, I would give you a lesson in manners. In civilized countries, sir, men who are gentlemen do not converse through the back of their heads. Do you hear?"

But the man at the writing-desk sat as unmoved as a graven image.

"Pah! Foh!" continued Van Sweringen, with sudden contempt. "I waste my time on thee. Thou art a spiritless craven as well as a boor!" He whirled upon his heel. "Come, Captain," he said to Kregier, "we have other fish to fry. We shall only misdemean ourselves by picking quarrels here. Forward," he said to Barnaby. The boy started toward the door, wondering what strange experience mad fortune would send him next. But the choice was not his, so what did it matter? Before him lay the dusty road, running back into the troubled world; behind him came those whom fate made his masters. So Barnaby went as he was told.

CHAPTER XXI

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

WITH head held high and a face like a thundercloud, Van Sweringen strode wrathfully out at the office door, Barnaby going before him, Captain Kregier following after.

Barnaby neither knew nor cared what might be their destination. But just as they came down the steps of the porch there arose a sudden shouting. Looking up, they saw a party of horsemen galloping down the roadway through the town.

Two of them were riding ahead, shouting and plying whip and spur. Side by side, turning from the road, leaving the dust awhirl behind them, they came thumping down the slope.

"Hurrah!" cried the foremost. "I 've beaten ye this time, Will; the dozen of clary 's mine!"

Leaping down from his horse as he spoke, he came running lightly over the grass.

He was a young man, handsome, agile, and slender, but well knit and squarely built, tall and dark, with olive skin and a ruddy cheek like a gipsy's. His eyes were keen and sparkling; he had a straight, long nose, a firm mouth, and an under lip as bright of color and smooth of

texture as a bit of cherry-skin. Like his Majesty the King, he wore no beard, but both lip and chin were smooth-shaven. His hair was cut short across his brows, but at the back was thick and long, curling upon his shoulders, and gathered together with a bow of cherry-colored ribbon. His forehead was high, with heavy brows as straight as if drawn with a ruler; but, despite this touch of severity, his face was merry, frank, and kind. He wore a pair of heavy riding-boots, and his riding-coat was of rough dark stuff; but the lace at his wrists and throat was rich and delicate.

He was laughing gaily; but seeing strangers, he at once assumed dignity, and with a gracious, quiet manner, came up to the little porch just as Van Sweringen was coming down. "Hullo!" he cried, with another sudden change, "what in the world? Bless my heart, 't is Gerrit Van Swerrington! Where in the name of all that is blessed have you come tumbling from, man?"

Van Sweringen's clouded countenance brightened as he clasped the new-comer's extended hand.

"From the same old place, your Excellency: New Amstel," he replied.

"*Semper fidelis,*" laughed the other. "But don't call me 'your Excellency.' Plague take your propriety! I beg of ye, be free. I am only the fellow ye shot ducks with in the marshes by Fort Altona."

As he spoke the rest came galloping up with a thumping of unshod hoofs and a deafening clamor of yelping hounds.

"Pardon this infernal row!" said the young man, laughing. "They have broken our midsummer revel to bits, and a murrain on the scoundrels! Where did ye say the rascals hive?" he asked of a stoutish gray man, on whose weather-beaten cheeks the unshaven beard stood like crisp white stubble.

"About St. Inigoes inlet," replied the stout man, hotly; "and they ha' taken three of my best steers!" As he spoke he sprang down from his stout roan cob and hurried up to the steps. "I wish that you would be after them with a sharp stick, Master Calvert!"

"And, Charlie," cried another of the party, running up, a pretty lad, flushed with haste, and riding in his shirt-sleeves, "they 've took my swine, and robbed my corn-bins; confound the vagabonds! A black-avised rogue with a hooky nose like a Madagascar parrot is head and front of their array, and a long-legged, red-headed son of Saul, as big as a sycamore-tree, who knocked my overseer head over heels like an empty meal-sack. Look to 'em, Charlie; look to 'em. I say it is a shame!"

"I have writ to Sheriff Rozer," replied the young man on the steps, "and advised with him to lose no time in breaking up this crew."

"They hang about James Jolly's place, beyond Kitt Martin's Point," struck in another of the riders, dismounting.

"That shall cost Master James Jolly a thousand pound of good Jarboes tobacco."

"But that will not bring back my swine," cried the

shirt-sleeved lad, with trembling lip; "and they were the sweetest swine!"

"They ha' slain our stock most felon-like," said another, indignantly. "They ha' run off two whole droves of hogs belonging to Giles Brent, and half of Moses Stagwell's sheep. Gadzounds! it is a shame. There 's some one here connives with them; I 'll take my oath upon it."

"The truth for you there, Parker," said the stout man, wrathfully. "There 's some one here connives with the rogues, or my name is not Thomas Cornwalleys. I 'd love to give the whole clam-jamphrey lot an overhauling. I trow 't is the same identical crew that plundered my place afore. 'T would please my soul to see 'em swinging on Execution Dock!"

The gentleman in the crimson coat had risen from the desk at sound of the clamor outside, and coming swiftly across the floor, was looking out at the window. At Thomas Cornwalleys's wrathful speech the color went from his hollow cheek as if it had been a lantern and some one with a sudden puff had blown the candle out.

"I will see to it, Colonel," said the young man on the steps. "'T is an outrage and a scandal. They ha' put a shame upon our coasts by their impudent piracies. But I 'll put a stop to their thievery, or I 'll know the reason why; and if any one here has had a hand in it, I 'll dog him out of his hole, and post him for a thieving rogue from Maryland to Maine. By the bones of the Red O'Donnell, I will!—I don't care who he is!"

Colonel Thomas Cornwalleys mounted his roan and went pelting away at a stout hand-gallop. "See to 'em, Master Calvert; see to 'em with a sharp stick!" he cried, as he gathered his reins and turned into the road.

"I give ye my word I will see to it instantly," rejoined Master Calvert; then he turned to the lad in his shirt-sleeves: "Ye will stop with us, will ye not, Cecil, for dinner?"

"Sure, I will, an ye 'll cover me with a coat," replied the young fellow, with a pleasant laugh. "There 's strangers; and ah, but your board will groan! Ye set a lovely table, Charlie."

"Strangers?" cried the governor. "Bless me, I forgot! Mynheer Van Swerrington, I pray ye will pardon an absent mind!" he said, and turned with flushed cheek. "These picaroons drive me distracted. I had quite forgot that ye were here."

Van Sweringen laughed. "I am not so great but that I can be forgotten."

"Nay, nor so small as the thorn in my heel that I should long to forget ye. Let me make my cousin Master Langford acquaint with ye. Mynheer Van Swerrington, Cecil, the sheriff of New Amstel. Ye 've heard me speak of him often. Your luggage is up, Van Swerrington? Not up? Well, I 'll see to that. Here, Tranto," he called to a footman who was standing by the door, "send Pedro and Ishmael down to the wharf and fetch up the gentleman's baggage. Tell 'em to put it in the wing room with the flowered window-curtains; and tell Peggy Rowan to

see to it that the bed-linen is changed. Upon my word, Van Swerrington, it is good for sore eyes to see ye!"

"I thank you," replied Van Sweringen. "I am happy, Master Calvert, that the poor eyes are yours, if there must be poor eyes and I am to do them good. But the name, ye know, is Van Sweringen."

"'Van Sweringen'? Ay, to be sure; that 's so. But I cannot remember names. They 're like the catechism: I know it, but can't recollect it just when I want it the most. Ye should hear my cousin Philip; he knows it from 'Who made ye?' to the 'three great things.' But when did ye come down to St. Mary's? And will ye be here until I can have a party? Sure, I 'd like ye to meet our gentry. There 's not a finer lot in the land. They 're just your sort, Van Sweringen: upon my soul, they are! Why can ye not just throw over the Dutch and settle with us down here?"

Van Sweringen flushed. "Hut, tut!" said he, "let 's have no more of that, Master Calvert; we wasted enough time on pros and cons the last time we met. A dog must kennel with his kind."

"But, man alive, they 're not your kind," the young governor rejoined. "Foxhounds don't kennel with turnspits, and you 're no scurvy trader. Come down and cast your lot with us; we want more gentry here. Come down and bring your family; I 'll set ye up in land."

As he spoke he turned toward Barnaby, who had gone among the horses, and was making free with all of them as though he had been a hostler. "Is that your son, Van

Swerrington? He has a fair, sweet face; he must look like his mother''; and he nodded to the boy.

''Nay,'' replied Van Sweringen, his eyes grown a little grave. ''I have but one child—the girl ye vowed was named for your Aunt Dolly.''

''Well, there 's no drawback to a girl,'' said the governor, heartily. ''It does a man's heart good to see them. Who is the boy, then? Your nephew?''

''Nay; neither kith nor kin. He is but a runaway apprentice whom I have come to return.''

The governor looked at Barnaby. ''A runaway apprentice?''

''Yes,'' said Van Sweringen. ''The cabin-boy of a coaster. He ran away from his master's vessel about the 1st of April, while she lay in the North River beyond New Amsterdam.''

The governor stared at Barnaby. ''Well, upon my word of honor,'' he said, in accents of surprise, ''that 's an odd quality for a cabin-boy. I thought he was your son. Why, he has quite the look of a gentleman!''

''That is true,'' rejoined Van Sweringen, ''and if the boy is to be believed, his father *was* a gentleman, a gentleman and a soldier, by the name of Lee—Henry Lee.''

''That 's a decent name,'' said the governor, staring at Barnaby, ''a very decent name; and that 's a very odd quality for a cabin-boy.'' Then he knitted his brow with a puzzled frown. ''Lee?'' he said, ''Henry Lee? It seems to me as if—'' Then he stopped. ''Oh, pshaw!'' he cried impatiently, ''I never can remember a name, or

where it belongs when I do; but it seems to me I have cause for remembering that same name, Henry Lee! A runaway apprentice, ye say? The cabin-boy of a coasting-trader? And a gentleman's son? Come, I 'll look into this: it strikes me that it looks like a mare's nest. But let 's be off to dinner; I am hungry as a bear!''

And they all went up to the governor's house.

CHAPTER XXII

"I DO NOT LIKE COUSIN PHILIP"

THE dinner-hour was over and gone; it was late in the afternoon. Barnaby was sitting on the governor's porch, leaning back against a post, with his head among the rose-vines.

The country-side, with its orchards and fields, small thatched cottages, roses and marjoram, looked like the vale of Quarrendon. He heaved a dreary sigh at the thought. What would become of him? The English had refused to receive him, now that he had been brought back, and the Dutch had but used him to play out their game, as if he were a pawn on a chess-board.

Out of the parlor behind him floated the notes of a viola d'amore; and now and then a heavier string strummed a deeper harmony. A man was singing a song. Then followed a laugh and the voice of Charles Calvert saying: "Why, sure, Van Swerrington, had ye never heard it before? 'T is a sweet thing for a barytone; is it not, dear heart?"

"Ay," replied a woman's voice. "But I like thine own songs better."

"Now, there," said the governor, laughing, "that is

the woman of it: she knows that I made them for her sake, and she likes them best of all."

With his arm around his wife's slim waist, Master Charles Calvert came out on the porch.

"Art tired, dearest?" she asked, and put her slender hand up to his dark cheek.

"Ay," said Calvert, "very tired. I have been much annoyed all day."

She then perceived Barnaby, and lowered her tone a little. "Is this the lad thou wast speaking of, Caro?"

"Yes," said the governor.

"Why should ye not have kept him, Caro? He is a very pretty boy."

"Philip would not have it. The boy must needs go back to the Dutch."

Barnaby felt rather choky: the country was so much like England; and the governor's frank, boyish smile had made the boy remember his father's face.

"Why dost let Cousin Philip so override thee, Caro?" asked the governor's wife, with a little touch of impatience in her voice.

"Philip does not override me much," he answered, with a grave smile.

"He hath his own way of it, Caro, whenever there is a question."

"We are a deal indebted to Cousin Philip, dear heart. Thou knowest our family owes him much in things that are past amending."

"But that is no reason why a rogue should have his

way forever. I neither like nor trust him, though he be of your family. The man hath grown too suddenly rich: his property doth equal thine. They told me in Virginia that he had bought him a title, and would set himself up for a baron as soon as he had the chance."

The governor frowned a little. "They say a great deal in Virginia, dear heart; and thou shouldst not give credence to all that thou hearest. Thou dost not Cousin Philip justice."

"Caro, I do not like Cousin Philip. I have never liked him, nor trusted him, though I have no reason for it. A woman, as thou knowest, likes without reason, and dislikes without apparent cause; and I do not like Philip Calvert; nor is it from what I have heard men say."

"Dear heart," said Governor Calvert, gravely, "whatever be his faults, and I do not deny that he has them, nor are they all gentleman-like, my cousin is still a Calvert, and there is honor in the name. Do Philip justice, and throw aside prejudice; thou canst at least believe him an honest man."

"Caro," answered his wife, tenderly, "thou dost believe all men like thyself; thou art far too honest to know a rogue an thou mettest him face to face in the road. If he put a pistol to thine head, thou wouldst pity him for demented; did he take thy money from thee, thou wouldst think thou hadst owed it him. Thou art no fool. Nay, nay. Yet I sometimes think thee foolish to blind thy good judgment for charity's sake. And, Caro, I pity that slim,

pretty boy; he hath such a fine, sweet face; why thou shouldst not keep him is more than I can see."

"Philip will not have it, and will not pay the costs. And it is too small a matter on which to begin a family quarrel. So far as the boy's appearance goes, there *is* something odd about it. And as for the lad himself, there 's a touch of mystery. He claims to be a gentleman's son, Van Sweringen tells me, and says that his father's name was Lee, a captain with the king, that he had an estate, was gently reared, was taught to read, to ride, and to fence; Van Swerrington hath tried him, and says the lad doth indeed fence well, in both French and Italian fashion. Yet here he was, cabin-boy aboard a dirty trading-coaster, and had been such for four years past. I am going to look into the matter: a cabin-boy's berth on a trading-coaster is no place for a gentleman's son."

Beyond the house of the governor stood a little chapel built of brick. Ivy climbed about its roof, and the door was wreathed with rose-vines. Beyond the chapel a brook ran down to the inlet through a glen shaded by holly-trees, elms, and sycamores. In the mouth of the glen stood the colony mill. Its deeply rumbling hum arose through the quiet of the departing day like the buzz of a giant beehive. The cows were lowing in the pastures, and the plaintive sheep bleated at the gates of the fold. Somewhere down the road a boy went whistling merrily. It was all so much like England that it made Barnaby's heart ache. A tear ran swiftly down his cheek.

"Art troubled, lad?" asked the governor's wife, spying his woeful face.

"Nay, lady," replied Barnaby; "I be only a-thinking."

They turned and went into the house. "Caro," she said, "'t is a handsome boy. He hath a lovely face, and the quiver of his lip would touch the hardest heart. I am sure there are underhand doings here: I beg thee look into it, Caro!"

"I shall see to the case to-morrow," said the governor, earnestly. "It is unmeet that a gentleman's son should be left in such sad plight."

"I shall see to this case to-morrow," said he; and no doubt he meant to do so. But as they sat at supper that night, Mynheer Van Sweringen, knowing naught of the governor's plans regarding Barnaby Lee, and caring, perhaps, for nobody's plans or intentions save his own, led the aimless conversation with such inimitable wit and such admirable discretion that, before the governor was aware how far the ambassador's tongue had led him, he was involved in a hot discussion of the boundary-line dispute between Maryland and New Netherland, without in the least suspecting the ambassador's design; and, furthermore, by his own proposal was engaged to debate the question before the Maryland Council, which was to meet upon the morrow.

Deeply chagrined, for the instant, that he should have been so led, as well as busy with preparation for his argument in the case, the governor quite forgot the cabin-boy.

"A HUSH FELL UPON THE TABLE. THE GOVERNOR'S SMILE DIED OUT, AND HIS LAUGHING FACE GREW GRAVE."

"That ye prefer New Netherland is no compliment to us," he said to the Dutch envoy. "I had esteemed myself much more your kind than General Peter Stuyvesant. He is a headstrong man, Mynheer Van Swerrington, both passionate and violent. Sure, he knocked out Captain Temperance Stevens's two front teeth with a cudgel. Nay, now, don't frown; that was no great fault: it was but evidence of his surprisingly good judgment as well as of his exceedingly bad temper. But he *is* a dour and bitter man, Mynheer Van Swerrington, and hath worn my patience all to galloons on this boundary-line dispute. He is no more to be moved by an argument than if he were the Alps."

"That is just what he saith of your Excellency," replied Van Sweringen, smiling.

"Ay, man; but, faith, his side is wrong, and mine is right," said the governor, a little sharply.

"Nay, but I am not so sure of that," responded the envoy, quietly. "'T is a very debatable question." A little flush went up his cheek, but his air was calmness itself.

"But, mynheer," said the governor, testily, "'t is as plain as the nose on your face. No offense to the nose; 't is a very good nose! But our grant extends northward to forty degrees, to just where New England's claim leaves off."

"Indeed? Is that so?" said Van Sweringen, and his eyes began to glow. "Then, pray, your Excellency, if New England's claim endeth at forty degrees, and yours

beginneth straightway, where does New Netherland come in on your map?'' For New Netherland lay between the two like the core betwixt the halves of an apple.

''The saints preserve me if I know,'' said Master Charles Calvert, dryly. ''I must leave that for ye to find out for yourselves.''

''And that, your Excellency,'' replied Van Sweringen, steadily, ''is just what I have come hither to do.'' He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and carelessly toyed with his wine-glass.

A hush fell upon the table. The governor's smile died out, and his laughing face grew grave. ''God rest us,'' he said wearily, ''are we never to be at peace? I am tired of war and of quarrels. Need men ever to be at swords' points? Nay; put it off till to-morrow, and let us sup in peace! Put it off till to-morrow, and we will debate it in the Council. Let us just be good friends for to-night! Here, Burke, fill the gentleman's glass; fill them up all around the table. We will be good friends to-night, though enemies to-morrow!''

The last remark was half in jest; but, alas for human jesting!

''To-morrow,'' we say, ''we shall do thus and so.'' But the old hag, Fortune, throws the dice, and by the simple twist of her fickle finger alters the destiny of the world.

''To-morrow,'' said Charles Calvert, ''we shall argue this boundary question. Sure, the very thought of a boundary-line is enough to give one bad dreams!''

The whole table laughed at the face he pulled, for it was an exceedingly wry one. Which was not the first time that men have laughed in the gathering shadows of coming events.

To-morrow and to-morrow! I will do this thing to-morrow! Oh, for the intentions that go down with the setting sun! The guests dispersed about their business with placid minds, not dreaming how strange the world would seem before the morrow evening.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE END OF THE EMBASSY

"AY, 't was a very good embassy," said Captain Martin Kregier, "until that firebrand envoy went off like a keg of powder. Sit; I 'll tell thee how it was.

"We had all marched up to the council-house in very nice array. I had put on my Spanish breastplate and burnished my old steel cap. The sun was out, and it was exceedingly hot. The cows stood in the shadows, and along the low hills I could see the wheat shimmer.

"The Maryland gentlemen were sitting upon the assembly-house porch, smoking, as we came up. Their wigs were off, and they were taking life easy. There was a footman going about with a flask, filling up their glasses. He had on a coat of fine blue camlet, with the Baltimore arms embroidered in silver on the sleeve. Augustine Heermans was there. He was a member of the Council, had a private deer park, and could talk six languages; but that did not make him proud. I knew him in New Amsterdam—a plain, honest fellow. He came down the steps to meet me, took me by the hand, went up with us to the porch, and introduced us all around.

"There was a heap of pretty captains and of majors,—aristocrats, the whole lot,—and all dressed handsomely in

merry-colored plush coats and silver-buckled waistcoats. Those Maryland gentlemen think a deal of themselves, and hold their heads high; but they met us well, and saluted us with courtesy.

"Van Sweringen carried himself as fair as any. He had on a coat of crimson velvet and a sash of crimson silk, and his long hair was gathered back with a bow of crimson ribbon. I never saw him more gallant, or more gay.

"The Governor looked like a prince. His hair was tied with silver ribbon; his coat was blue, edged with silver, and he wore two pair of silk stockings, the outer ones white and the inner ones red, rolled down upon the others. His shoes were black with scarlet laces, and he wore a gold locket on a chain around his neck.

"There was one fellow making a mighty spread in a suit of scarlet velvet. He was standing behind the Governor when we came up on the porch. As soon as I saw him I knew him, though I never had seen his face. He was the man I had seen in the government office, but he had his wig on now. He was kin to my young Lord Baltimore, they said, and was Vice-Chancellor of Maryland; but, upon my word, he reminded me of the moldy smell in a cellar. He had an underhung jaw like a codfish, and a look in his eye like a magpie that has stolen a marrow-bone out of a kitchen and can't find a place to hide it. He sneaked around with his shoulders drooped and his squinted eyes peering and peeping, until I longed to give him a buffet and see him measure his

length on the floor. But he was the Governor's kinsman, so I waited to meet him anon.

"The Assembly convened with a ruffle of drums. I believe there was only one drummer; but the fellow beat as if his life depended on the racket, and the hounds that were lying asleep in the grass set up such a woeful howling thereat that we all marched into the council-hall as deaf as a musket-butt.

"The floor of the council-hall was brick, and the seats were oaken benches. At one side was a long oak table, where the Governor and the Vice-Chancellor sat with the Colonial Secretary. There was a small round table near them for the clerk of the Assembly, and before them an open space of floor where the advocates made their pleas. Mynheer Van Sweringen sat to the left with Tierck Van Ruyn at a little desk, and Albert and I sat on a bench that was over by the window.

"The Assembly clerk opened the conference with a long string of Latin. I studied Latin at the school, and know it when I hear it. Then my young Lord Baltimore began the argument. I listened; but, prut! for all I knew, it might as well have been Greek. Had they talked of siege or of escalade I might have understood them; when it comes to statecraft I know nothing. I felt I was nigh on to roasting; the sweat ran down my face; but Mynheer Van Sweringen looked as cool as a pocketful of snowballs. He was a match for any and all of them. His tongue was as sharp as a dagger! He turned their arguments inside out as a man would turn his pocket.

The End of the Embassy

"I thought the argument never would end. The afternoon ran on, and the hot air from the road crept in and out at the open window. The wind was in the southeast, what little wind there was, which was hardly enough to stir the grass. I could see the river shining.

"Now and then the Vice-Chancellor put in a word or two; but Van Sweringen doubled him up so quickly with some rapier-keen retort, that at last he only sat peering about and twisting his hands together, and looking as if he wished that he were ten thousand miles away.

"I wished, myself, that I had left my Spanish breastplate in the ship's cabin, for I was as hot as a bowl of soup. Then some of the Maryland gentlemen began to nid-nid-nod, and the doorkeeper was fast asleep.

"At last the Governor looked up from the papers spread before him, and 'Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, 'we shall have to leave the rest of this to be settled by our superiors. I have no authority to venture further.'

" 'Very well,' replied Van Sweringen, and began to gather his papers. 'Then we are both to keep to our boundaries, and there will be no invasions?'

" 'That is precisely the meaning I wish to convey,' said the Governor. 'There shall be no invasions—on our part. That much I can promise.'

"I saw Van Sweringen wet his lips. 'That is all I have sought,' he said. But I could see his dark eyes shine. They looked hot and dry; and, somehow, though he had won his point, there was a set look on his face as though they had worn his patience out with their fol-de-riddle-

de-rols. His lips were compressed, and his brows drawn, and there was a tense, brimstony air about him that would have made the wildest blade think thrice ere he ventured to cross him.

"The Governor leaned back in his chair, stretching out his feet before him, and 'Well, Mynheer Van Swerrington,' said he, with his boyish smile, 'you are a shrewd ambassador; upon my soul ye are. I would rather ye stood with us than against us any day.'

"'Mynheer Van Sweringen bowed, and 'Merci, m'sieu'!' he said dryly.

" 'Why not come down here and join us, and leave that pack of traders? Why, sure, I 've a sheriff's office, man, that 's fairly whooping for ye to fill it.'

"'Mynheer Van Sweringen lifted his head with a little haughty jerk. 'Your Excellency forgets,' said he, 'that I was born a Dutchman.' 'Fine!' said I to myself. 'Ach, prut! but that was a good reply. I should like to make replies like that!' Ah-h, he was a brainy fellow!

"'The Governor looked up at him frankly. 'Now, true,' said he; 'that is so. And ye would not sell your birthright for all our English pottage? Well, I like ye the better for it; upon my soul I do!'

"'Then they took another turn on diplomatic matters. I was not made for a diplomat. I just looked out at the window. I was very well satisfied indeed with the way things were going for us.

"'Then, all at once, there came an odd hush. I felt my hair stand up. 'Your Excellency, these are very strange

words,' I heard Van Sweringen saying. I turned to the room. I could just hear what he said, for his voice was strangely lowered. 'Your Excellency,' said he, 'these are singular words indeed! I do not know how to take them.'

"'Ye may take them as ye please, mynheer,' said Master Charles Calvert, simply; and, upon my soul, I think he meant but fair interpretation of whatever it was he had said.

"But Mynheer Van Sweringen's face turned white. I had seen it turn so before. 'Are you aware of their bearing?' said he to the Governor, drawing himself up slowly like a soldier on parade.

"'Quite aware,' said the Governor.

"'Then thou liest!' said Van Sweringen.

"I will say this much for the Governor: though his face went pale as death, 't was from concern, and not from fear. Then all at once he flushed blood-red.

"'Mynheer, unsay that!' he cried, and put out his hands in a boyish way. 'Oh, I beg of ye, unsay that!'

"'Wilt thou unsay what thou hast said?'

"'Nay, man; the thing is true.'

"'Then I have said what I have said; and there is no unsaying it,' said Van Sweringen. And with that on a sudden his face blazed crimson as if it had burst in flame. 'And this,' said he, 'that thou hast twice spoken dishonor to my lords!'

"There came a crack like a pistol-shot, and a quick cry in the room. 'Ods-nails!' I cried, and sprang to my feet

and ran to where Van Sweringen was standing. For, as Master Charles Calvert stood there like a school-boy at the form, his hands outstretched before him, seeking reconciliation, that hot-headed envoy, flaring up like a pan of pistol-powder, had struck him twice across the face with the ends of his doeskin gloves.

"I never knew what had angered him so. What with the flurry then, and all that followed after it, my head was in a whirl. It was enough for me, just then, to know that he had struck the Governor.

"I saw the lean Vice-Chancellor fall backward out of his chair, and the gentlemen come running up from the other parts of the hall. The Governor was standing with his hands outstretched. His face was white as a sheet; he look dazed.

" 'Mynheer, why did ye strike me?' he cried, dropping his outstretched hands at his side with a gesture of despair. 'I sought no quarrel with ye. I only meant to warn ye. I sought no quarrel with ye; why, I love ye well!'

"With that he lifted his hand and felt his cheek where the marks of the glove could still be seen. 'But this hath passed the bounds of love,' he cried out pathetically, 'and leaves nothing more but the murdering!'

"Van Sweringen made no reply; but I could see he was deeply moved; for, on my soul, those two young fools loved each other. Van Sweringen's eyes grew soft, and the Governor's mouth puckered up as if it were full of trouble. The gentlemen had gathered close about the

Vice-Chancellor, and were eying us pretty fiercely. I stared back at them, look for look, and 'Mynheer,' said I, softly touching Van Sweringen's elbow, 'yonder scarlet velvet rogue sits heavily on my conscience!' but he laid his hand upon mine, and said in a very low voice, 'Be still.'

"Then the Governor looked around him with a rueful smile. 'What must be, must, I suppose,' he said, shrugging his shoulders. Then he went to a writing-desk under the window, took a sheet of paper from a pigeonhole, and wrote his cartel with a long, white quill, while we stood there and watched.

"When he finished, he turned to one of the gentlemen, a Master Thomas Nottly, a fine, tall man in a dark-blue coat, and handing the cartel to him, 'Tom,' said he, 'will ye be so good as to second me in this matter?'

" 'Why, sure,' said Master Nottly. 'It will be the sweetest pleasure.' And with that he came across the room and handed the paper to me, Mynheer Van Sweringen quietly bowing.

"Now, I am no hand at any English excepting the kind in the copy-book; so I said, 'Mynheer Van Sweringen, please read this out to me!'

"He took the challenge out of my hand, and read it softly aloud. We were to meet upon the morrow, at daybreak, at a place by a wall in the meadow, and the weapons were to be small swords, as is proper; for it surely is no gentleman's trick to blow holes in a man with a hand-gun.

"I thought that perhaps some of them might laugh because I could not read English, and so I kept my eye on them; but they all looked grave enough. There was a man among them named Simeon Drew. I believe he was an advocate; at any rate, he was an odd conceit. 'What 's this?' said he. 'A duel? Why, here, this is a scandal! Put the rascals in the jail!'

" 'Master Drew,' said the Governor, 'it is very evident that there are some things in courtesy which you do not understand.'

" 'Understand?' said Master Drew. 'I understand enough, your Excellency. Men's skins are not made for buttonholes. 'T is cursed nonsense.'

" 'Would ye please me, Master Drew?'

" 'I have ever done so,' said Drew.

" 'Then say no more about buttonholes; we are not a pair of tailors. Where 's Cousin Philip?' he asked suddenly.

" 'Here he is,' replied one of the gentlemen. 'Why, nay, bless my soul! He 's gone. Why, he was here only a moment since, standing at my elbow. How the dickens could he go? I had my hand on him.'

"But he was gone from the room, though no one had seen him go. 'He seems to be cultivating a knack for surprising disappearances,' said another one of the gentlemen, a Master Baker Brooke. ' 'T is the third time today I have wanted him and found him suddenly gone, vanished as utterly and completely as if he had been a ghost.'

"But just then the bell at the Governor's house began to ring for supper. The discussion ceased; we all fell into line, and marched up to the Governor's mansion. He would not hear to a word of our supping otherwhere. And I had such an appetite from sitting still so long that I clean forgot the Vice-Chancellor in thinking of what I should eat.

"As we passed the custom-office, our skipper came out at the door. 'Mynheer,' said he, 'we are ready to sail whenever ye come aboard.'

" 'Very good,' replied Mynheer Van Sweringen. 'We will come aboard in the morning. Hast fresh filled the water-butts?'

" 'Ja,' rejoined the skipper.

" 'It is well,' said Van Sweringen, quietly. 'I hate my drinking foul.'

"I could but admire his placid bearing in the face of all that was before us."

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE SPRING-HOUSE

MEANWHILE Barnaby, knowing nothing of what had come to pass in the Council, sat at the rear of the Governor's house, watching the serving-men fetch up the supper from the kitchen to the hall.

Above his head red and green parrakeets whirled to and fro among the sycamores, filling the air with their unmusical screams, and about the doors of the kitchen spotted foxhounds wagged their tails and whined their hungry petitions at the servants' heels.

The housekeeper came to the hall door. "Hullo, there, you boy," she said; "have ye eaten your fill, that ye sit so quiet?"

"I have not eaten at all," said he.

"Then you 'd better be eating," she said. "Here, Molly! Molly, I say! Molly Hawley!"

A maid came out of the kitchen door and hurried through the square. She was a sturdy girl with coarse black hair and bright-red cheeks and lips, and walked with a free stride, her hands swinging.

"Molly," said the housekeeper, "take this lad to the milk-house and feed him. Don't leave a cavity."

"We 'm got no cavity, mum," replied Molly. "I 'll give him a bowl of bread and milk. Here, you boy, just come wi' me!" and she beckoned to Barnaby.

Barnaby rose and followed her across the square inclosed by the buildings, passing the servants' quarters, and pausing at the kitchen. Then, with a yellow bowl under her arm, and her apron caught up like a bag in her hand, the girl beckoned him still to follow, and leaving the quarters behind her, entered the mouth of the hollow that ran down toward the river under the sycamores.

A brook ran sparkling down the glen, and at the top of the hollow stood the milk-house, with its mossy roof of dull red tiles and a door with a wooden latch. From under the sill of the milk-house door the brook emerged to the light of day, and out of the door came a breath of air as cool as the draft from a storage-house, but with no such odors on it. The maid went in, and Barnaby followed. Part of the house was paved with irregular flat stones, but in the middle of the floor was a broad pool, from the bottom of which a spring gushed with never-ceasing little fountains of sand. In the pool were round earthenware crocks, covered with wooden lids scrubbed until they were silvery white. The crocks held milk just fresh from the milking. On a shelf by the wall were rolls of butter and jugs of buttermilk, and on a bench below stood a row of jars full of honey in the comb.

The maid did not speak. She made signs to him, kicked out a three-legged stool, gave him a honeycomb in a crock, a corn-cake from her apron, and filled her yellow

bowl with milk, with fine dexterity. Then she set it on the floor by his side. "Eatum and drinkum!" she said, and made a pantomime, that he might understand.

"Is it all for me?" asked Barnaby, and looked up at her wonderingly.

She gave a little scream. "You 'm English?" she gasped.

"To be sure," said Barnaby.

"Well! and me all along a-thinking ye a young Dutch muckle-head! Bless my stars, and you wi' a face like that!" She stood and stared at him. "Bless my stars and garters, lad, but you 'm a pretty boy! Dear soul, those two blue eyes o' thine do be all England. I ha' not seen their like, lad, since I left old Weymouth-town, and that 's nigh seven year agone. God bless thy pretty face! Wilt not buss us, lad, for old England's sake?"

And with that, before Barnaby was aware what the sturdy maid was about, she clapped a hand on each of his shoulders, and kissed him fair on his crumby mouth, and was away with a dribble of honey and corn-bread on her chin.

"Get out!" said Barnaby, much abashed, and waved the corn-bread at her.

But Molly stood and looked at him. All about her figure, as she stood before the spring-house door, there was a shining rim of light. "Dear soul!" she said, after a moment, and her dark, bright eyes were shining softly. "I ha' not seen a face like thine for nigh on seven year! Wilt not buss us again?"

"Nay, nay; get out," said Barnaby, "and leave me eat in peace. I do not like this bussing."

She laughed softly. "Some folk does, and some folk don't. It all depends on how ye take it. A little, taken sensible, doth sweeten life no end. It is a gift o' nater, and most folk comes to it in time, sooner or later. Lad, take a word o' Molly Hawley: 't is better soon than late; one's heart grows old wi' waiting on 't." Then she clapped him on the shoulder. "Meanwhile, buss me or no," said she, "whatever ye wish, while ye be here, ye just ask Molly Hawley for it; bless thine heart, shalt have it, for that fair face o' thine. There was a lad in Weymouth-town who had a face like thine; but that was seven year agone," she said, looking out into the sunset glow, "and he hath forgotten me. Stick to thy honey-bowl, lad," said she, "and eat thy fill. When thou 'rt done, set crock on bench, and latch door behind thee tightly. There be a pack o' foxhounds here, the plague o' a body's life. Remember, lad, whate'er ye want, just ask Molly Hawley for it."

Then away went Molly Hawley, swinging up the hillside, humming softly to herself a half-forgotten tune that she had heard her own dear lad sing in the fields by Weymouth-town.

It now was fallen evening, and the cold smell from the woods crept up the hollow among the trees. The mill at the foot of the glen was still, and the only sound was the watch-like tinkling of the water dropping from the wheel into the run below. Barnaby gave himself to his

eating with a sigh of content. The faint wind outside came up from the inlet with a thin, cool pattering of leaves, and the little fountains of white sand played in the bottom of the spring. There was a bitter perfume in the air from fennel crushed under foot in the path, and an odor like sweet, ripe apples stored away in a cool, dark room.

"'T is brier-rose," said Barnaby, and drew a long breath. How the English hills came back to him, the pale, cool star-light, the summer wind, and the breath of the brier-roses! He sat for a moment thinking. Then suddenly he put the milk-bowl down, and sat up, listening. Some one, not very far away, had coughed, a sharp, nervous cough. After it came a sound of voices. He stepped to the door and looked out.

Two men with their heads together were coming up the hollow, talking earnestly in low tones. He could not recognize them, nor could he make out what they said. Coming to a little terrace just below the spring-house, they paused under a sycamore with a trunk like a castle-tower. One of the men was tall and spare, and held himself aloof, though speaking in a shrill, thin voice that shook with anger and nervous excitement. The other listened, lowering, with his chin upon his breast, as though constrained unwillingly to hear, and sulkily kicked about him in the grass. He, too, was gaunt and tall, but his frame in build and hang was coarser than the other's.

"Don't lay all the blame on me," he growled. "You 'd 'a' done just the same as I did."

"You said he was dead."

"Well, I thought he was dead."

"But he 's not dead at all. Oh, dear!"

"Well, there 's no use of getting so wrought up. It 's most confounded woundy luck. That 's all there is to say about it."

"Ye can't lay it all to the luck. Ye 've shown most condemnable judgment."

"Perhaps ye 'd like to take a try with somebody else's judgment. There 's the Governor. He 'd be blithe to furnish ye with one."

"Don't mention the Governor," cried the other.

"Well, then, don't cavil about my judgment."

"But I would n't 'a' had the knave turn up for forty thousand joe!"

"If you 'd 'a' paid me forty joe, he 'd never 'a' had the chance."

"I ha' paid ye four time forty joe. This is the upshot of it. The fat is in the fire," said the other, bitterly.

At that the first turned with an angry snarl. "Well, don't say I put it there. Had ye let me do as I wanted, you 'd 'a' been shut of him long ago. Why did n't ye leave me do for the rogue, snap out, for good and all?"

"No, no, no," cried the other, an incredible number of times. "No, no, no, I say; I ha' told you I won't have none of that."

"Well, you 're a precious, fine-haired fool," said the first, disgustedly. "That 's all I 've got to say to you."

He took a tinder-box out of his pocket, and striking a

few sharp blows with a flint, ignited some tinder, and lighted his pipe.

As the first sharp, intermittent puffs sent up their glow across his face, Barnaby gave a little cry and sank upon the spring-house floor.

When, in after years, he thought of that face, it ever came back as he saw it there—its bushy brows, evil mouth, and nose hooked like a parrot's beak. At every puff it started out of the darkness, crafty, scowling, truculent, with the countless wrinkles about the eye which long, keen looking over the sea brings to the face of a mariner. Between the wrinkled, squinting lids, the shifting eyes peered sidewise at the man who stood beside him, with glances as wicked and baleful as a serpent's. Then the face faded away in the shadow again.

"I am lost!" gasped Barnaby; for the face was Captain John King's.

"Well," King repeated sulkily to the man who stood beside him, "you are a precious, fine-haired fool. That's all I 've got to say to you."

"I don't care what you 've got to say," cried the other. "Ye 've got to fetch him out of here. What 's that?" he said suddenly, whirling about and staring up at the spring-house door.

"What 's what?" growled King. Then, all at once, he, too, stared up at the spring-house. "Who 's there?" he called. There was no reply. The door of the spring-house faintly creaked. "I say, who 's there?" called King, hoarsely, laying his hand on his pistol-butt. "If anybody

is in that spring-house it will be better for him to come out of there before I come to fetch him out!'' But there was not a sound. ''Oh, pah! you 've got the fan-tods,'' said he to his companion. ''There 's nobody in the spring-house. What did ye think ye saw?''

''I—eh—nothing,'' replied the other, with a tremble in his voice.

''I should n't advise ye to see it again. It don't seem to be good for your nerves.''

The other leaned against the tree and nervously loosed his neck-cloth. ''I have not been a-sleeping well,'' said he, ''and these hot days give me the quavers. But you 've got to get him out of here,'' he continued, almost fiercely. ''You 've got to fetch him out of here and carry him away, where I shall never see his face again, nor hear of him no more.''

''Now, don't get high,'' said King, sullenly. ''I 'm not disposed to stand it. I 've done my best; and that 's enough. I 'll fetch him out, you need n't fret; you 'll never see him again. I 'll take him so far from here that he 'll not even see the rim of the sky that hangs over Maryland, though he climb to the mountain-tops. Don't you fret; I 'll fetch him out. But come, we 'd better be moving. We 've no time to waste.'' And the two slipped out of the hollow.

The sky grew pale and apple-white beyond the overhanging branches; the stars came out by twos and threes. The brook ran on, and the wind grew damp, filled with a thousand odors from the river and the forest. There was

no sound but the drip of the dew and the tinkling of water in the mill-race. Barnaby crept from behind the door, and looked around the glen. There was naught to be seen. Closing and latching the door, he ran at the top of his speed up the slope until he came to the Governor's house.

"Mynheer," he gasped, when he had come up to the room where Gerrit Van Sweringen was, "John King is here!"

The envoy was sharpening his rapier with a swordsman's hone. He looked up with a quiet smile.

"Thou hast had a dream," said he.

"Nay, mynheer; 't was no dream."

"Well, let the villain bide. We have no more concern with him. Hop into bed, for thou and I must be doing early, lad. Say a prayer for me, if thou prayest. By this time to-morrow night I may sleep in eternity."

Barnaby wiped the sweat from his face. "Which way are we going, mynheer?"

"Whichever way honor directeth us," said Van Sweringen, soberly. And with that he made himself ready for bed.

As Barnaby knelt by the crucifix that hung upon the wall, he heard two voices coming through the darkness along the road beneath the window.

"Ye will not fail me?" said the first, shrill and anxious.

"Blight me green!" said the other. "You are always talking failure."

"Well, there 's no need of harping upon that now; 't is no matter what I am talking. You look out for yourself, I say. They tell me that the Dutchman stabs—that he is the fiend himself with the small sword."

"Oh, be hanged to him and his small sword! I 'll quench him, don't you fear. One, two, three! D' ye see these snuffers? It 's 'puff!' and his candle is out. At the path by the meadow road, ye said?"

"The path to the right. You 'll be sure to be there?"

"If I 'm not you may have me hanged."

"I 'll have nobody hanged. Upon my soul, will ye never cease prating of hangmen?"

"When you cease ever prating of failure I will."

"I have ceased; keep your part; be early."

"Ay, verily; I 'll be up and out with the bird of St. Guy!"

With that the voices moved on.

Barnaby crept to the window. The stars were fading from sight in a mist; from the fields the wind came cold and damp; there were no lights anywhere. He could hear the faint sound of feet in the distance, and of muffled voices dying away. He turned to the curtained bed. "Mynheer Van Sweringen," he said softly. There was no response; only a long and regular breathing came through the damask curtains.

Again he called softly, but yet there came no reply. The envoy was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DUEL IN THE FOG

IT was three o'clock when Barnaby woke. The room was ghostly gray with a fog which had come up in the night. The hangings were all damp and limp, and the posts of the bed were wet. The candles burned like pale spots with a little mist about them.

Mynheer Van Sweringen was already up, and was buckling on his shoes.

"Be quick, my boy," said he, for they could hear the cocks crowing.

Barnaby sprang up quickly. When he took up his shoes the leather was stiff with the moisture from the air. Outside there was nothing to be seen but the fog and mysterious shapes which were trees.

As he dressed, quick steps came up the walk and paused under the window.

"Mynheer!" a voice called softly. "Mynheer Van Sweringen!" and a handful of sand and pebbles clicked sharply against the pane. A little came in through the open sash and rattled on the floor.

"All up," replied Van Sweringen, quietly, at the window. "Come on, boy," he said; and then he and Barnaby went swiftly and silently down the stairs.

The Duel in the Fog

Captain Martin Kregier and Albert the Trumpeter were standing in the pathway with their cloaks wrapped around them, and behind them was Tierck Van Ruyn.

"Good morning," they all said softly, for the hush of the daybreak was on them.

"They showed me the place," said Tierck Van Ruyn. "This way, if ye please, mynheeren"; and they went quickly across the road into the beech wood. The fog was so thick they could scarcely see the trunks of the trees. The water dripped from the branches like rain, and the drenched grass soon soaked their shoes and stockings through. There was no sound but the dripping and the swish of their strides in the grass.

They came soon to a low stone wall half covered with blackberry-vines. Here they stopped for a moment and listened. There were morning-glories among the thorns and wild roses full of the dew, and, as they stood there listening, a startled bird flew from its nest in the grass with a little broken cry.

Beyond the wall stood a hawthorn-tree, and beyond the tree lay the meadows, though there was nothing to be seen but the fog which covered them like a cloak. Somewhere beyond the hawthorn they heard a man's voice singing softly, as if to himself, a song, the verses of which ended dolefully with "Falero, lero, loo!" Yet it sounded pleasant, for his voice was young and sweet.

"There they are," said Kregier.

At that the singing stopped, and the singer's voice said: "Tsst, Cousin Brooke! I hear them coming."

"Hola!" called Captain Kregier. "Where are ye, gentlemen?"

"Here, this way, along the wall," replied a heavier voice. "I told ye they would come down through the wood, Cousin Charlie."

"But Philip said that he would send them down by the road through the meadow."

"Cousin Philip says a deal," rejoined the heavy voice. "If he did but the half of what he says, he 'd be a prodigy."

The air hung full of the leaden fog across the little knoll where the Maryland gentlemen were standing. There were Master Thomas Nottly, Master Baker Brooke, Major Marmaduke Tilden, and the Governor himself. Their cloaks and coats were gray with dampness, and their laces hung dejectedly. Their stockings, too, were thoroughly soaked, and their shoes were stiff with moisture.

"This fog just suits a Dutchman," Master Nottly was saying.

"There is no more fog in Holland than there is at home, mynheer," said Baker Brooke, with a quiet bow to Mynheer Van Sweringen.

"We all shall see quite well enough," said the Governor.

With that they all bowed courteously, and bade one another good morning.

"The sooner we are at it, the sooner we are done," said Captain Kregier to Master Nottly.

Master Nottly nodded. "That 's a very true observe."

Mynheer Van Sweringen had already laid aside his outer coat, and his shirt-sleeves were limp with the damp. His air was fair and courteous, but grim.

Master Calvert had a bow of ribbon in his hair, and his lips were smiling, though his eyes were grave.

Master Brooke was measuring the rapiers at one side, while the others, with Albert the Trumpeter, were kicking off the ground, which here and there was overset with clumps of weed. "It is not Calais sands, mynheer," said Major Tilden; "but it will serve. A man may die as quickly on the grass. Do ye prefer the French or the Italian style of fence?"

"The common Dutch, sir," said Kregier.

Major Tilden laughed. "As was to be supposed. But, Captain Kregier, I 've a mind that your 'common Dutch' is most uncommon stuff."

"Well, if you 're ready," said Master Brooke, "we might as well be at it as standing here idle; there seems to be no clearing up to this infernal fog."

Mynheer Van Sweringen slipped off his cloak, which he had drawn about him. The warmth of his body was still in it when he gave it to Barnaby.

"Here, boy; hold these hand-guns, too," said Kregier, taking his heavy pistols from his belt. "Keep their pans under thy jacket; the fog is very damp."

Then Captain Kregier and Master Nottly took up their stands to right and left, with the points of their swords on the grass.

"Gentlemen, we are ready," they said.

The principals stood for a moment in silence, facing each other, with a look upon their countenances that haunted the boy for many a day—inquiring, deadly calm, and inflexible, not to be moved by argument, friendship, or love. They were come to a place where each hand's-move was irrevocable and fatal; yet in each man's face, for an instant, there was a look as if to say, "I would that I might snap my thumbs and cry, 'A fig for honor!' throw down my sword, and take thine hand, to be good friends again!" It passed like sunlight through quick clouds.

"Ready!" said Captain Kregier.

The rapiers flashed aloft, fell level, and engaged, with a rasping sound and a shrill, keen grating that was never still. Over the fields and through the wood the yellow fog drifted, now rising a little, then falling again until there was nothing to be seen but the men upon the knoll, and even they were ghostly as they stood there, voiceless and motionless, watching the sword-blades flash and thrust. There was no sound but the quick, sharp breathing of the swordsmen, and the constant shifting of their feet in the harsh grass.

Van Sweringen's style of fence had very little feinting, but was of straight attacks and lunges that called for the utmost skill. A stillness had come on him, a stern dignity, that well matched the dark austerity of his countenance. But my young Lord Baltimore seemed to grow more careless every moment, and all the while kept up a

running fire of remark, as "Good, Dutchman, good! Most gentlemanlike. A sweet and comely guard. Well kept, upon my word, well kept!" and his mouth laughed gaily, though all the while he fenced with swift and exceeding keen alertness and with desperate reaching across Mynheer Van Sweringen's steady blade, which seemed to grow steadier all the while. This recklessness grew upon him, until even Van Sweringen cried:

"In heaven's name, guard thyself better, or I shall certainly spoil thee!"

For reply Master Calvert came over his antagonist's guard with a fierce, lunging thrust, springing in upon him like a wild-cat.

Mynheer Van Sweringen's guard went down, and he would have been spitted like an eel, but, with incredible adroitness, he hollowed his back like a bow, and the long blade went slitting through his shirt with a rending sound, in at one side and out at the other, and across his back like an icicle.

Then, in a twinkling of an eye, the thing was done and over.

Before Master Calvert could recover from the lunge, Van Sweringen disengaged, and attacking him over the wrist with a thrust as swift as the flight of an arrow, ran him through, half the length of his blade, and was back again on his guard, with the tip of his rapier pointing down to the grass, his lips pressed grimly together, ready for anything, capable and alert. Along the blade of his rapier was a mist of red, half wiped away.

My young Lord Baltimore turned suddenly and let his rapier fall; it made a little wet splash in the grass. "St. Hubert!" he said, with his face all drawn; "gentlemen, I am finished!"

Van Sweringen breathed quickly, his lips set firm together, his nostrils wide, and his attitude as rigid as stone. He did not speak, but stared with fixed eyes at Master Calvert.

The Governor's hands were clenched upon his side. A thin red line ran down his sleeve and broadened over his fingers.

"Quick!" he cried. "I am bleeding!" Then all at once he shuddered and swayed uneasily on his feet. "Oh, Mary!" he cried, "I am done for!" And, turning half-way around, he pitched headlong into the grass.

His cousin, Baker Brooke, was down beside him in an instant. Major Tilden ran up, whipping out a handkerchief, and Master Nottly was lifting the wounded man's head, when Barnaby, leaning against the wall and feeling a little sick, heard a swift rushing of feet in the grass, going up the hillside, and all at once, with the sound of feet in the grass, bodiless and unearthly in the fog, a thin, high voice began to cry, "What! Here! John Doe! Help, help! They are murdering the Governor!"

As if in answer to the cry, there came a shouting in the fog, and the sound of heavy footsteps thudding along the soft, wet ground, as if a body of men were running together along the hilltop. Master Brooke got up and looked into the fog.

"What 's this?" he said. "What 's this?"

But there was nothing to be seen, save only the brambled wall and the meadow for a little space like an island about them.

The fog lay denser than ever; a pelting rain had begun to fall; the shouting grew nearer, the sound of the running feet came on, and ever that shrill, high voice kept calling, "This way, John Doe; this way!"

When Master Calvert heard the voice he lifted his head a little.

"By the bones of the Red O'Donnell!" he gasped, "what 's this?" and then, "Oh, shame!" and sank back with a look of horror.

He had scarcely spoken when out of the fog came a splash of flame and the thundering crash of a pistol. A handful of slugs tore the ground into shreds at Mynheer Van Sweringen's feet, and in through the fog ran a stooping man, his hat-flaps down about his face, and a long knife in his hand. Coming upon the trumpeter, who was nearest upon the knoll, he struck him twice in the back with inconceivable rapidity, and was off again into the fog. "Here they are!" he cried, and sprang over the wall. Albert the Trumpeter gave a choking cry, and fell forward upon his face.

Then came a shout, "Down with the Dutch!" and through the fog about them they could discern dim forms that leaped and ran and peered at them. "Down with the Dutch!" rose the cry. "Down with the corn-thieves!" And again came a stabbing flame, and the

whistling slugs from a hand-gun sang through the air and went screaming into the beech wood. Mynheer Van Sweringen started back, for the wind of them swept his face. The hum of the slugs beside his head was deadly.

Kregier clenched his fists and shook them wildly in the air. "Foul play!" he cried. "There hath been foul play!"

But Master Charles Calvert, turning on his side, cried out with a gasp: "On my honor, sirs, I do not know what this outbreak means!"

Mynheer Van Sweringen answered him: "We have never doubted thine honor. Methinks this is a whirlwind I have sown with mine own hands."

"Down with the Dutch!" came the cry again. The press seemed gathering in upon them, and out in the fog another gun went off with a roaring bang, but the slugs flew wild in the treetops. They could hear new voices hurrying down from the road on the hilltop. It was plain that dangerous company was gathering.

"Mynheer," said Marmaduke Tilden, "I trow we must run for it"; and he looked about him as if half stupefied. "I do not know what this outbreak means, but you may count upon me!" and he pluckily out with his sword.

"I should make a try for a boat," said Baker Brooke. "They have the upper hand, and we can hardly win the town. Nottly and Tilden and I will close with the rogues, and perhaps we can make some diversion while ye get a good start for the river."

Van Sweringen looked around him. They were standing back to back on the knoll, a little knot of men. Then

he turned to Kregier. "We must run for it, captain," said he. "We must find a landing, and off to the ship, or we shall all be murdered." He ran to the wounded trumpeter. "Albert!" he cried, and laid hold of his arm. The trumpeter rose, although he staggered as if he were drunk. Tierck Van Ruyn gave him an arm to lean on; Barnaby, thrusting the pistols into his belt, sprang to the other side, and put his arm around him.

Then Tilden and Brooke ran into the fog, waving their swords, and crying, "Stand, you contemptible villains!"

And the former engaged with a sailoring-man who fought desperately well with a hanger; but Brooke's sword was knocked out of his hand, and he was knocked over the head, so that he fell doubled up in the grass, and lay there, unable to get to his feet, with his hands clasped over his forehead.

Again the Governor cried out: "Mynheer, upon mine honor, I do not know what this outbreak means."

"Why, sir, I never have doubted thine honor," replied Van Sweringen.

Then they were off through the fog, down the slope of the meadows toward the inlet. The last they saw of the English gentlemen, Master Nottly had drawn his sword, and, leaving the Governor outstretched on his cloak, was fighting like a maniac with a tall, gaunt man, while Tilden, who had run his first antagonist through the breast and left him for dead in the field, was lashing about him with his sword, crying, "Stand, ye villains!" and Master Brooke lay on his back at the foot of the knoll, with his hands over his face.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FIGHT AT THE LANDING-PLACE

THEY had come about half-way down through the meadow below the wall, the world dazed with the fog, and Barnaby's wits in a whirl with the crying out and the running. It seemed for a while, indeed, as if they were coming off scot-free; for the stand taken by the English gentlemen had confused the attacking party, and the shouts and cries were falling away disordered among the meadows. But all on a sudden, when they were gone perhaps about two furlongs, the fog floated up for an instant, and there, in the field behind them, they saw a sailor running like a hound upon their trail. No sooner had he perceived them than, although he was still some distance away, he fired at them with a hand-gun, and ran down the field shouting, "Here they go! Head 'em off! Hurry, ye lubbers!" Then the fog shut down again, and wiped him out of their sight as if a curtain had been drawn. Mynheer Van Sweringen turned and ran back swiftly into the mist. All they heard was a sudden shout and the stamping of feet in the semi-darkness. Then out of the fog came a choking cry like sobbing laughter, and Mynheer Van Sweringen came running back and joined them again.

The Fight at the Landing-place

And so they came on down the slope. They were keeping well together, but the wounded trumpeter stumbled and lagged, for his boots were very heavy, and tripped upon the rolling ground, so that they could hardly keep him upon his feet, though he stuck to it gamely. They had come out of the field where the stone wall was, and could now smell the river wind; but the fog grew thicker around them as they came, and they could make out little except the ground under their feet.

Twice the blind chase overtook and almost closed upon the fugitives; but Van Sweringen and Kregier, turning back into the fog, crossed with those who pressed too close, while Tierck Van Ruyn and Barnaby made off toward the river, supporting the groaning trumpeter between them.

Then Captain Kregier came running on again, his short sword in his hand. "They will stop me again? Ach, neen, I think!" he panted. His gray eyes flashed and his sword was red. Mynheer Van Sweringen followed him, running lightly, with nostrils spread, and a wild light in his eyes.

In this way, hurrying all the time as fast as the trumpeter could go, fighting and calling out "Courage!" to one another, they came at last to the head of a road running down through the bluff to the waterside.

Below them the river was lost in the fog. They could distinguish nothing. All they could see was the yellow road under foot, running down through the hollow.

"Ach!" panted Captain Kregier. "Pray heaven there is a boat!"

Then they started down the hill.

The road was steep and rough, cut up by wagon-wheels, and there were many stones, so that they were forced to go down slowly, as the trumpeter's strength was fast failing and he was growing sick.

"Ach!" he groaned. "Go easy, comrades. I am all stabbed to pieces. Stop a bit until I can rest, or I can go no farther!"

So they stopped for a moment in the roadway.

They could hear the sound of running feet, and then the chase, confused by their silence, halted somewhere off in the fog, and voices began to cry, "Where did they go?"

"They went this way. I saw them."

"I don't believe they went that way; I don't hear nothing of 'em," said one of the party.

"But I tell you they did; I saw 'em."

"Be still there, I say, ye clattering fools," cried a hoarse, commanding voice. "There 's summat stirring yonder."

Then everything was still except the rushing of the river, and now and then a footfall going up or down the bank, or rustling cautiously in the grass along the gully-top. Then all at once, out of the fog at their right, a man with a dark-green handkerchief about his head sprang over the edge of the bluff and down the bank almost upon them, all unaware of their presence, and had almost

touched them with his hands before he saw them. He was so close that there was no scrambling back up the gully-side. He gave a scream, and shouting, "Here they are!" threw himself forward, knife in hand. Mynheer Van Sweringen closed with him, and struck with his shortened rapier; then, turning, came on after them with a bitter laugh, leaving the fellow lying on his face in the road, his arms outstretched and his fingers fumbling the gravel.

At this the chase once more fell back, and no one put himself forward; so that the fugitives came down through the hollow to the landing-place unassailed, the loose stones rattling under their feet. But as they emerged from the mouth of the gully to the beach below, there was a whirring sound, and a shower of stones from the bluff came thumping down around them.

"There!" cried a hoarse voice. "Don't ye hear them?" The shouting began again, and heavy footsteps hurried down the road through the hollow behind them.

Of their pursuers they could as yet see nothing through the fog; but before them, dimly outlined, lay a long tobacco-landing, down which Captain Kregier ran. "Hei! there is a boat. Thank God!" he cried. And they all went running after him.

Beside the landing lay a yawl, like a duck on the water. When they came to it they saw it was yellow and black—seeing which, Barnaby uttered a startled cry. He had seen that yawl before.

But "Quick!" cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, and

stopped at the throat of the wharf, standing with rapier ready. "Into her! I will hold them off until ye are all gone down."

With that he flourished his rapier until it shone through the fog like a ring of cold white fire. At once the rascals halted, and drew back for an instant, daunted. They had tasted that long blade, and were not hungry for more. But all about him the heavy stones beat upon the wharf and threw up handfuls of sand and dirt as they ricochetted around him.

"Be quick!" he said. "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," cried Captain Kregier.

Again he cried, "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," was the captain's answer. "You must hold them off a little yet. Albert hath swooned."

"Then be quick," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen; "I can hardly stand them off any more." Yet he laughed as he spoke, though he was panting for breath, and ran back again into the fog.

All the mist around him seemed alive; bludgeons struck at him, stones flew by. Twice he lunged and recovered again, with his trouble for his pains; twice again he lunged and twice came back with his sword-blade dripping red.

Where all their pistols were, it seemed that none but heaven knew, or Van Sweringen would never have seen his wife and child again.

His head was bare, and his long hair hung in strings across his face. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow, and

on his wrist at his rapier-hilt was a little gold bracelet which his wife had given him. His eyes seemed on fire, and he laughed hysterically. Both the landing and the river-shore were lost in the drifting mist. All he could see was the struggling press that crowded down the narrow landing. Again he lunged with a shout, and a man plunged forward at his feet with a choking, bitter wail.

"Ye would have it!" cried Van Sweringen. "God have mercy on your soul!" And turning, he ran down the landing, for he could no longer hold his ground. They had pressed him back upon the wharf, and there was no room for sword-play.

"Are ye all gone down?" he shouted as he ran. "I can keep them back no longer."

Barnaby looked up at him and felt his whole heart leap, for Van Sweringen's face was wild with the fighting, and his eyes were like red coals. "Push off!" cried Van Sweringen. "I can jump for it; let me look out for myself." And he turned again for an instant to fight for running ground. As he turned, a ragged, whirling stone from somewhere in the fog struck him just at the roots of his hair. His sword hand drooped, and he staggered back; the point of his rapier plowed the earth. Blindly raising his left hand, he felt about his face.

"This way, mynheer," cried Barnaby. "This way!"

But Mynheer Van Sweringen staggered about as though he had not heard.

"Ware, sir, ware!" shrieked Barnaby; for he saw a

huge, tall fellow, who had just overtaken the wild pursuit, come charging down the landing, with an oak cudgel in his hand as thick as the butt of a tree.

But Van Sweringen still stood there, dizzily rocking to and fro, his sword-point fallen, his hand to his face, uncertain, dazed and blinded.

Captain Kregier was lifting the trumpeter down. Van Ruyn, with a face like death, was trying to ship the oars. A stone had struck him in the side and had broken two of his ribs.

"Ach, Gott!" cried Kregier. "Have we failed, after all? Albert, sustain thyself, and leave me go to fight. *Ach, hemel!* they have slain him!" for Mynheer Van Sweringen, stricken blind, came staggering down the landing.

Something sprang up into Barnaby's throat that choked him until his head spun. Setting his teeth, his breath coming fast, he tugged on the mooring-line. "Look out!" he cried. "Look out!" and scrambled upon the landing.

The man with the oak cudgel was running down the wharf, bellowing like an angry bull, and whirling his club. Barnaby drew his pistols, and cocked them with shaking hands. "Look out!" he shrieked, and fired point-blank along the landing. The hot flame spurted into the fog through the dense powder-smoke, and the heavy, smothered crash reëchoed from the bluffs. He heard a cry, "Ware, all! They 're getting at their guns. They 've hand-guns amongst 'em!" and the rogues broke

back again. But one man was lying along the piling, and another sat down slowly with his hand to his breast. "I 'm hit," he said. "I 'm done for!" and he leaned back against a post; and all at once he gave a great gasp and his lips fell apart, and the side of his jacket was wet and red.

Kregier laid the trumpeter safe in the stern of the yawl, then climbed up to the wharf, and taking Mynheer Van Sweringen in his strong arms, sprang back with him into the rolling boat, and fell with a crash on the thwart. "Hurry, there, boy!" he cried. "They are coming!"

But Barnaby stood looking back at the sailor on the landing. The rogue had crumpled down upon one side, with his hands upon his breast and his head on the earth. The boy's face was very white.

"Hurry, there!" cried Kregier. "Quick, there! Hurry, boy!" for two men were coming down the landing, running doggedly together.

One was tall and gaunt, the other short and heavy. The short man's head was tied up in a handkerchief, but the taller villain wore a hat, the broad, flapping brims of which were tied up with leather thongs.

"By glory!" he cried. "They are taking the yawl! They are making off with the yawl!"

But the other gave a hoarse gasp.

"There standeth the gromet himself. Look out for the boat; I 'll tend to the boy. I 'll give it to him!"

Barnaby turned with a cry, and leaped down into the yawl: it was Captain John King and Jack Glasco, the

master's mate. He cast off the line; the boat swung round; the tide was running out. "They are off, by glory!" he heard King shout; and then, with an angry cry, John King sprang from the wharf above, and after him the master's mate.

One instant Barnaby saw the red soles of their shoes flashing downward through the air, and their loose pea-jackets flapping like wild, inadequate wings; then down into the water they came with a tremendous splash, scarce a yard from the stern of the yawl. Struggling forward as Kregier tugged madly at the oars, they plunged through the water, and caught the dripping gunwale.

The boat swung round, heeling down on her side, and the water rushed into her.

"Get the boy, Jack," cried King, "while I turn the cursed thing over!"

The master's mate made a desperate clutch at Barnaby across the gunwale. Barnaby raised the pistol and struck him fiercely with its butt.

"Oh," screamed the master's mate, "the gromet hath broken my skull!" Yet still he clung to the stern of the yawl like a bulldog.

"Hit him! Hit him! I cannot see to run the rogue through," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, groping blindly about the boat. "Where is he? Tell me where he is;" and he raised his rapier.

Directly in front of him Captain John King was clinging to the gunwale, glaring up into his blinded face with a visage distorted with hate.

"Ye pestilent, meddling ape!" cried King. "I 'll have my vengeance on ye!" And hanging with one hand against the tug of Kregier's rowing, he thrust the other into his breast and drew out a flint-locked pistol.

He tried to cock it with his thumb, but his hands were wet and his fingers slipped. Down went the hammer. A flash followed. Barnaby thought the charge was gone, but it was only a spatter of sparks at the pan.

With an inarticulate cry of rage, King bit at the cock with his teeth, and clenching them fast on the wing of the hammer, drew it back to the full.

"Take that!" he cried, and thrust the weapon straight at Mynheer Van Sweringen's breast.

With a desperate left-handed clutch, Barnaby caught the picaroon's wrist, and, throwing his weight upon it, at the same time brought down the butt of his pistol upon King's head with all the strength that was in his right arm.

As he struck there was a spurt of flame and a roaring crash in his ears. In a blind smother of powder-smoke and of burning woolen stuffs, he felt a ripping stab of pain tear through his nearer shoulder, and a stunning shock like the blow of a cudgel benumbed his whole left arm.

Choking for breath, he cried out bitterly, caught the arm with his other hand, and let the empty pistol fall into the water at his feet.

John King's fingers slipped nervelessly from their hold. He made as if to clap them to his broken head; but all

his senses seemed knocked into a daze, and he could not guide his hands.

He stood a moment, reeling with the motion of the water; then, slowly wavering to and fro, dropped forward on his face, his hands outstretched before him, as limp as a floating weed, and slowly sank out of sight beneath the eddy behind the boat. The master's mate was plunging back to shore in frantic haste.

Then the yawl came away with a jump, and the fugitives felt they were safe at last.

CHAPTER XXVII

AFTER THE FIGHT

TIERCK VAN RUYN was silently rocking to and fro in the bow of the boat, his hands clasped to his side, and his face white with pain; Albert the Trumpeter lay in a swoon propped up against the forward gunwale; Mynheer Van Sweringen was bathing his face in the water over the side of the yawl; and Barnaby, with a sick heart, sat crouching in the stern. Kregier rowed as if he were mad; his eyes shone like pale sparks, and as he rowed he cried out, "Ach, the cowards, the treacherous cowards!" But Barnaby's left arm hung limp and numb, and he felt queer and sick.

The wind had begun to blow and the fog to lift. Across the inlet he could see whitecaps under the fog. By times the boat ran through a clear space, then into the mist again. As they were running through the fog, aimless and bewildered, with the water washing up and down among the stretches, rolling the empty pistols about, and breaking over the trumpeter's legs, a whistle sounded overhead, as of a reeved rope in a block, and down from the fog, as if out of the clouds, dropped the long sound of a weary yawn.

As if bewitched by that long-drawn yawn, the wind caught up the fog, tore it into wreaths of unsubstantial vapor, half condensed and half dispersed it, drove it shoreward, lifted it, parted it into ragged dimness, and, obscurely glimmering over their heads, a gray shape started through the mist, took form, found shape, sprang higher, higher, broadened, darkened, gathered substance, and there beside them in the stream, substantial and serene, with the sunlight through the broken clouds falling like gold upon her rigging and gilding her rail like a line of flame, lay the broad-beamed herring-buss, the *Bonte Koe.*

"Ahoy!" shouted Kregier. "Ahoy! the *Bonte Koe!*"

"Ahoy thyself!" said a quiet voice, and the skipper looked over the taffrail. "What seek ye of the *Bonte Koe?*" he asked, and then he suddenly stared. "By the holy *polepel!*" he gasped, and let his long pipe fall.

All that Barnaby remembered then was a hurry-scurry overhead, and a line of faces staring down; and when the wounded trumpeter and Tierck Van Ruyn had been taken aboard in a sail, and he himself was being swung up in a sling, he heard Mynheer Van Sweringen say, with an odd, quavering laugh: "Well, Skipper, I said we would come aboard—and here we have come aboard!"

Then they were under way and off—just how the boy could scarce have told. There was a rush of water along the lee side, the vessel heeled, and he was thrown face downward in the scuppers. There he lay for a moment, crying; for the pain was great, and no one came to help

him. Then, partly raising himself with one arm, he was leaning against the bulwarks, biting his lips and sobbing silently to himself, when Mynheer Van Sweringen came up the deck with his head bound in a cloth.

"What 's this?" he asked, and his hasty voice was oddly sharp. "Art hit? My soul, lad, have the dirty villains shot thee?" for he perceived the pattering line of drops that ran across the deck. A moment more, and Barnaby lay on a bunk in the after cabin.

The trumpeter, white and hollow-eyed, was stretched upon a mattress, and Tierck Van Ruyn, with eyes like a ghost's, was leaning against a bulkhead, sipping at a cup of brandy. Swiftly ripping Barnaby's sleeve to where the pistol charge had torn its way through the arm just below the shoulder, Van Sweringen examined the wound. "My lad, my lad!" he said, "and thou hast taken this hurt for me, who have but used thee for a tool!" Then his voice choked and he said no more. But he knotted his handkerchief under the boy's arm until the blood ceased flowing, and washed the wound with cold water and a bit of fine, white soap, and having rubbed it gently with an ointment, laid raveled tow about it, bound it up in a linen bandage, and set the arm in a sling.

When he cut away the shirt-sleeve from the wound, Barnaby bit his lips, for the sleeve clung, and the pain was keen; but the bullet had gone right in and out, and there were no bones broken, so there was neither probing nor setting to be done. The sharp, cold smart of the

water and the benumbing ache of it left the lad feeling a bit more comfortable for a while.

But the cabin was close and hot, so that Van Sweringen took him out to the deck, and sat with him where the cooling wind might blow across his face. Barnaby now was turning faint and was growing exceeding thirsty. It seemed as if he could never get enough cool water to drink, although Van Sweringen brought a crockful and set it upon the deck with a pannikin beside it, and helped him constantly.

The burning thirst grew all day long, and by night Barnaby's throat seemed like a parched rush. He could not fall asleep. The air of the close cabin was smothering, and the pain of his arm was so bitter keen that sleep was impossible. He got up from the flock-bed on the floor where he had been lying, and started out into the waist, staggering dizzily as he went. He was quite unable to steady himself, although he had lived so long at sea, and losing his balance, would have fallen headlong had not a strong arm slipped about his waist and supported him. Mynheer Van Sweringen, seeing him rise, had arisen and followed him out to the deck. "Is it so bad?" he asked. "Tut, I am sorry! Let 's see what I can do."

He helped Barnaby across the deck, and set him against the bulwarks in the folds of an old sail, fetched the crock of water, and wet the bandage through until Barnaby heaved a sigh of relief. Then the envoy washed the lad's hot face, threw back his long hair from his forehead, gave him a deep, refreshing drink of water

from the scuttle-butt, and, sitting down beside him, "There," he said, "that is better; now I will bide with thee."

By times Barnaby dozed, but ever waked again, for his arm was aching sorely. For the most he sat staring over the sea with the salt wind in his face. It was long until morning, he thought; the night grew hotter and hotter, until by the hurry of the blood in his veins he knew that the heat was fever. This increased as the night went on, and his mind began to stray; he talked swiftly, sometimes incoherently, to Van Sweringen, telling him all that there was to tell of his life and its wandering:

"My father was a captain with the king. He rode with Rupert, Prince Rupert of the Rhine, and afterward served in Scotland until the king went down. Then he lay hid in Buckinghamshire, nigh upon his old home, first in one place, then another. All the old estate was gone in the ruin of the kingdom; he had saved his household goods alone; they lay concealed in London under cover of friends, for he knew a-many Roundheads, sir, and was great cronies with some—Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Desborough, St. John, and Harry Vane. But ever things grew worse. 'God hath forsaken us,' he said, and giving up hope, he had made up his mind to fly to America, where he had already bought him an estate before the troubles began. Our stuff was stowed aboard a ship, and we were bound to join her, when of a sudden arose a great outcry that the king was coming again. A little, all was joyous; we rode our horses through the towns; they had

me cry, 'God save the king!' in every village green. Then began wild rumors of Sir Arthur and the rest, on whom the authorities sought to lay hold for treason to the king. One night, as we stopped at our lodgings in a tavern by Primrose Hill, a man came galloping up from the south with his drawn sword shining in his hand. His horse was lathered with clay and foam, and as he drew rein at the horse-block which stood before the tavern, the rider called out in a most piteous voice, 'Harry Lee! Harry Lee! In God's name, are ye here?'

"My father ran to the window, asking, 'Who comes here, in the dead of night, calling Harry Lee in the name of God?'

"When the man on horseback saw him—it was a brilliant moonlit night— he cried, 'I am Sir George Levering, Harry, and our dog hath had his day: they are seeking me out to slay me; save me, if you are a true friend.'

"Then my father ran for the stable-men, and we were up and away through the moonlight as hard as our horses could gallop.

"Our ship was to wait off Shoreham town until we came aboard, and we galloped by Twickenham Ferry until our horses could run no more. The next day we lay hid in a hayrick, and at nightfall were off again through Surrey, aiming for Shoreham. The chase was hard after us. Twice we saw them over the hills, sparkling in the sun, but gave them the slip, and all day long went galloping toward the south. We came into Shoreham in the night. I was asleep in father's arms. A fisherman's

boat took us out to the ship, and we were all ready to sail, when Master Levering went ashore to sell his horse, needing the money for it. Father went with him into the town to sell our horses also. They said they would quickly return; but oh, master, he never came back!

"How it came we never knew, but they fell upon the two in Shoreham. We saw them running down the street and come to a stand in the market-place. We could hear the pistols going and see the fisher-people run. Then two men went down on their faces, and one was creeping away on his knees from where my father and Levering stood. There followed a parley, but no good came of it, for I saw father wave his sword in defiance, the people began to fire again, and the swirling smoke filled the market-place. By and by they stopped shooting. The smoke blew away. The people came out of their houses once more, and stood in the market-place all day; and when the day was ended, and it had begun to grow twilight, a boat came rowing from shore with constables and a lantern. When they came near the ship they shouted out. I did not understand what they said; but some one shouted back at them from the poop-deck over my head, and warned them off at their peril, or the ship would fire upon them. Yet the wherry kept on coming, and the constables dared them to fire. Some one gave a terrible curse and fired over the rail. There was a horrible scream; the lantern went out, for the man who held it fell into the sea. The ship slipped her cables and ran, and I never saw my father again, nor knew where they

buried him. Will ye give me another drink, sir? The talking makes the mouth dry."

Then he sat back silently a moment, watching the brown sails flap and fill. "All that came after that, master, is like a horrible dream. I was treated decently enough until we came to the Chesapeake. Then they drove me below with kicks and curses, and all I saw of the Maryland shore was a glimpse of the bluff at St. Mary's which I caught through an unstopped hawsehole.

"To what came after that, sir, all that had gone before was child's play; it went from bad to worse, and I might never win ashore, no matter how I tried. I ha' prayed I might die, but I did not die; I sought to fly, but might not; and now when I ha' succeeded at last, ye be going to send me back. Oh, do not send me back again! Master, I would rather die than go back to that festering ship!"

Van Sweringen laid his hand upon Barnaby's shoulder. "Thou shalt never go back to those villains while there is a roof over my house," he said. "My home shall be thy home, my kindred thy kindred; and thou shalt be no more abused."

Then he sat with the boy and cheered him until the morning dawned, and cared for him all day as a soldier cares for his comrade; and when night came again, and Barnaby tossed helplessly on the cushion, and could not rest from the constant motion of the ship, Van Sweringen held him, the boy's head on his shoulder. and so steadied

him, that he might have some respite from pain, taking no sleep himself, nor leaving the boy except to fetch something to comfort him. It began to come into Barnaby's mind, in spite of the pain he was in, that there is kindness in the world as well as cruelty, and that a face which is stern may sometimes cover a gentle heart.

On the night of the sixth day they came to New Amsterdam. Mynheer Van Sweringen and Barnaby went ashore in a fisherman's yawl.

When they had come up and into the fort, the envoy beat upon the house door with his sword handle. When the serving-man opened the door, the ambassador stepped in quickly, bringing Barnaby before him through the little entry to a room where the women were busily sewing about a table. Van Sweringen's head was still tied up, and Barnaby's arm was in a sling. "Hola!" cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, "are we not welcome home?"

Laughing, they all looked up to greet him; but the laugh died on their lips. "Oh, Gerrit, they have slain thee!" cried Mevrouw Van Sweringen, clasping her hands to her breast.

"Nay, Barbara," he answered, "I am not slain; neither slain nor murdered. They have only a little spoiled my beauty. A haughty spirit hath found its fall. They have broken my obdurate head with a stone by St. Mary's meadows. They have broken only my head; but they would have broken thine heart, had it not been for this English rogue that risked his life for mine. For the sacrifice he willingly gave I can offer no recompense, yet

I can and will and here do give him an heritage of honesty and honor. I may have lost some of my beauty, but in its place I have found me a son."

Dorothy sprang to her feet. "A son, father!" she cried. "Then he is my brother! Oh, I have so wanted a brother! How I shall tend to him!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

DOROTHY AND BARNABY

TEND to him she assuredly did, as though she had been his mother.

She made a fine linen shirt for him, woven of flax she herself had spun; scraped him peppers to eat on his meat, baked him earth-apples, brown as old stones, which grew under the earth like turnips, but which, when done in the ashes, burst and were full of a sweet white meal; she parched for him nuts which grew in the ground in shells with tails to them; and one evening when he was feeling depressed, she made him a little brass pot full of chocolate, fixed a dish of garden greens and spice, upon a porcelain tray, and toasting a fresh rusk crisp and brown, buttered it with butter she had churned that afternoon. And as he sat by the table eating, sipping the chocolate, munching the crackling crust of the rusk, and bit by bit growing more comfortable, she sat and watched him with a smile on her lips and a gentle light in her sparkling eyes.

At first Barnaby found it hard to understand this kindness. He had for so long been accustomed to cruelty that he suspected even gratitude of concealing malice,

and had grown so familiar with continual abuse that when a kindly thing was done him or a gentle hand laid but a moment, in passing, upon his bended shoulder, a strange, questioning look came over his face, a look sad to see on the face of a boy, from all it made evident. Sympathy is a beautiful thing if one but understand it; but Barnaby did not understand. How could he?

One morning as he sat by the doorway, thinking, he heard in the hallway behind him the girl's light footfall coming through the house, and turning, saw that she came with a fresh white bandage for his arm. She had on a pair of wooden shoes, which she wore for every day, and her skirts rustled softly as she came through the entry. With the white, long bandage fluttering over her arm, and her gentle face, she looked like a sister of mercy. "Come," she said, "and be put to rights; my mother hath sent me to fix thee."

Rising, he went as she pointed and sat in a chair beside the inner window. Under the window were roses in bloom on a trellis, filling the air with their perfume. Now and then a white pigeon sailed across the sky. "Slip thine arm out of the sling," she said, "and rest thy wrist on the sill here while I roll up thy sleeve. There, that will do nicely." Doffing the old bandage with gentle quickness, she took up a small green jar of ointment and from it skilfully anointed his swiftly healing wound. Her sleeves were but to her elbows, and her wrists were supple and strong, though slender; her fingers were slim, but sure and firm, the touch of them light and dexterous. She

"SWIFTLY AND DEFTLY SHE BOUND UP THE ARM."

wore a dandelion or two thrust through her yellow hair, and her graceful bearing was very sweet, with a grave young dignity. Her eyes glowed with interested concern as swiftly and deftly she bound up the arm and smoothed the bandage down. Then, with head upon one side, she critically looked her handiwork over, and as she tucked the last loose end of the bandage into its place, "There, lad, that will do better," she said, with pretty pride.

There was a little black-framed looking-glass hanging beside the window-casing. Barnaby sat watching the girl's reflection in it. Her gown was blue and white, which made her eyes look bluer; her elbow-sleeves were bordered with a narrow fringe of lace; her hair was gathered back into a little coil upon her neck, like a skein of twisted silk; the dandelions in her hair seemed golden stars; there was dew in them still, and their split stems, cool and saturated with water, curled and twisted through her shining hair like small coils of pale green wax.

The faces of the Dutch girls in the town were pink, white, and quietly sweet as the vervain in the garden, but her face was aglow with the French blood in her veins; and where the others were short and broad, though no doubt prettily plump, she was slim and lithe as a reed in a stream, and somehow seemed to partake of the cool, fresh clearness of the brooks. Though as yet scarcely more than a child, her steadiness and dignity made her seem almost a woman.

The boy watched her silently, reflected in the glass, his

eyes held by the pose of her head and the deftness of the swift, slim fingers going so expertly under and over the bandage. While he was watching, the girl looked up, and her eyes met his in the mirror. She smiled and nodded in good-fellowship. Barnaby dropped his eyes with a guilty sense of having taken advantage of her not knowing that he watched her as she cared for him.

Doubling a fresh kerchief, she slipped it under his wrist and made it fast about his neck. "There," said she, as she gently settled his arm to its place, "thou art fine as a fiddle-string."

"You are very good to me," he said, turning his face away. "Why are ye so good to me? Surely there is naught I can do for you."

She looked at him in astonishment. "Why," she said, "what needst thou do? Hast not saved my father's life? I have not forgotten that, if thou hast!"

"Before that you were good to me."

"Thou wast ill then, and hungry, not strong, but weak with fever, and thou hadst been cruelly beaten."

"What was it to you if I had?"

"Why, then, perhaps, nothing at all," she said, "more than it was to any one; no more than this, which is enough: there was none else to care."

"But why should you care?" he said sharply, turning to look straight in her face. "I am English, and you are Dutch."

With flushed cheeks she straightened up and looked at him. "Why, what dost thou mean?" she asked.

"Thou art English and I Dutch? What hath that to do with liking? Doth being born on different spots make any difference? Is not kindness the same in the Netherlands as it is in your country of England? My father says that the English and the Dutch are as like as two peas; and surely, where there is such likeness there should be kindness also, for kindness groweth out of men's hearts, and not, like cabbage-heads, out of the ground. Some men, forsooth, may be cabbage-heads and know not kindness. Cabbage-heads are cabbage-heads; it is not the garden where they grow that makes the difference; 't is by nature men are kind, and not by geography. Dost think that because I am partly Dutch I may not wholly like thee? Why, I put my liking where I choose, and hate where I 've a mind to; and if thou dost imagine that I cannot care, because that some silly people say I may not, then I call thee foolish. I like thee, and I 'll tell thee of it, for that is having my own sweet will, and I am not to be stopped of that by thee nor anybody else; I 'll do as I please, and not ask thy permission. I like thee, and I tell thee so; thou art a gentle lad, courteous and delightful. I like thee. What 's more, thou shalt like me. So there, enough. If I say aught offendeth thee, then I am sorry of it; but I have said what I have to say, and of that I am not sorry. I have done with it; so!"

She stood up, breathless, flushed, and charming in her impetuous earnestness, slender and graceful in her girlish pride, one dandelion, fallen from her hair, nodding over her glowing ear.

Barnaby took her hand in his. The lad's heart was full; yet how to show his gratitude, being grateful beyond expression, he did not know. He looked at her; she was facing him with quiet earnestness. He stooped and kissed her on the cheek as simply as a child.

She flushed a trifle. "That was prettily done," she said, with quiet dignity. "Some would call thee malapert, and be offended; but I shall not so mistake thee, and thank thee heartily. Thou art an earnest, honest, sensible lad, and I do honor thee; I would rather have thee brother to me than forty Derrick Storms."

A hot tear hurried down his cheek.

"Don't think it shame of me," he said; "but you have been more kind to me than all the world before."

"Fie on the horrid world!" she said, and stamped her little wooden shoe. "I 'll fetch thee in a sugar-cake, and fie upon the world!" So she fetched him in a sugar-cake with twelve big raisins in it, and, besides the cake, three apples also, which he ate while she sat in the doorway and chattered: and so they soon grew to be very good friends.

It was wonderful how much she knew, how much she had seen and observed. She could speak and read fluently in English, French, and Dutch, and a little in Italian, although she did not like the Italian. "It seemeth all *m*'s, *o*'s, *l*'s, and *s*'s, as if it were sweet molasses," she said. "The French is prettier."

"But French ties knots in one's tongue," said he.

"Because thou art English," she answered. "The

English never talk good French; they make ugly faces, and wave their arms; but that is not talking French. I get my French from my mother; she was a Huguenot, who fled out of France for religion's sake; at least, her fathers did, as did those of Madame Stuyvesant, the Director-General's wife. So they two are friends; one needeth friends in a wild, new world like this. When we first came to America we lived in a hut with a roof of rushes, where the hops ran wild and the wild grapes grew as big as my finger-knuckle. I gathered acorns in the wood, for we were run short of meal; and the soldiers called me a fairy, because I was so fair and small. They do not call me fairy now; I have grown a deal since then. Often we heard the wolves at night, and sometimes the panthers screamed in the forest, and sniffed so loud at the smell of the cows that it made my hair stand up. And once a great eland came and whistled in at the window, and father shot it with his gun while it was chewing our cabbages; and again a bear came to steal cherries, and we children chased him with sticks. He growled and fumed, but he went away; we did not know he could bite. Thou shouldst have seen my mother's face when we told her how we beat him! Most men are like old Bruin: they growl and fume; but if one be positive, they learn to do as they are bid. Presently I will show thee how. Didst think because I coddle thee now that I shall ever do so? Thou dost not know what a contrary thing a little maid can be; one moment she taketh thine head off, the next moment putteth it back. She is like a very small dog

that hath splinters for teeth; she biteth fiercely, but doth not mean to hurt."

And so she chattered on. "Canst read a book?"

"Oh, yes," said Barnaby, "if the words be not as long as processions. I can read passing well; my father taught me. He taught me to sing also; but I do not sing well; even the footman said so."

She bade him tell her of the ship.

"Not for the world," he answered. "A French rogue out of the jails of Toulon was the worthiest of that crew!"

Then she asked him to tell her of England, but his memories were confused. So he told her of things he had seen upon the sea: dolphins swimming about the ship, sky-blue, with fins and tails like gold, turtles lying asleep on the waters, and sharks that followed after the ship. He told her tales that the sailors told, of how in Barbados the cannibals ate out of silver bowls as big as wash-hand-basins, sprinkled the walls of their houses with gold, and paved the streets with silver; and how, in Brazil, there was a river of vinegar. But he did not believe it all himself, nor ask her to believe it.

"Jan Roderigo, the Portingal, told me these tales upon his faith," said he, "that there was a sea within the tropics so full of fish that the ships went aground on them and small boats went on runners. But I do not believe the rogue; for the multitude of fish would soon swallow the water, and die for the lack of it; then there would be neither sea nor fish, only a dreadful smell; I trow it was

a fairy-tale. But I will not speak any more of it all; the ship was a horrible place. The sailors swore and drank and fought, and did whatever they pleased, and that was never anything good; and though sometimes some of them gave me things, the others always stole them, and I was not large enough to fight, so I had to take what came. The sailing-master sometimes took my part, and once he kicked the master's mate into a corner and told him to say his prayers; but the master's mate did not know any prayers, so the sailing-master kicked him head first through the panel of the door; and nobody ever mended it, so that the wind and the rain came in; and John King sat there, biting his nails, for he was afeard of the sailing-master. Scarlett was biggest and strongest of all the picaroons, and threw them around like ninepins when he got into one of his rages. But I do not like to think of it; I would I might forget!"

It seemed that he might indeed forget. His troubles went falling away one by one, like leaves from autumn trees. The Van Sweringens cared for him as if he had been of their blood; there was nothing could be done for him but they did it eagerly. With plenty to eat, of right good food, sleep enough, peaceful rest, and no more brutal treatment, he picked up health and strength apace. The color came into his cheeks, and his muscles began to fill.

In a fortnight's time he was well of his wound, and in fuller strength of body and limb than he had ever known before. His heart sprang up; the world grew bright before his eyes; he set himself forward to better days.

But there was one who did not love him, and that one was Derrick Storm. Nor would he be placated, nor entreated to abate his sullen wrath. "I tell thee I hate all Englishmen," he said, "nor will I ever do else. Were this one not thy brother, foster-kin of thy father, I would beat him until his bones cried. When I took him from the marsh I promised him a beating, and it gripes my heart that I may no longer give it him. Nay, the English are all rascals; I have made up my mind to it, and that is the ending of it. They may be quicker in the wit than the Dutch, but they are all the greater rascals for it. This one of thine is a pirate rogue, and I hate and despise him utterly. I have come but to say good-by to thee, for thou art never to see me again. I am going out on the Mohawk trail with Mynheer Van der Kloof."

He paused. Then he began again, not quite so steadily:

"I can lift the broken millstone and shoulder a quartern-sack of barley, and I do not think this boy can do either; yet he turneth a smooth and easy handspring; that I cannot do. I am too slow and too heavy, perhaps too dull; but I hate him none the less for that. Nay, don't plead; it matters nothing any more whether thou art pleased or no with what I say or do; nor am I ashamed of my quarrel. There will never be peace while two are left to shout, 'Up with the Orange!' and 'God save the King!' I am a Hollander, and shall be to the last day that I live, and he who will not fight the Eng-

lish is a coward. I will hate and fight them till I die, and, if God so willeth, after. As for thee, I have liked thee better than well, although thou art not all Dutch; and although thou dost turn like a whirligig from sharp to soft and from peace to war, I have never seen thy like; I do not think I ever shall. There, I have said all there is to say; thou shalt never see me again; we are going in twenty minutes. Good-by!"

She gave him her hand; he looked at her steadily, then awkwardly knelt and put her fingers to his lips.

"God keep thee!" she said.

He arose. "God keep us all!" he said. "Good-by!"

She watched him go out at the fort gate, half-blindly feeling his way, for his sullen eyes were brimming full, but his head was up and his sturdy shoulders were manfully braced. She was sitting erect, and her eyes were shining; a flush came up and died away across her passionate cheek. "A foolish, stubborn fellow," she said, "but not afraid to fight well, nor to fight fairly. I would folk need not fight; yet it seems they must. Nay, there; I should myself, with a right good will, for any good reasons."

So saying, she snapped her spun thread and, turning to the hour-glass, said: "Run, thou senseless, sandy globe; thou hast no heart nor care for any one, nor tears, nor laughter." Then she listened a moment to the sound in the streets, a noise of men's feet going away. "A foolish, stubborn, honest fellow," she repeated, "God keep him!" but she never saw Dirck Storm again.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RISING OF THE MOHEGANS

BUT though a little time of peace had come to Barnaby Lee, it was anything but a time of peace that had come to New Amsterdam.

On a morning at the end of July, between St. James's and St. Anne's days, when everything was so quiet that the city seemed asleep, when the mill-sails twirled in the sea-breeze, yet even they creaked softly, and the shadows of the eaves hung down like a cloak upon the walls, there came a crying out up the Bowery road, and a man white with dust came spurring his horse down the hill. "The savages have risen!" he cried, as he passed the city gate. "The Mohegans are up beyond Claverack, and are butchering the people!" He went spurring on, with his horse nearly falling under him from exhaustion.

There was hurrying in the streets, and crying in the houses; white-faced burghers came running out, shouting, and staring after the messenger as he lashed and urged his weary steed across the market-field to the fort.

Gerrit Van Sweringen gathered his cattle together as soon as the tidings reached him, left them in charge of his herders at a steading on Long Island, and galloping

to the ferry at the top of his horse's speed, crossed instantly to the town.

"Well come; well come!" cried Stuyvesant, as the envoy hurried in. "Well come, mynheer; we need thee again!" As he spoke he caught up his pistols and belt, and took down his sword from the armory. "What! hither, Joseph!" he shouted. "Fetch me my jacket and breast-piece; find me a strap for my steel cap; do not be so slow!"

Then, as he hurried to and fro, gathering his arms together and making ready for a journey, he continued: "Mynheer Van Sweringen, I have just had word from Kiliaen Van Rensselaer that the savages have arisen. Jan Tyssen Van de Langendyck, the trumpeter from Fort Orange, hath just come down by the Mohawk trail, bringing the news to me. The Mohegans beyond the Winterberg, set on by the English, have overrun the country east of Rensselaerwyck, have slaughtered the cattle at Greenbush, and falling on Claverack village, have burned the house of Abraham Staets, with his wife and two servants in it, have slain him and a neighboring farmer, whose name is not reported, and have plundered their boweries. The Mohawks have given them battle, but are repulsed with heavy slaughter, and the colonists at Fort Orange implore us for assistance, and for my advice and presence in these so great and sudden straits. Joseph," he called loudly, "Joseph, go tell the gunner to box me sixty firelock matches, to parcel me out some gun-flints, to load three hundred bandoleers and to hurry them all

down to the landing and give them in charge of Maet Seeu, the skipper of the *Trouw.*"

"Mynheer, I must go to Fort Orange," he said; "the colonists call and I cannot refuse. Yet I scarcely dare to go, though the need is imperative. A young man by the name of Lord hath brought me word from Boston that an English fleet is expected there, with troops and armament, to reduce this port to the English crown, and to seize New Netherland."

"What!" exclaimed Van Sweringen, "still harping upon that string? Why, Governor Charles Calvert himself assured me that there should be no invasions."

"Upon *his* part, he promised. This is not his part. King Charles hath granted the Duke of York the coast and all its islands, from Connecticut to Maryland."

"It is not his to grant."

"He will make it his if he can."

"But there is peace!"

"I told thee once to make thy breakfast on it. The English are determined to have these lands, by hook or by crook, fair means or foul."

"But thou wilt resist?"

"To the last; but, alack! with what resistance? They will bowl my garrison over like a row of toppling ninepins. We are a house divided against ourselves, mynheer; we cannot stand. The West India Company's credit is gone; they have lost thirty thousand guilders; the States-General will not hearken to me; the burghers will not obey me. Of fifteen hundred people here, not

one will lift his hand to render me assistance, or to aid in his own defense. Things which should have been done four months ago stand unfinished, as if it were a holiday instead of a day of judgment. I summoned the burgomeisters to fortify the city, requisitioned Rensselaerwyck for a loan of five thousand guilders, and sent to New Amstel for powder, if there were any powder there. On the heels of it comes a message from Amsterdam, from the Chamber of Deputies, saying that we need fear nothing at all from the Duke of York and his fleet; that it is but coming to set up the church of King Charles in the English colonies. Ach! the blind folly! Do they believe such tales? Even idiots and simpletons can see through a hole in a millstone. Nay, they do not believe it. Mynheer, they do not care; they would trade us off for three beaver-skins, or for a cargo of peppercorns."

"But, your Excellency, the burghers?"

"Pah! they believe what the deputies say: 'There is no danger; 't is peace,' and go back to their dirty trading. They will neither furnish me money nor men, nor will they fortify the city. Van Rensselaer too hath refused me the loan; and New Amstel hath sent us no powder. We shall be taken like rats in a trap; what dost think of this?"

"If I were to say what I think of it," replied Van Sweringen, "I should burn the end of my tongue. What will ye do?"

"'T is not what will I do, but what must I do," said Stuyvesant, bitterly. "I must go to Fort Orange, what-

ever impend; their need is immediate. With God be the rest; his will be done!"

"Amen! Is there aught I can do?"

"Is there aught? Indeed, yes. Canst go with me to Fort Orange? Somebody must go to share the command; but there is nobody left to go: Kregier is on Long Island, Dirck Smidt on the Esopus; I have no one to aid me unless thou wilt."

"Then will I," replied Van Sweringen, and laid his hand on his sword. "I will go where the colony calls."

"Well spoken; well done!" said Stuyvesant. "I can say no more, mynheer; there is no time for parleying; we must be off at the turn of the morning tide."

At daybreak, with the turning tide, they were off for the frontier, and at their backs went forty men, one half the garrison, soldiery used to hard campaigning, who never grumbled nor flinched, but only smoked their pipes the more when the food ran short, and would fight like forty demons.

When they were gone, New Amsterdam fell back to her daily round as if the blue hills in the north were barriers of peace.

The mill-sails twirled in the summer wind, and the shadows of the eaves seemed fallen asleep on the walls. From morn till night the days ran by in sweet tranquillity. All day the rose-cheeked girls, with gray eyes as bright as their water-jars of gleaming brass, came and went from the market-field well, beyond the old fort gate; the little Dutch boys trotted by, along the dusty roads,

with whirligigs of paper made from their daily exercises, or thrashed blue tops through peaceful lanes in grave serenity. The snow-white linen bleached on the grass by the pond upon the hill; the fruit-trees whispered over the roofs, and dropped blue windfalls on the tiles; among the quiet houses in the purlieus of the town the sunlit gardens basked in plenitude. Thus the untroubled time sped by.

A fortnight passed, so calm, so fair, so careless and serene, that the burghers of New Amsterdam, with all their apprehensions lulled, put by their ancient fears. Trouble seemed a stranger, peril remote, war impossible. The rivers went whispering out to the sea, the bay lay blue before the town, bright as with a myriad dancing sword-blades; the busy little city went its busy little way, and the summer sun lay over it all, a flood of golden glory.

But on the night of the 15th of August, at the close of a long, hot day, as Barnaby Lee sat in the windmill loft, with his feet dangling carelessly over the sill, the herring-boat of Cors Roelandsen, the deep-sea fisherman, came in from the grounds off Sandy Hook like a crippled water-beetle.

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the bay lay smooth as oil, the water glowing in the dusk like a mirror of polished copper.

The boat crept slowly in to the anchorage, a black, laggard hulk, for the crew were working her in with sweeps, and a herring-boat is heavy. Two men were

pulling on one side, and one upon the other. The two would pull a long, slow stroke, and then rest upon their oars, that they might not too much out-pull their mate who was pulling alone against them. Cors Roelandsen lay in the stern of his boat with a cruelly broken head.

As soon as their weary tongues could speak, the fishermen told their story.

They had been taken by an English ship, which they judged to be a privateer, as they lay on the fishing-ground. Their net had been cut to pieces, their fish taken from them. "And ye see what they did unto me," said Cors, with the blood running down his cheek. "Well, they said I might deem it a mercy that they did not cut my throat! They are coming to take New Amsterdam. The Duke of York's fleet is behind them; the admiral's ship of thirty-six guns is lying at anchor in Nyack Bay; the vice-admiral's ship of forty-two guns is coming from Gardiner's Point, and with her comes the rear-admiral's ship and a transport of sixteen guns, with three companies of the King's soldiers, and volunteers from Virginia. They say they will take Fort Amsterdam and tear the town into shreds!"

CHAPTER XXX

NEW AMSTERDAM BESIEGED

A WISE man, long since dead, has said that life and liberty when safe are very little thought of, because they are taken as matters of course; but let them be once endangered, and they are instantly overrated. At sight of the blood on Cors Roelandsen's face, and by the intelligence he bore, New Amsterdam was awakened as if by a thunderclap, and all the town seemed instantly taken by frenzied dismay.

The arms of the windmill were made fast, so that they stood erect like a cross, a warning to the entire countryside that the enemy was at hand; and Jochem Hart, on the fastest horse from Mynheer Van Cortlandt's stable, was despatched in a flying cloud of dust up the trail into the wilderness, his steel cap glancing over the hill-tops, lit by the fading gleam of the sky. "Return, in God's name," was the message he bore; "the enemy is upon us!" And far away in the troubled north was the sturdy old patriot Peter Stuyvesant.

Then the burghers climbed to their roofs, and stood upon the gables, staring away toward Nyack, where the English frigate lay, or wrung their trembling hands and

walked the streets in impotent despair. The throngs in the crowded taverns, with black bottles and hot schnapps, grew loud with patriotic rage and thick, tremendous tones, calculated to fill a foe with dread, if he could only hear them. But it was seven miles to Nyack, and the foe remained unaffrighted. At dawn the frigate's topsails hung against the southern sky, a little patch of orange in a mist of smoky rose and ashes, without a sound or motion, like a mute, unspoken threat.

Six days of dumb dismay sped by; it seemed that they would never end. Then the Director-General came. There was a crying out at the landing-place, a running in the streets; the fort blazed bright with torches. Stuyvesant was come.

"Oh, the time that is lost—the golden, precious time!" he groaned. "It will never come back—no, never, never!" and he wrung his strong brown hands. He had come down by yacht from Fort Orange, leaving Van Sweringen behind him, battling with the Mohegans in the forest beyond Beverwyck.

Before another night came, the entire English fleet lay at anchor off New Utrecht. News came in as thick and fast as rain upon the roof. Deeds transpired faster.

The burgomeisters were convened; the Nine were called into council; spies were sent by sea and land to Milford and Westchester. Dirck Helleyne, the woodman, with his two half-breed sons, was sent as far east as the Duke's trees, though that was no station then, to apprehend any English who might be lurking in the forest. Stuyvesant

sent to the villages on the west end of Long Island, asking their assistance. But the villagers replied that they could not leave their families to the mercy of the English, nor their homes to be destroyed by flames; he might have no assistance from them. Jan Van der Grift, the corporal, who had gone to Jamaica and Flatbush, came back dripping from head to foot, and with blood upon his clothing; he had been set upon by the English at Flatbush, beaten, stunned, and thrown into the horse-pond. "The farmers have been forbidden," he said, "to furnish either supplies or aid to the fort, on pain of having their property plundered, and their houses burned over their heads!" Hearing which, Derrick Jansen, the blacksmith, went and hanged himself in his stable, for fear of being slain by the English. That night, Claes Verkaeck, the coast-trader, was taken, with his sloop and its crew, by a troop from an English frigate, as he was coming up from Achter Koll.

Thereupon Stuyvesant sent a commission to inquire of the English what they meant by these violent deeds, and by their presence without permission in waters ruled by the Dutch.

To this the English commander, Colonel Richard Nicolls, a man of stately presence and a fair, open face, replied in blunt, soldierly terms that he was come to reduce the port to the English crown, in the name of King Charles of England, and of James, Duke of York, to whom the province was granted. He demanded the immediate surrender of Fort Amsterdam and the town.

Stuyvesant protested, in the name of the States-General, that the King of England had no right to grant New Netherland to the Duke of York, or to any one, nor to send armed ships against her; that the Dutch had bought the country, and had held it for forty years; that England and the Netherlands were at peace one with the other; that his orders were to continue in and to maintain that peace, and that, on his soul, before God and man, he would maintain that peace, by force of arms and very war, while he had a man left who could stand to a gun, or one stone upon another; and in case that Richard Nicolls did by force of arms, being strong, in any wise molest or seek to dispossess the Dutch, it would be an act of unjust violence and a breach of the treaty of peace solemnly sworn and agreed to by his Majesty, King Charles. As for himself, he feared nothing but what a just and merciful God should see fit to lay upon him; and that, by God's grace, in the olden time, a small force, armed with right, had more than once prevailed against the armies of the mighty in the wrong; and to Colonel Richard Nicolls, ay, or to any other, he absolutely denied the right of King Charles II of England to send forces against New Amsterdam.

Colonel Nicolls at once replied that he came not to argue King Charles's rights, nor to consider the claims of the Dutch; he cared not whether they had or had not either title or right to the province; he left such quibbles to the King, and simply obeyed his orders. "Had his Majesty bade me take Amsterdam, in the heart of Hol-

land," he said, "I should not have made a scruple about undertaking the business: I leave the justification of my doings to my masters. I am sent to reduce New Amsterdam, and I shall certainly do so; ye may tell your governor this, sirs, with my compliments!"

Then Peter Stuyvesant walked the floor, with his hands so clenched that his finger-nails cut into his palms; by times his head was lifted up and his eyes seemed on fire; by times his chin sank into his breast: for he was in desperate straits.

He had only ninety soldiers, though he had ordered in his outposts; and there were neither trained artillerymen nor gunners, save one, in the fort. The fort itself had been built merely as a retreat against savages, and never had been calculated to withstand the assault of a disciplined army. It mounted but twenty-four cannon, some of them only demi-cartoons, and was unprotected by palisades or ditches anywhere. Its walls were no more than a bank of earth some eight or ten feet high, commanded on the north and west at less than pistol-shot by hills so high that from their tops could be seen the feet of the men in the fort and on the floors of the corner-bastions. And more, the fort walls were almost encircled by dwellings which overtopped them, and the cellars from these buildings ran to within a rod of the fort, which could thus, with little trouble, at once be galled by a cross-fire, escaladed and captured, or undermined and blown up.

Both sides of the city lay open; the cannon of the Eng-

lish fleet could rake it from face to face; and its only protection on the north side, in event of a land attack, was an unfinished palisade, already half rotten, which could not have stopped a goat.

There was little hope of sustaining a siege, none at all of withstanding a storm; yet Peter Stuyvesant made up his mind that he would defend the town.

"If Fort Amsterdam and the city fall, the colony is lost; how then shall I have fulfilled my trust? Nay, I will stand the assault," he said, and forthwith sought to bring into play every practical means of defense; for though he knew all hope of the sort to be futile, he still hoped against hope for relief, still hoped that the right might in some wise prevail, and, for the sake of his duty and his honor, as he saw them, he prepared to defend the city.

He summoned the burgomeisters, and demanded a loan of five thousand guilders, giving for security a mortgage upon his cannon. He collected bundles of willow withes and osiers from the marshes, and summoning the basket-makers from the neighboring village of Haarlem, set them to weaving gabions with which to establish a wall upon the crest of the seaward rampart, to protect his artillerymen from musket and harquebus fire. A squad from the garrison fetched earth from the fields to fill and to bank the gabions as fast as the weavers finished them. Every third man from the city was summoned to work on the palisade; new guards were set at the town gate; a breastwork was begun.

New Amsterdam Besieged

The fortifications were pushed forward with desperate energy. Men who had seldom sweat before ran streams of perspiration as they labored in the trenches or wrought on the palisade. The odor of freshly cut cedar and the smell of the swampy ground, which the trench and the breastwork traversed, filled the city from end to end.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

MEANWHILE the vessels of the English fleet had anchored below the Narrows, cutting off all communication between the North River and the sea. The squadron consisted of four ships, carrying ninety-four guns among them, and three companies of the king's regulars, perhaps four hundred and fifty men, to which were now added militia from New Haven and Long Island who had joined the attacking squadron at Nyack. The English colonial governors from Virginia to Maine had been summoned to furnish both vessels and men to assist in reducing New Netherland; but, as yet, one vessel only had come, that one from Maryland, a privateer, manned by a cutthroat-visaged crew, and aught but respectable. Reinforcements, both horse and foot, were flocking in by land from the northern colonies, eager to storm Fort Amsterdam and to give the town over to pillage, New Amsterdam being the richest port upon the Atlantic coast.

There was lying in the harbor a little trading-vessel, which carried a battery of ten small ship's guns, and a crew of no more than fifteen men. Her skipper, Derrick

Jacobsen De Vries, brother to a brave Dutch admiral renowned for his gallantry, petitioned the burgomeisters that they let him go out to fight the Englishmen.

"Their whole fleet?" they cried.

"I have not much choice; I can only meet them as they come," he replied.

"Why, man, thou art mad!" they said.

"What if I am?" said Derrick De Vries. "Give me powder and men to handle my ship while my crew and I fight, and we shall give an account of ourselves."

"You have only ten cannon, small *gotelingen;* their admiral's vessel has thirty-six guns."

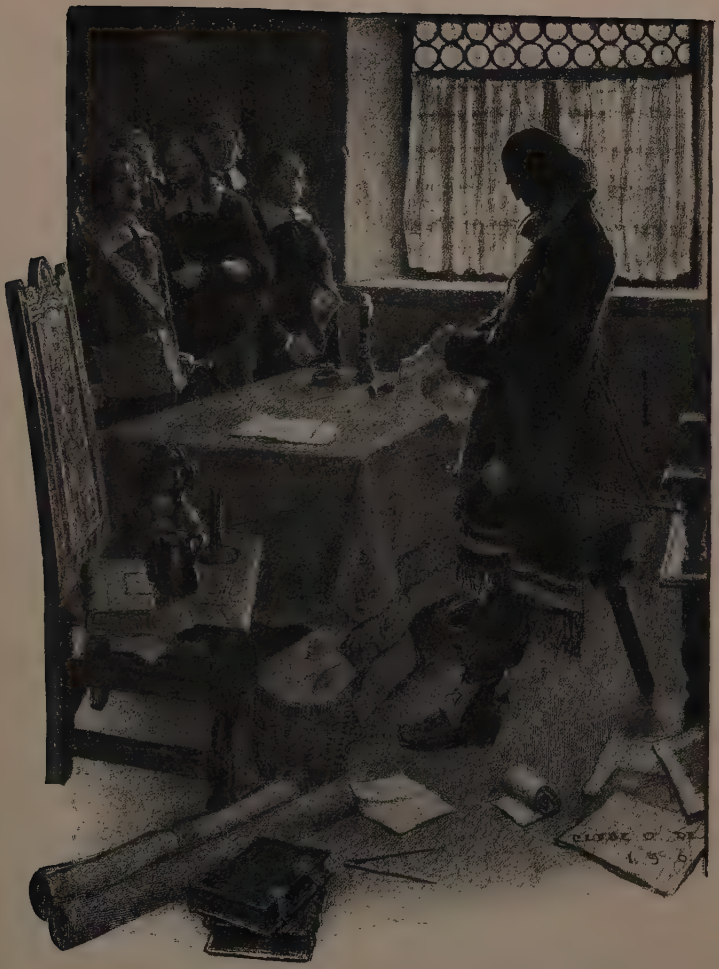
"Then I must fire mine thrice as fast as the admiral fires his. That is not much of a job," said De Vries. "The English are very slow. And we need reckon only eighteen guns, for half of them will be pointed to the opposite side, and we shall not be there. If I remain in your harbor I shall be taken, at any rate. I would rather blow up in the air, mynheeren, than stay here to be caught like a cow in the mud. If I could send the admiral to supper with Jan Codfish I should die with more glory than ever was won peddling skins and cheeses."

But they would not let the brave fellow go. Instead, they began to lose courage as they counted over the desperate odds against the city, and began to ponder in their hearts what terms they might get from the English.

Now when Colonel Richard Nicolls first demanded the surrender of the city, he accompanied the summons with

an alluring proclamation designed to influence toward surrender all who were predisposed to peace or at all inclined to preserve themselves at the expense of a colony, and in this proclamation guaranteed to the inhabitants safe possession of their property, their lives and livelihoods, on condition that they submit to English rule and take the king's oath of allegiance.

John Winthrop of Connecticut, who was with the English fleet, wrote also to Stuyvesant and to the Burgomeisters' Council, strongly recommending a surrender, indeed, advising it. But Stuyvesant was determined to stand for honor and duty's sake, and fearing that these easy terms, and the very prospect of safety, would undermine what courage still existed in the town, and dissuade the timorous burghers from their showing of defense, sent neither the proclamation nor letter to the Council, and when they demanded the English terms, refused to make them known. The burgomeisters in council demanded the English conditions: "We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender," they said. "It is *our* lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city. We would willingly risk our lives, your Excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success; but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be the sheerest madness. We came here to settle, to build, to trade, to profit, and to thrive, and not to fight the English."



"'ARE YE ALL STARK DEAD TO HONOR? SHAME ON YOU, SHAME!' HE EXCLAIMED."

"And would ye turn your very coats for profit," cried the angry Director-General, "are ye all stark dead to honor? Shame on you, shame!" he exclaimed. He struck one man across the mouth, who insisted upon submission.

"Cowards," he cried, "cowards!" and the furious froth from his mouth ran down on his coat. "Would ye sell your souls for a beaver-skin?"

But though, perhaps, he shamed them, he could not make them brave. They redemanded the English terms and Governor Winthrop's letter, and continued their importunity in spite of his angry refusal, until in a sudden fit of wrath and bitter exasperation, Stuyvesant tore Governor Winthrop's letter to shreds. Against this act and its consequences the burgomeisters protested, washed their hands of complicity, and departed in high dudgeon. Thus the town was divided against itself at the very time when it most needed inseparable union.

That day the ships of the English fleet took a coaster named the *Princess* as she attempted to pass to the Navesinks with cattle from Long Island. They fell upon her suddenly as she lay at the landing-place, and very quickly took her, with all the cattle in her. They captured also the cattle remaining on Long Island, with the servingmen and herders, except a few who saved themselves by flight, the English in pursuit. And these were Van Sweringen's cattle, which he had purchased at the Brooklyn fair for the colony at New Amstel, and they were bought with his brother's money. That same day, likewise, the

English overhauled a fly-boat from New Amstel, bringing powder to the city, and fired a round shot through her; whereat the Dutch crew ran her ashore and fled into the woods, closely pursued by the English with hangers, dirks, and pistols. But the Dutch made good their escape in the forest, and came to New Amsterdam with the disheartening news.

Then fear began to spread through the town, and the powerful and the wealthy began to pack up their goods and to send them out to Haarlem, and it was covertly reported that Juffrouw Van Ruyter, the Secretary's wife, had escaped from the city in the night, with Nicolas Meyer's wife, and had fled to the house of a cousin, in the village of Overen, for safety. When this report came to the little burghers, they began to say, "Ah, yes; and this being so, what of us? The rich and the great can look out for themselves, but what 's to become of us?" Jan De Moellin put off in his boat to escape to his brother's house on Long Island; but at noon he came back with a broken head and one side of his boat staved in. The English had met him at the shore, laid hold upon all of his household goods, crushed his boat, and beat him. He said that the whole Long Island shore was guarded by English regulars.

At this there was roaring in the streets, and presently still wilder dismay; for many, beginning eagerly to seek for opportunities of escape, venturing forth from the city in opposite directions, returned more quickly than they went forth, and in increasing agitation, for they found

that the English had established a guard at every point of emergence. The ferries were closed, the highways blocked, the river-shores patrolled. New Amsterdam was shut in as if surrounded by a noose; there was no getting in or out of the town unless upon wings, like the pigeons; they were pent up like rats in a trap. Those who before had only roared now began to pray.

Then word came in from Brooklyn that the English troops were landing; and a fisherman from Gravesend ran wildly up and down the strand, crying: "They are coming! They are coming! The French are coming with them to tear the city to pieces and to slaughter us all!" No one could stop his mouth. And it was learned that there were six hundred New England volunteers, and that it was true there were Frenchmen with them, and renegade privateersmen. Then the Dutch cursed the French and the English from Connecticut; and the poor began to bury their little valuables in the earth of their garden-plots, hoping thus to evade the pillaging hands of the heartless soldiery.

At noon the weather-browned topsails of an English man-of-war came rising in the offing from behind the Long Island hills, and slowly approached the harbor. After the first came a second ship, hull down toward the south; after the second followed a third, and stood against the sky; and after the third a fourth came into view, just as the sun was going down.

From down the bay came now and then the dull boom of a cannon, rolling heavily through the darkness; a

fisher boat or two crept past, stealing into the river for refuge; and when at last the morning came, there, in the throat of the landlocked harbor, lay the vessels of the English fleet at anchor, like blue-winged butterflies asleep upon a puddled road, with little boats like beetles swiftly darting around them.

Then burghers with their wives and children came to the gate of the fort, beseeching the Director-General to parley.

"I would rather be carried out dead!" he replied.

They begged him to make no resistance that would bring destruction upon them.

"To resist is to be murdered!" they said. "Give us the English terms."

But Stuyvesant would neither give them the terms nor consider the thought of surrender. "I will stand to it while I have a man who can fire a gun," said he, and hurried all preparations for desperate resistance.

But disaffection spread through the town. As they watched the grim preparations for war the burghers grew faint and fainter at heart; their fears increased with the flying hours Across the bay on the sea-wind could be heard the English drums beating about for volunteers among the Long Island towns; from the distant frigates of the fleet rolled up the booming of signal-guns. Bugle-calls, musket-shots, the shouts of the captains, came intermittently from the English camps along the Long Island shore. In vain the Director-General sought to reanimate the citizens to hurry the trench and

the palisades, and to push forward the fortifications. His solitary valor failed to inspire their weakening zeal. The response to his fire grew lukewarm. Their hearts had gone out of them. He was met by complaining on every side; they objected to every proposal. Among themselves they began to say, "Ah, yes; the soldiers will fight. It is their trade; they are paid for it; they have nothing to lose. But we, we lose our property and everything if the city falls, let alone our lives. It is folly to offer resistance." After that they came no more to stand guard with the men of the garrison, but went their ways, and had no more heart in warlike preparations.

Then the soldiers fell to cursing and upbraiding them for cowards, and if any dared to answer, beat him roundly for his pains, and the gunner's mate struck Teunis De Kay in the mouth with his dagger-pommel, and knocked out all of his front teeth; and Port-master Ellis Van Korten's son was taken up stunned from the gutter and carried home by his father's men.

"Pah!" said Martin Kregier. "We are throwing each other into the fire like a parcel of drunken Indians, and the English are doing all the time. By day and by night they creep around us. Death of my life, they are no sleepyheads! They are eating us out of our stronghold here as the wandering rye eats the wheat from a field. We shall go like a bursted bubble."

Turning back to his work, he went on counting out new sheets of cartridge-paper.

The English had taken all the cattle upon the Long Island commons, had seized and slaughtered all the swine, had taken food from the burghers, and now were marching through the Six Dutch Towns, armed, horse and foot, with colors flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding defiance, and from the horse-blocks were declaring the land to be the King of England's.

Amersfoort, in the Flat Lands, Rust-Dorp, the Quiet Village, the French Protestants at Bushwyck, and the Flemings at Heemstede all were come into English power. In New Amsterdam the night was filled with the sound of shovels and mattocks as men buried silver and moneys in the earth of the cabbage-gardens. The burgher-watch no longer came to the gates of the fort to report, when the keys of the city were brought in by their captain; and Cors Hendricksen, their drummer, would beat the call no more.

"I have not had my wages for six months," he said, "and now I shall never get them. What is the use of my beating my drum when there 's nothing to come of it?"

Thus, hour by hour, the strength fell away from Peter Stuyvesant, and on every hand in whispers men began to say, "Surrender!"

Yet nothing was further from the mind of the Director-General. Small souls with lower aims than his might suffer no great pain in failure, but to a soul like Peter Stuyvesant's, full of a wild, fierce pride, even a prospect of abasement brought a bitterness like shame. To think of yielding without a blow all that he felt himself bound

to defend was agony. Knowing humility nowhere, except, perhaps, before Heaven, it was harder for him so to humble himself than it was to stand fast to his cannon and die; and to stand fast he was determined, whatever be the upshot. He armed his private servants, issued powder to them, and made ready to perish fighting, if that were to be the end of it all, but to resist his assailants whether or no.

The rampart cannons were loaded, the breastworks cleaned and laden for war; the soldiers were busied all morning fetching up tubs of cannon-balls from the storehouse under the bastion. On the fort wall, facing the harbor, the gunner's squad sat all day, making and loading cartridges of gunny-sack for the cannons, with one eye turned to the threatening fleet and the other to the powder. Accustomed to obey without thought of the risk, prepared to give battle when called on to fight, and ready to follow their leader, they attended to their duty with coolness and skill and a savor of reckless daring that thrilled even the faint-hearted townsmen, foolhardy though it were.

"Will ye fight?" a burgher asked of the gunner.

"Fight?" replied Reyndertsen. "If Little Peter says to fight we will fight till they gather us up."

"Do ye think he will fight?"

"If he had n't a leg he would stand on his head to fight. The worse he is off, the harder he fights. This does not look like running."

Indeed, it looked more like a hornets' nest. Fort Am-

sterdam was humming. At one side a squad with a kettle of lead was casting musket-balls, and turning them hissing from the molds into a tub of water to cool; another was filling tar-barrels, and hoisting them on poles, and packing the iron wall-baskets with pine knots for light in event of a night attack.

The gunner's men with timbers and earth were mounting three falconets, taken from ships in the harbor, to cover the gate and the outside lunette. "We shall say 'How do ye do?' to the English. It will be 'Good by' to some!" they said.

And so they labored on. At the tallow-vat by the kitchens a squad was greasing pike-staves, that they might the more easily go through a body and not be detained by the enemy's clutch. Others were covering chain-shot with rags smeared with niter, pitch, and pine-tar, to set the enemy's vessels afire and engage their crews with the flames.

"We will give the rogues a dinner," they said, "which they will not have to set on a stove to keep warm until they find time to eat it!"

In the armorer's shop the forge was glowing, and the armorer and his apprentices, with grimy leather aprons and arms bare to the elbow, were welding new handles to cutlass-blades, resetting the hooks of halberds, and with file, chisel, and flagon of oil putting in working order the locks of hand-guns and harquebuses.

Out on the square the forges with coals were ready to heat the cannon-balls for discharge against the wooden

ships; and the gunner's assistant, spoon in hand, was ladling out gunpowder.

"Make each grain of it tell, lads, as if it were a charge," he said, "and put out those pipes, you dunderheads. Don't start off to heaven before the English send you!" Then he hurried on to a squad who were plaiting shot-garlands of rope and twisting gun-wads of hay. "Cut me some sods. The earth scours the guns, and they will need it," he said, "for the powder is foul."

All morning dull reports came down from the blacksmith's forge in the valley, where the gun-barrels were being tested in readiness for the affray. Two antique, moldy leather cannon, taken from the Swedes, were tested by the armorer and sent to the palisades.

"They will stand a shot or two," said he, with a grin. "Then the English may have them."

As they wrought, the men were singing the song of the old Dutch cannoneers, sung by the gunners of Maurice —the "Cannon of Nassau":

"Boom, pouf, boom! Awake! I hear the captain calling;
The culverins are speaking; the battle has begun;
A soldier's death and glory through the stricken field are seeking
For the boldest and the bravest. Up to meet them, every one!
"The man who holds his life too good
To risk at glory's call
Deserves to take his daily food
Behind a prison-wall!

"But where, through choke and sulphur-smoke, the hungry cannon bellow,
The hero's cry rings through the sky! Ho, comrades, every one!

'T is courage makes the soldier, slinking cowardice the fellow;
And the brave wear glory's garlands at the setting of the sun!

"Boom, pouf, boom! Awake! It is the cannon's bellow.
Boom, boom, boom! To arms! The battle has begun.
If courage makes the soldier, and cowardice the fellow,
We will all wear glory's garlands at the setting of the sun!"

Thirty pounds of powder had been dealt to the cannoneer to blow the scale from the demi-cartoons, which were iron and almost choked with rust. One of them burst and hurled its cascabel over the roofs to the Stad Huis square, luckily injuring no one; but before the smoke from the explosion had cleared away from the wall, the gunner's mate came from the magazine with a face as gray as an ash-pile.

"God save us, Jan; we are done for!" he cried. "There is not one fourth of the powder good, and the matches stowed in the bastion store are soaking and green with mold."

The gunner ran to the Governor. "Your Excellency, get us some powder, in Heaven's name!" he cried. "The thousand pounds ye granted the burghers will not burn. It hath lain for three years in the magazine, and is ruined with the dampness. I have tested it all upon the stove, and it would not burn in Tophet. There are not two hundred pounds fit for use. The rest is utterly worthless. Get me some powder, I beg ye, to shoot my cannon with. I cannot fire off the wind by touching the poker to its tail."

"Oh!" said Stuyvesant, bitterly, "I begged them for

powder. I begged them long ago; but they would send none. I asked for a ship, I asked for men; but they would send nothing. Yet will they hold me to account if I be overcome. Oh, the fools! and now it is too late! Go, search the ships in the harbor."

"Mynheer," said the Secretary, "there is no precedent for it."

"Then I will establish a precedent," answered the Director-General. "Corporal Evarts, go search the ships, and take all the powder they have."

"This is a high-handed outrage," said the captain of the *Eendraght*, as the corporal came on board. "This is a thing without example!"

"Then make an example of it, and eat it," said the corporal. "I trow an example would do thee good." And he took the *Eendraght's* powder.

"But I have paid my anchorage," protested the skipper of the *Pauw*.

"Then pay it again," said the corporal. "Ye can't do a good thing too often." At that the skipper began to swear. "Here," said the corporal to a soldier, "take him away; he wearies me with his language."

So the soldiers took the skipper and bundled him into his cabin, locked the door on him and left him there, and took all the powder he had.

"Nay, I will give thee no powder," quoth the master of the *St. Jacob*.

"Then I shall have to help myself," replied the corporal calmly; and when the master objected, and it came

to a question of force, they locked him up in his cabin also, and took every grain of powder on board.

The master poked his head through the sky-light. "I am ruined!" he bellowed.

"Pah! stop that racket," said the corporal. "We are all in the same boat. Thou shalt not have cause to feel lonely." Then he kissed his hand to him.

But when he came ashore with the powder the gunner shook his head. "Ach, it is but a pipeful," he said. "It will not last two hours. I must have more gunpowder!"

Then Evarts went to the hunters in the town, and emptied powder-horns; to the shop-men and the Mohawk traders, and emptied canisters. Jan Snediger, the farmer, brought in fifty pounds he had borrowed, and Captain Kregier twenty-two pounds set aside for blasting. Yet, when it all was gathered together, and the gunner summed it up, there was not enough for half a day.

"If the shooting begins in the morning," said he, "we shall run out of powder by noon."

With that he began to grow graver, to throw back his head and to pull his mustache, and his eyes had a light in them. He had been in lost battles, and knew what followed; but he was not afraid. What powder there was he divided in parcels among the captains, to the leaders of the burgher-guard, and to the garrison *konstabels* in fair shares; but he kept the greater part for his artillery. The cannon at the palisades might as well have been logs; there was no powder for them. The eyes of the soldiers grew grave; the color-bearer made his will.

CHAPTER XXXII

NEW PERIL

THE weather had grown intensely hot. The sun came up like a drop of blood and went down like a ball of red-hot copper; the wind died in the streets. The men from the Esopus garrison, who had been ordered to the fort, came in dripping wet with sweat and white with the dust of the road. Two of them had been sunstruck and were wholly unfit for fighting; the rest were worn out with marching through the bitter heat. They threw themselves flat on the ground like dogs, and lay there, panting, unable to speak, their swollen, parched tongues hanging out of their mouths. They brought a little powder with them, and that was of some use to the garrison.

The noise of their marching was scarcely still before there came a startling, sudden cry; the mill-brake was set with a fierce creak; the great arms swept on for half a turn, trembled, stopped; down from the loft came Jan de Witt, the miller, as white as his floury jacket.

"Your Excellency, there is no grain to grind!" he cried, when he came to the Director-General's presence. "The bins are empty. Unless we can get some grain to grind, we shall be starved like cats in a garret!"

What he said was true: there were not a hundred *schepels* of meal; there were not enough barley-grits, beans, and peas to victual the servants a fortnight; there was no meat—the days were too hot; no fish, for it was not the season. The company's stores had been stowed in ships to be sent to Curaçoa.

"Commissary, unload me those stores," said the Director-General.

"Your Excellency, the stores are gone," replied the commissary.

"Gone?" exclaimed Stuyvesant, suddenly pale. "I told thee to hold the sloops!"

"Ay, but, your Excellency, the Chamber of Deputies said—"

Stuyvesant looked around him as if seeking something to break. His mustache worked up and down; he set his teeth into his trembling lip; at the corner of his mouth a bubble of foam ran down. "God forgive the Chamber of Deputies!" he said. "They have taken from us the only food I had held for the garrison!" Then he sprang erect, for there was no time to waste in vain recriminations, nor had he strength to expend in useless wrath. "Sergeant Harmen Martensen!" he cried; and when the gaunt, shrewd Fleming came, "Sergeant," he said, "take Dirck Smidt's boat and run the coast as far to the eastward as ye dare go. Get food, food of any sort, and smuggle it into the city. Pay twice, pay thrice, but bring us food, whatever be the cost. Return as soon as in God's grace ye be permitted."

Martensen took the flyboat, with him Nicolas Bayard, and skirted the coast of Long Island Sound as far as the mouth of the Fresh Water River, offering twice and thrice their worth for beef, pork, peas, and wheat, and any price for bread-stuffs, but secured scarce one measure of maize with a flitch or two of pork, and escaped by the very skin of his teeth from a twenty-four-gun English frigate, to which he gave the slip in the darkness. "Nobody will sell us provisions, your Excellency," he said when he reached the Director-General's presence, "but all of them gave us curses!"

Then Stuyvesant went to the farmers, and begged them to thresh out the grain in their fields; but the farmers would neither thresh the wheat nor lend him any assistance.

"Idiots and simpletons!" he said. "Will ye not even clothe your own scarecrow?"

"The rats in the fort eat more than the crows," replied the farmers, sullenly. They hated the arbitrary hand which had laid down the law to them.

Then Stuyvesant bought the grain of them, and paid for it out of his private pocket; his serving-men and negro slaves threshed it wherever a threshing-floor could be found; and as fast as the serving-men beat out the grain, the negroes carried it down to the mill in baskets and barrows, buckets and bags, upon their shoulders and heads. Most of them wore but a breech-clout, the weather being sickeningly hot, and the sweat ran like water over their necks and down their bare black bodies.

The threshers, too, worked stripped to the waist, shining with perspiration; the flails were flying all day long, and drummed on into the twilight until it was too dark to see, and the workmen could hardly lift their arms. Three of them were taken ill from the heat and the overexertion, and one who had drunken deeply of schnapps to strengthen his failing arm was never the same man afterward. "Ach, Gott!" said one, "I have threshed wheat before; but to-day I have threshed ashes. My flail smoked; the flying wheat was like sparks among the straw!"

When they were done they lay down by the pond and put their heads into the water, although it was trodden muddy and was almost as warm as blood. They were all of them shaking from head to foot, and were fairly gray with weariness; one of them cried, and others choked, as if they had been tired children; the strength of their hearts had gone out of them as weakness of body came in.

Day and night, so long as there was a breath to turn the windmill sails, the millstones were kept going until their rumble seemed like the undertone of the trouble upon the town. The air was full of the drifting meal, which floated everywhere. The miller's men coughed with the flour-dust, and their linen shirts grew pasty with sweat and the flour which lay upon them. They wrought as if they had forgotten the world in the sudden stress of toil.

The first night of the grinding a hurricane arose, howling about the open doors and roaring through the building. The miller's candles, thrust in the wall, sent

shadows lurching over beams, bins, and grain-sacks; the revolution of the millstones made the whole tower tremble.

"Ye dare not grind in such a wind," declared the miller from the sand-hill.

"Dare I not?" replied Jan de Witt. "Watch thou, and see if I dare not!" and so saying, he cast loose the brake.

The mill-cap swung round with a stubborn creak; the sails gave one slow, beaten tug, then turned with a hum before the gale. Fast and faster they went, until it seemed they must be torn asunder by their very speed and whirled in fragments over the town. The oiler and his oil-pot hurried here and there; the mill was shaking like a tree; the thunder roared overhead, and the millstones thundered down below; the hot meal poured into the empty bin in a swift, uninterrupted stream.

A man stood on the staging, knife in hand, ready to cut away the sheets if there were chance when all possible furling was past; sacks of grain, like headless bodies of legless men, came whirling up from below, with a constant whistling of tackle-blocks. The creaking of millgear, the slat of the sails, the rumble of the turning stones, were all the sounds that could be heard above the rush of the river below and the roar of the wind overhead.

In his coat of painted canvas the miller was everywhere, now directing the work within, now struggling on the staging, at imminent risk of being hurled bodily

over the railing; twice he reefed the roaring sails in the teeth of the blinding gale, lest that worst of all mill calamities, the wrecking of the sails, should send the cap of the mill and its running-gear in fragments to the ground. The wind blew out the candles; he wrought on in the darkness, finding the hopper as a man would find his mouth in a place of unbroken gloom, by long familiarity; there was no time to seek a light, nor use to call for one amid the roar of the storm. The man in the mill-loft groped here and there at his duty in the darkness, pushing the sacks to the miller's feet, aiding him, and never seeing his face, nor scarcely hearing his shout. They only wrought; and their dogged pluck was kin to heroism.

Then the wind began to fail. "It is going," said the miller. "Ach, the sun goes down to rise again, but the wind arises only to go down. God lend it to us a little longer!" But the wind was falling fast. By dawn there was not sufficient breeze to turn the windmill sails. There was not enough wind on the gallery to cool the miller's beaded forehead, not enough on the fort-wall to stir the grass along the outer slope. Jan de Witt prayed with silent lips, but the sails of the mill stood motionless. Toward evening a few gray flecks stole up from the western horizon, with a host of clouds behind them, and there was lightning beyond the rim of the earth, and thunder in the distant hills; but no wind came of it. The raccoon hides and muskrat skins hanging upon the mill-side stank in the slumbrous heat; the sails

above hung as limp and listless as the shirt-sleeves of a dreamer.

"Our grinding is done," said the miller. "God hath other use for the wind, no doubt; but we 've not enough meal in New Amsterdam to keep us in bread for a single week!"

Then Stuyvesant seized the bake-shops, to supply the garrison, but got only six or seven measures of meal, some loaves of bread, a pan of rusks, and a schepel or so of biscuit, which made scarce a mouthful for his men. Then the brewers were forbidden to malt any grain which might be made into meal, and all fruit matured enough for use was gathered and laid in store; the kine of the city were numbered in lot, to be drawn for in case of need; the provender even of the animals, the ground-nuts and unmatured fruits of the wood, were gathered against starvation. Yet even with all there was not food enough to provision the city against a siege.

"Oh, Barnaby, what is to become of us?" asked Dorothy Van Sweringen, as she came with his supper on a tray. "There is scarcely any bread to be had; the bakers are empty-handed; Andreas brings but the hominy cake, and the flour is almost gone. What is to become of us?"

"I do not know," said he. "Indeed, I think that nobody knows. Why do they not surrender?"

"Would they butcher us all if we did?"

"Do ye take them for savages?"

"I do not know; thou art right savage at times; and then—" here she put out her hand, and taking his, held

it, trembling—"if John King's men should catch thee, Barnaby, what would they do with thee?"

"I believe they would kill me," he answered; there was a hush on his voice: and then they were very still, and listened to the crying in the English camps along the distant shore, and to the hurry of feet about the fort, making ready for the fray.

That night, at sundown, through the coppery waters of the bay there came, in a small boat, to the English admiral's ship the captain of a freebooter offering his service. "Place me in the vanguard of your attack," he said, with a baleful scowl, "for, blight me green! I 've a grudge against that Dutch rabbit-burrow, and I would pay it off."

"I am not here paying off grudges," said the commander of the English; "I am here to take New Amsterdam for my master, the Duke of York. You will take your place in the column as we are pleased to assign you, and attack as I give the order. Corporal, show the gentleman up!"

The corporal showed the gentleman up.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE LAST DAYS

ON Saturday morning, August 31, 1664, Nicolls sent his last summons for the surrender of New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant once more replied that he had no right to demand it, and again the blunt English commander rejoined: "The right does not concern me a tittle; I was sent hither to take New Amsterdam, and I am going to take it."

"I will protect and defend the city to the last extremity," responded the Director-General.

"Come easy, come hard," returned Richard Nicolls, "I shall take New Amsterdam. I am weary of parleying. I have offered terms to the city, and if they are not accepted, I hold myself clear of responsibility for whatever may ensue. At the end of twenty-four hours I shall move upon the town, by land and sea, with all my force; it behooves you to make up your minds."

When this imperious message was heard in New Amsterdam, men, women, and children flocked to the Director-General's door, beseeching him to submit; but his only answer to them was, "I would rather be carried out dead!"

"Then give us the terms, or, on our souls, we will surrender anyway!" they cried.

To avoid this threatened mutiny against his authority, which would leave him neither dignity nor honor to stand upon, the Director-General yielded to the demand for the English terms, and Winthrop's letter, which he had torn into shreds, was pieced together, copied in English, transcribed into Dutch, and despatched to the burgomeisters.

Then Stuyvesant sued for an armistice, still hoping for relief, and longing still for some compromise compatible with honor. But Nicolls would treat for nothing but the surrender of the town. "I was sent to take New Amsterdam," he answered, "and I am coming to take it. Have done with goose-quills and ink-pots; they are no arms for a gentleman-soldier." Then he sent two ships above the town, while the rest remained below, so that the town was between two fires: "To-morrow," said he to Stuyvesant, "I will speak with you in Manhattan."

"Friends will be welcome," replied Stuyvesant, "if they come in a friendly manner."

"It rests with you," rejoined Nicolls, "whether the manner be friendlike or foemanlike. I shall come with my ships and my soldiers. Raise the white flag of peace on your fortress; then something may be considered."

At this the blood of the burghers was turned into curds and whey. "Surrender!" they cried. "Surrender!"

Stuyvesant looked upon them in burning indignation.

"If I surrender this city," he said, "wherein am I justified?"

"Will ye be justified in our ruin?" they cried, "in seeing our city taken and sacked, our warehouses burned, our goods wasted, our homes pillaged and robbed? Is this your justification? Surrender! Surrender!" they implored. But he would not surrender.

"They will tear the fort into ruins!" they cried.

"Then we will defend it from the ruins. I tell you once and for all," said he, "I will not surrender."

"Do not oppose the will of God! If you resist we all shall perish."

"Then we shall perish," he returned, "as is the will of God."

The Stad Huis bell began to ring, and the people to assemble, and straightway every man ceased work upon the fortifications. There was a tumult in the market-place, stones were thrown over the fort-walls, and there was a meeting of the burghers in the Stad Huis square, led by Dirck Phillipse, the carpenter. "Shall we stand here idle in the streets," they cried, "and see the town made a shambles, our children murdered, our parents slain, our property in flames, all for the sake of a fool's honor? To resist is hopeless, defense impossible; although we might protect ourselves for a horrible day or two, there is no relief to be hoped for; we shall be buried in one long trench!" Then they cursed the West India Company, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Lords States-General of Holland, who had left them in such

straits, and raised a public outcry against the Director-General. "Be not so obstinate!" they roared. "Expose us not so in vain!" and with that they reviled him in the streets.

But, obstinate and passionate, Peter Stuyvesant stood to his word. "I tell you, I am the master here, and I will fight to the last!" he said.

And then his wrath broke out upon them in a storm of indignation. "Ye miserable tradesmen, who left this ship to steer herself while ye went catching conies, this is the pass ye have brought us to with your despicable trading. A curse upon it! It hath sucked the courage out of your hearts and made cowards of you all. Ye are anything for profit; nor duty nor honor stirs you; the rattle of guilders is the only drum ye hear. Shame, and shame upon you! ye would change your faiths for safety, and turn your coats for a penny, like a mill which setteth its sail to any wind which offers to grind its grain!" As he came through the streets from the Stad Huis the crowd made way for him as a throng of barn-yard fowls would make way for an eagle; for, though they hated him, they feared him, and none dared face his scorn; and though they reviled him behind his back, to his face they honored him.

That night the vessels of the English fleet warped up nearer to the town, and as the lights came on and on, and the sound of oars drifted like a pulse over the water, in New Amsterdam was an agony of despair.

The curfew rang at nine o'clock, but nobody left the

streets, and nobody put his candles out, so that the windows stared bright on the darkness. The night-watch wandered here and there, with unlit lanterns and dragging staves, daftly calling the passing hours; but nobody listened to them. Figures of men and children went hurriedly to and fro; now and then hoarse shouts were heard from trouble in the streets; both citizens and soldiers were drinking heavily, tempers had grown uncertain, and there was frequent fighting and crying for the watch; but no one had authority, the watch was demoralized and huddled in the corners like a flock of bewildered sheep.

In the open doors men stood, cleaning matchlocks, swords, and pikes, and some with unloaded pistols were running from house to house, begging piteously as they went for a charge or two of gunpowder. The cry everywhere was, "Powder! powder, in Heaven's name, or we all are lost and murdered!" but not a grain of powder came to answer their appeals.

At two o'clock a storm came up across the southwest, with rolling masses of livid cloud heaped like battlements height on height, and with heavy thunder the rain poured down in sheets across the town. Men made no account of it, but with smoking torches ran splashing through the great pools that flooded the streets. Barnaby watched them as they ran, with their pallid faces, hollow cheeks, and staring eyes, coming here and there swiftly through the wet red light, distraught, like creatures driven from their holes at night by the falling of

a tree. The children were crying everywhere; everything appeared strange and unreal; the restless activity never ceased nor lessened all night long. The cocks crowed; the hounds howled dismally in the kennels; the cattle bellowed in the stables. All the town was in disorder; each was begging for assistance, none was lending the slightest aid; all alike were utterly helpless, all alike utterly frenzied. In the fort alone was order; there each man knew his duty. The cannoneers worked on the ramparts all night long in the sweat of their brows. They lay down like dogs and slept in the grass of the battlement-corners, under the benches, by the walls, anywhere for a moment. "Ach, Gott! we must sleep," they said. "We cannot work alway. We will fight; but let us sleep a little, if it is only with one eye." None of them watched any more, for it was a waste of time. They wrought all night without ceasing, until they staggered with weariness. Some fell asleep as they stood in their places on the wall; but, being soldiers, they endured. It was only toward daybreak, when men were tired out, that the uproar in the city ceased. In the half light, half darkness of the stormy dawn, silence fell, and wandering voices in the lanes grew mysterious and strange. Then at last came day.

The English fleet was astir; the English camps were rousing. The beating of drums, the screaming of trumpets, the shrill, high calls of the sailormen, and the hoarse, heavy shouting of the soldiery as the troops formed, marched, and countermarched on the shores to the south

of the village of Brooklyn, came on the wind like the distant sound of a battle in a valley, where one may listen on the hills to the sound of the unseen conflict, beyond sight of the strife, yet within hearing of the dire uproar.

Then the swift sun sprang up. It shone brightly on the bivouac along the water's edge. There were few tents; the most of the men had slept on the open ground. The pale smoke was still rising from half-extinguished camp-fires; the drums were beating up and down; their company was gathering by Jan the Sailor's house.

With every passing moment the stir grew more and more. Steel caps and pikes were sparkling through the steam arising from the damp array; fluttering banners began to rise; horsemen by twos and threes went galloping from camp to camp. A long, irregular line of steel came slipping over the sand-hills and among the green woods, from Gravesend to the ferry where boats were waiting.

In the city was a tumult; it was every man for himself, and nobody help the weak. The gables of the houses were black with staring men. The wind blew through the open doors, and no one cooked or ate breakfast. The cattle bawled hungrily, but nobody harkened; nobody counted the time.

Barnaby had not slept all night; if any one had, excepting the soldiers, his heart was of stone or leather. Before daybreak the lad had been up and doing; so, too, had Dorothy. Her face was pale; two red spots burned on her cheek-bones, and her eyes were bright and dry.

"The English fleet is moving," she said as she hurried to Barnaby's side. "They will engage with the fort, beyond doubt. The burghers declare that they will not fight; the Governor saith that he will, and the soldiers aver that they will fire, if they fall at the first broadside. The cannoneers are ordered to shoot as soon as the frigates pass before the fort. The English have taken the *White Bear,* and filled her full of soldiers to aid in the land attack. Mynheer De Becker hath gone to beg that they wait a little. Dost think that he may prevail?"

Barnaby shook his head.

Early in the afternoon Mynheer De Becker came back. With him were Mynheer Van Ruyter, the Colonial Secretary, Cornelis Steenwyck, the Mayor, in his silver-buckled gown, and Jean Cousseau, the High Reeve, with a long clay pipe in his mouth. There was a white flag still in the bow of their pinnace; it hung down uselessly, and the High Reeve's pipe was full of ashes. The English would treat of nothing but surrender. There was nothing more that the Dutch could do but await their destiny.

Stuyvesant now manumitted his slaves, that in case he should be slain and the city fall they might be free, not bond: Ascentò Angola, Christopher, Santone, and Pieter Criolie, Lewis Guinea, Minnis the Thin-lipped, and Solomon Criolie; there were also three negro women, Minna, Antje, and Floris, the last a slim, tall Kongo girl with a silver ring in her nose.

"They are coming!" called the gunner. "They are

coming!" said the soldiers. The bell on the church in the fort rang out for an instant wildly. Then all was still, and the ships of the squadron came majestically on.

The frigates had their sails set to the last white stretch of canvas; their guns were all upon one side, and their double decks were filled. Towering darkly fore and aft, topheavy, over-gunned, sunken deep with the weight of their cannon, the black mouths of their lower guns were scarcely three feet from the water-line. The rims of the lower ports were wet with the lifting of the waves, and now and then a dark gun dipped its black throat full of spray and dribbled its lip along the sea like the muzzle of a bull. Sullen, sluggish, towering, rolling before the wind, a pale froth rippling across their prows and a bubbling wake behind them, across the green and silver bay the English fleet drove forward to the attack.

Within the fort had fallen a silence like that of death. On the wall between two gabions stood the Director-General. He had attired himself in his best; his fine linen collar fell broadly across his velvet coat, and the laces at his strong, round wrists blew about his determined fingers. Good gun-matches had been issued to all the gunner's men. They lighted them at the brazier glowing in the bastion, and took their places, some flushed, same pale, as temperament fell, but all determined to stand to their guns and to do their duty or to die. On the southwest bastion stood Jan Reyndertsen, beside the Director-General, and with a red-hot touching-

iron in his hand. Twenty cannon were all he had; not all bore on the fleet. Ninety-four guns peered gloomily from the ports of the English ships.

The Director-General looked at the flags at the prows of the English frigates. He could see the seamen's faces as they peered above the bulwarks. He laid his hand on the gunner's arm. "Ready, Jan!" he said.

On its staff at the prows of the ships the English jack looked like a patch of blood against the yellow sails. The crews were at their quarters; troops were in the waists of the vessels; powder-boys with buckets were darting about the decks. Across the bay came the roll of a drum. Two ships had passed the limit and were opposite the guns. The master gunner stooped and trained his heavy brazen cannon.

"Make ready!" said Stuyvesant, hoarsely.

"Ready, mynheer," said the gunner.

The captains of the soldiers upon the decks of the vessels could be clearly discerned through the dazzling light. "Ready!" said Stuyvesant, raising his hand.

At that instant the little dominie who taught the Latin school, with his son, who also taught with him, came running up the rampart. "Your Excellency!" he cried. "Stay yet, your Excellency!" His hair was long and white, his face old and seamed with care, yet mild, sweet, and full of pity. "Your Excellency," he said as he came to the top of the wall, "as we stand before God, look here!" and he waved his hand behind them.

But Stuyvesant looked at the frigates and his face was

black with battle. "Trouble me not!" he said bitterly. "Art ready there, Reyndertsen?"

"Yea, I am ready," said Reyndertsen, and waved his touching-iron.

The little dominie caught his arm. "In God's name, hold!" he panted.

"Let be; I must fire!" cried Reyndertsen, wrestling to be free. The red sparks flew here and there. The little dominie's hat fell off, his loosed hair blew into his eyes. "Fool, let me go!" cried the gunner, and struck him across the face. The young dominie caught Stuyvesant's signal hand as his father staggered back. "Oh, mynheer!" he cried, "remember the women and children! Their lives lie in the hollow of thine hand, and on the judgment day thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here. Remember the women and the children!"

"The women and the children?" said the Director-General, as in a daze.

"Ay; look!" exclaimed the little gray dominie, and pointed with his trembling hand.

Face on face was huddled in the narrow way that lay between the fort-wall and the half-encompassing houses —faces that were wild with fright, lips ashy gray: mothers leaning tremblingly on the shoulders of tall sons; old men wringing helpless hands and moaning piteously; while children clung to their parents' knees, imploring in innocent terror, and sobbing with fear. "Mynheer," said the little dominie, "for us what matters it? We

have run our race, and are prepared for death. But these women, these children; do we hold the cup for them? Look, thou! the women and the children! Remember them this day!''

Peter Stuyvesant turned on the wall and looked over the narrow way. ''Ay, the women and the children!'' he said in a dull, dazed way. Slowly turning as if he were moved by the force of some unseen hand, he looked across the shining bay, into a world which no man saw save he—a world where failure turns success, where disappointments lose their sting, humiliations never come, and where the promises of youth shall flower every one. Over the shining water, over the slopes of Long Island, where the ironweed was beginning to blow and the blackbirds to gather in the elm-tree tops, he looked. There the slopes lay, bright with afternoon, the blue haze gathering on the hills, the cobwebs drifting in the sun. The clover was growing brown in the fields, and the milkweed raveled its faded bloom; the maize stood in yellow, floury tassel, with its silk raveling out from the milky ears between the lips of the harsh green husk. The primrose stood tall in the dusky wood, and from somewhere in a meadow came the imperfect second-singing of meadow-larks, sweet but faint, the broken shred of the April call. He heard the bleating of many flocks, the lowing of kine in dusty roads; one step more, he heard the singing of reapers in happy fields, wheat cut, barley mown, laughter in many a starlit lane in a land that was his country's. A land that was his country's! ''Oh, my

Father!" he said; then he repeated slowly, "The women and the children," once, in a dull, dazed way; then turning suddenly without more words, and with a look on his face as if he were stunned, he hurried down from the rampart, with the two dominies running at either hand, touching his sleeves, the little gray dominie praying.

Reyndertsen, the gunner, looked after them with a strange look on his face; then he looked at the people, then at the fleet, threw down his gun-match on the rampart, and trod it out under his heel. "We are sold!" cried one of the gun-crew. Reyndertsen turned with one flash of wrath and struck him in the mouth. "Sold?" he cried. "Thou lying dog!"

When Stuyvesant had come down from the wall and raised his head again, he saw the flags of the English ships in the river beyond the town. With a hideous groan he broke from those who would have held him. "Oh, my honor! my honor!" he cried; and as if he were suddenly going mad, he ran through the gate, exclaiming, "To the river, to the river! Quick, forward, to the river! The English shall not land!" Leaving the fort behind him with Nicasius De Sille, the counselor, to bear the charge of affairs, he ran to the front of the city, with perhaps a hundred men, to oppose the English landing.

But the English made no attempt to land; they let fall their anchors, furled their sails, piped all hands to mess, and rode at ease on the tide; for they knew that victory was theirs and that New Amsterdam must fall.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE CITY FALLS

ALL night above the stream and across the bay the lights of the English fleet waved and nodded like dizzy stars. All night long, above the never-silent troubling of the water, the ship-bells rang the watches, sharp, thin, and brassy clear. All night the red windows of New Amsterdam stared through the darkness at the enemy; and in his room, until gray dawn, Peter Stuyvesant went up and down like a wild beast in a cage, and beat his fists together in despairing rage and shame.

"They dare not; they dare not!" he groaned. "Yet God alone knows what Englishmen will dare!"

He wrung his hands.

"Come, sit in the dust," he cried, "O ye daughters of Jerusalem! The kingdom hath departed! Come ye, and sit in the dust with me; for we prevail no more!" Yet his face was like stone, and his voice never faltered, although the ring was utterly gone out of it.

In the streets beyond the fort-walls the hubbub still went on. Now and again, in an instant's hush, the tread of the feet of the English watch upon the frigate's decks could be heard.

The Great Wain sank in the north; in the town beyond the walls the cattle stirred uneasily. The window-sill of the Governor's room was beaded wet with gathered mist; the candle in the gunners' quarters shone dimly beyond the inclosure; no one had turned the hour-glass—the sand lay in an unmeaning heap in the lower bowl of it. "How quickly it hath run out!" said Stuyvesant. "Ach, Gott, thy will, not mine, be done!" Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his bronzed hands, and moved no more until the pale light had begun to streak the east.

Then he went to the window and stared out. The town still looked mysterious; the lights had grown wan; there was a hush on everything. "Thy will, not mine!" said the Director-General. In streaks of fire the day broke across the sea, and with it broke the iron heart of Peter Stuyvesant. He turned his face from the window: New Amsterdam had fallen.

There shortly came a rumor that a treaty had been agreed to; that the petition of the burghers had been heard; that the Dutch were to have security in all their property; their officers were to remain the same; the town was to have its voice. The Dutch soldiers were to be conveyed to the fatherland in Dutch ships lying in the harbor; while within two hours after eight o'clock upon the coming Monday, the fort and town were to be delivered into the hands of the English governor. Then it began to be whispered that the Duke of York had sent handsome new gowns for the aldermen, a silver mace to be

carried in state in magistrates' processions, and liveries of fine blue cloth, embroidered and trimmed with orange. The eyes of the worthy Dutch grew bright as they spoke of the orange trimmings: "It is the will of God," they said.

But when the news came to the English fleet, that there was to be no pillage nor sacking, the captain of a dingy ship which followed after the squadron like a jackal after a lion, stood up and cursed Richard Nicolls for this idiot clemency. "Am I never to have my revenge on these Dutch? Am I ever to be balked? Nay, I will square my accounts, if I have to burn yon city to the ground!" Leaning over the rail, he shook his fists at the town.

"Oh, ay," said the man beside him. "'T was so ye said afore. I begin to think that cock-sure is a rare uncertain bird."

"You 'll see!" cried the first, with an oath.

"Oh, yes, I 'll see," said the other, brusquely. "That is why I carry my eyes."

CHAPTER XXXV

JOHN KING TURNS UP

AT nine o'clock in the morning a trumpet-blast rang along the hilltops. The line of soldiers in the fort began to straighten out. They were to depart from the fallen citadel with all the honors of war.

In their old gray clothes, stained leather jackets, their faded sashes and battered caps, the little troop looked poor enough in the bright September sunshine.

The bugle blew along the hills.

"*Oplettenheid!*" said the captain. The drummer tapped the drum; the ensign loosed the flag on its staff and let it slowly unfurl.

"*Voorwaarts!*" said the captain. The men took up their step, the drummer struck up sulkily "The Battle of Heiligerlee," and to its hollow, dispirited tone the files swung forward. At their front was Peter Stuyvesant, his head sunken on his breast.

One, two; one, two, three! the drum went beating out, the little column following to the ships in the canal.

Again the English trumpets sounded on the hilltops over the town; the captains began to shout; the English banners flourished, the corporals bellowed, the drums

struck up; the conquerors came marching down through the orchards into the town.

At their head rode Nicolls on a bay horse. He wore a uniform of scarlet and green. With him on white horses rode Sir Robert Carr and Colonel Cartwright in scarlet uniforms and wigs of horsehair. The men were in three divisions, each a hundred strong, musketeers, pikemen, and halberdiers. The banners were in the center, white, red, yellow, crimson and blue, guarded by groups of pikemen, among whom were harquebusiers armed with flint-locked harquebuses.

Barnaby stood on the bastion, watching them march down. The long white ash pike-staves stood up like bare branches above the heads of the musketeers, and with the movement of the troops clattered one against another like the boughs of a wood in a wind. One of the troops was uniformed in blue with facings of red and buff, another was in green and scarlet, the third in red and white. Some of the men had thrust their dagger-hilts into the muzzles of their muskets, from which they stood up, glittering like long and keen steel thorns. Others had braided wreaths from evergreens on the hillsides, and had made them fast on their steel caps like the laurel wreath of a victor.

They were marching four and five abreast, and the swaggering, brown-faced musketeers, with their heavy firelocks over their shoulders, their brown swords slapping their thighs, as they strode, and with daggers at their hips, looked around them, as they came, with a cool, defiant stare, as if they were the lords of all the earth.

Barnaby's cheeks were a trifle flushed. The sound of the feet of the marching men had begun to go to his head. The clinking of the swords, the hoarse, discordant shouts of the officers, the rattle of bandoleers, clatter of pikes, clang of halberds and rumbling of drums, made a deep, strange sound, once heard, never to be forgotten. Tramp, tramp! went the feet; crash! went the clanking arms. A shiver ran through Barnaby; his heart shook. He ran along the rampart. Below him the banners were blowing and tossing; the drums beat fast and faster.

"God save King Charles!" he cried, and threw up his hat in the air.

"What the dickens!" said one of the captains, staring up out of the choking dust.

"God save the King!" cried Barnaby, and again tossed up his hat.

"Halt!" cried the captain, hoarsely.

"Halt!" growled the corporals.

The dust among the feet of the men blew away in a little gray cloud.

"God save the King!" cried the captain, and lifted his evergreened cap. "God save the King!" cried the soldiers.

And then they marched on.

One company stayed at the city gate; another marched on to the Stad Huis and nailed the arms of England over the door. Fort Amsterdam they named Fort James, to honor the Duke of York; the city, too, was named for him, and the country round. The burghers made no efficient protest. They retained their offices and their

trade; why should they protest? They gave a dinner-party to the Governor and his staff; complimented their new rulers, and, finding them liberal men, "Ah," they said, "now we shall prosper like the cedars of Lebanon!" So they smoked their pipes and drank their schnapps, and went about their business.

But a man with a crimson handkerchief around his head, who was standing in the throng in the market-place when the English marched into the town, looked up with a startled exclamation, hearing Barnaby's shrill cry, and, with his hand above his eyes, peered across the sunny road. The glare was almost blinding. Suddenly he caught the elbow of the man beside him.

"By blue, it 's him!"

"Who 's him?" said the other. "Where?" Then he looked. "By glory, 't is he!"

Clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he started across the market-field at the top of his speed, the first speaker close at his heels.

The third of the trio, standing beside them, head and shoulders above the crowd, looked after his comrades, surprised; then, seeing the boy on the bastion-wall, clearly outlined against the sky, he smote his huge hands together.

"They 've found him, by hen!" he exclaimed. Parting the crowd before him like a flock of sheep, he darted across the market-field and in at the fort-gate.

CHAPTER XXXVI

"THE ROGUE IS MY APPRENTICE"

ON the stage at the head of the windmill stair stood John King and Jack Glasco, beating at the door. Barnaby, flying into the mill, had shut the door and barred it behind him just as the two came roaring up. Scarlett ran to join them, and rattled up the stair. "Open the door!" cried King. "Do ye hear me, boy? Open the door!" Barnaby drove the bar down in its sockets and thrust in the staying-pin over it. He could feel the hot breath of the master's mate like the blast of a bellows over his fingers.

"Open, I say!" cried the captain. "'T will be the better for you!" The master's mate was beating at the staples with a stone. "Open the door!" he cried hoarsely. Barnaby ran for the ladder that led up to the storage-loft. He was shaking like an aspen, and had broken into a sweat: the unexpectedness of the pursuit had taken the courage out of him. "Open the door!" cried John King. "Open the door, I say! Open it, or I 'll kill ye when I get this panel in!" Barnaby felt the whole mill shake with the sailing-master's strength. He ran up the ladder to the loft; he was a little cooler now. Through the open window he saw the backs of the three at the door below.

On the floor of the loft by the hoisting-tackle lay a sack of barley-meal. He dragged it to the window. "Stand off, below, or I 'll throw down this sack of barley-meal on ye!" he cried. The three strained against the door until the panels creaked · the master's mate crashed at the staple. The three heaved together; the door-bar cracked. "Stand off!" cried Barnaby, in despair, and heaved out the sack.

One hundred and twenty pounds of meal, with twenty feet to fall, is no light thing for a missile. The barley-sack rushed down, its throat-string bursting upon the sill. Out leaped a cloud of meal like a fluff of powder-smoke. Whirling down the side of the mill, swiftly revolving, and still half full, the heavy sack struck the three men squarely.

The three picaroons went down on their faces as if they were struck by a maul. The master's mate lay under John King, with his head in the barley-sack. A puff of meal had caught Tom Scarlett fair upon head and shoulders.

Half stunned, half blinded by the meal, King scrambled, coughing, to his feet, and groped about the door. "You knave, I 'll pay ye for this!" he cried. Cursing, he drew a pistol and wiped the meal from his blinded eyes. But "Look out!" cried Scarlett. "Look out, John!" and ran across the platform. "Quick, I say; put by thy guns, sink the artillery! Put by, I say. The jig 's up!" Into the fort came the provost-guard, with a sergeant at their head.

"What means this riot?" demanded the sergeant. "Neither pillaging is countenanced, nor quarrels. Desist, I command ye; and surrender, forthwith, or I will fire upon ye."

"Hold hard, there!" cried Scarlett, "there 's no need to fire. I surrender myself to the hand of the law! I surrender my arms! Don't level your brass carronades at me; I am not setting up for a musketry-butt. I be fond o' this fleeting breath!" And down the mill-stair he went, knocking the meal from his clothes.

But John King cried out: "Arrest or no arrest, I have a right to my apprentice. Take the boy in the windmill; the knave is bound to me."

" 'T is a lie!" cried Barnaby.

"If ever I lay hands on you," cried King, hoarsely, "I will teach you more bitter truths than ever you knew in your life!" Then, turning to the sergeant, "I call upon you to seize him."

"I 'll hale ye to the Governor," said the sergeant.

"Hale me to your Governor," said King, defiantly. "I call on ye to seize that knave; nor will I move without him. The rogue is my apprentice, and I know my rights."

"I know naught of your rights or wrongs," said the provost-sergeant. "But I know this much: you may hold your tongue; and I commend ye to hold it tight. As to the rest, it will be as the Governor pleases." Here he turned to the mill. "Come down from the loft."

"Nay, must I come down?" asked Barnaby.

"Have I not said as much?" said the sergeant.

"Ye 'll not let them lay hands on me?"

"I 'll crack a spontoon over the head of the man that offers to. Come down, and be quick; we have no time to waste."

With a heart like lead, poor Barnaby came down from the windmill loft.

CHAPTER XXXVII

IN THE GOVERNOR'S COURT

A WEEK had come and gone since that day of New Amsterdam's surrender. To New Amsterdam it had been but six days of life and official stir. To Barnaby Lee it had been an age of uncertainty and despair: for instantly upon his appearance before the Governor, John King had laid claim to Barnaby as his runaway apprentice, and had set his defense for attacking the mill in the plea that he was only seeking his own.

"The boy is my apprentice," he said. "He has been runaway since last April. I have been deprived of his services, and I demand my rights."

It was the court of Governor Nicolls, held in the Stad Huis council-chamber, which looked out upon the Perel Straat and the ships at Coenties Slip. The chamber was not a large room, but was dignified by usage for affairs of state and judgments. At the end toward the south, with his back to the bay, the Governor sat upon a platform a little raised above the rest, with tall oak chairs, and a strong, carved desk and a table for his papers. At his right were the burgomeisters, the sheriff, and the schepens, on high-backed benches of plain-carved oak,

with cushions of russet leather, which on Sundays served to furnish ease to long hours in the state pews in the church. At the left the parties to the case were seated upon common benches, with uncarved backs, and cushionless. Upon one long bench were the witnesses from the crew of the *Ragged Staff*, as bronzed and bearded a netful of rogues and burly scalawags as ever was pinched in Pick-Thatch Lane or the purlieus of Turnbull Alley. Before them, upon a bench, alone, sat the prisoner. The captain of this crew of cut-throats, John King the picaroon, sat on a chair to which the rascal somehow lent a dignity, for, though a false and truculent scoundrel, a bully and a braggart, when put to a pinch where presence and wit might serve to carry the point, he had a certain courage of his own, and bore himself in a cool, bold way, the serene audacity of which had more than once puzzled the shrewdest.

He had arrayed himself for the occasion, with somewhat unusual and surprising good taste, in a plain but rich dark suit of plush and a handsomely embroidered waistcoat of silk. He had combed his unkempt hair, was clean-shaven, and wore the air of an adventurer or trader who made laws to suit his own fancy when out of the reach of authority, but always kept within bounds when at home, in a quasi-respectable manner. His huge, parrot-beaked nose and long, underhung jaw stamped him no common rascal. Richard Nicolls looked at him with more than common scrutiny. Himself the son of a barrister of some note, and a man of wide experience

as a student of men, a courtier, a soldier, and an exile, he was not to be easily hoodwinked by the bland smile of a villain; and speaking Spanish, Dutch, and French as well as he spoke English, capable, resolute, honest, intelligent, fond of fair play, he was ready to go to the bottom of things with illumining penetration. Above medium height, of fine, stately presence, well-bred, fair, open, soldierly face, with sparkling, deep-set gray eyes, and a mouth that was firm but kind, he seemed the just judge, the fair advocate, the judicious seeker of facts.

King, to tell the truth frankly, bore his penetrating scrutiny unusually well, with composure without bravado, and with the plain look of an honest man who, by some ill-advised blunder, has got himself into a kettle of fish and wishes himself well out of it. By times he looked at the English arms which were nailed upon the wall, by times he gazed at the Governor, and by times looked out at the window, where the common stocks and the whipping-post were in plain view, but he did not long hold his glance upon them: they inspired unpleasant thoughts.

Overhead, in the cupola, the Stad Huis bell was still ringing; the long bell-rope flapped up and down through the hole in the boards below; Johannes Nevius, who had charge of the library of the law, had brought his leather-bound volumes and stacked them upon the table; the clerks were there with ink and quill; the fresh-turned hour-glass was running. "Oyes, oyes!" cried the bailiff, from his stand behind the prisoner. The provincial

court was opened with the case of "said Complainant, who doth aver that the Prisoner is his bounden Apprentice, and herein offereth Testimony that may Substantiate said Claim."

"Sirs, your Excellency and your Honors: I respectfully submit that my name is Temperance Pyepott, of Virginia—" Thus said Captain John King, with a deep and placatory bow to Governor Richard Nicolls and the benchful of magistrates. The magistrates eloquently swelled their maroon-colored velvet breasts, set finger to ruffled waistcoat and cuff, sat up, looked wise, were gratified; but Richard Nicolls trimmed his eye under the corner of his eyelid and sailed a little closer to the captain's breeze. "I subsist by honest trading in these provinces," continued King, in the blunt, plain manner he had assumed. Now, honest traders do not declare that they are honest traders. Richard Nicolls rubbed his chin and trimmed his eye again, and laid his finger on that point. He did not like King's crafty mouth—it seemed a whit too smug; and his eye had an odd way of swiftly glancing around the room and coming back to its first viewpoint before one had quite detected the motion. "I am a plain, hard-working mariner," said King, "and this boy is my bound apprentice. He hath served me four year as cabin-boy; he hath three year more to serve: I bring witness to attest it. He was bound to me in London-town."

"You, of course, have the indentures?"

"Indentures? Nay; they have been stolen. I have

been robbed of all my papers; I have been dealt with very hardly, sirs; yet I do not say that he took them."

Nicolls looked at the speaker sharply. The fellow seemed honest, quite magnanimous; yet—somehow the look of that underhung jaw made the Governor scrutinize him inquisitively once more.

"I fell in with his father at Hancock's, sirs, or else 't was Wynkin Bradley's, the first shop in Pope's Head Alley, in Cornhill, London. 'T is the sign of the Three Bibles," said King. "Sure, your Honor should know it well: it is a place of good reputation, frequented of decent men."

For the life of him, Governor Nicolls could not resist asking the question, "Were you given much to frequenting it, that it got such a reputation?"

King's eyes flashed back such an ugly gleam that the Governor's fingers tightened suddenly into a vise-like grip upon a roll of papers in them. "Mm-hm!" he mused. "Sir Sheep, you have wolf's teeth under your wool. Don't show them here, good friend, or I 'll pull them!"

Perceiving the threat in the Governor's eyes, the wily rascal changed his tack, and turned his scowl of malevolence into obsequious calm, not altogether with success. "Your Excellency, why be sarcastical?" he asked, with an injured air. "To be sure, sir, you have the right to be, for might makes right here, and I am only a sailoring-man, a hard-used mariner. Yet I have some rights, sirs, and I know them. This boy is my appren-

tice, and I have the right to have him. A man has a right to his apprentice wherever he may find him; and I have the right also to be paid in full for all the time they have kept him from me, at the rate of a shilling and sixpence the day, for the boy is an able hand."

There was justice in his demands; this Governor Nicolls knew. Barnaby's story stood alone against the mass of testimony. There was probably not one apprentice in ten but would deny his apprenticeship if, on running away, he was dragged into court. One by one, John King's witnesses had reaffirmed King's claim. Glasco, the sailing-master's mate, was the first who had testified; after him Manuel Pinto, a renegade Portuguese sailor. To the best of their knowledge and belief they had both of them testified that Barnaby had been cabin-boy on board the *Ragged Staff*, apprenticed to her captain by his father, a London tailor, who dwelt in a mews off Pope's Head Alley. That was all they knew further than that the knave had served but four years and so had three years more to serve.

Both men were deep in their cups, and caused so much disturbance among the other witnesses that when they had testified under oath they were sharply dismissed from court, and ordered to their shipping under penalty of the stocks.

The testimony of all the rest was much to the same end. There were examined that day, Andrew Hume, of St. Catherine's, William Ford, of Limehouse, Richard Barnard, of Hull, in York, all able mariners; and John John-

son, of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, the cook of the *Ragged Staff*. Not one of these had been of the crew for more than two years at most, but all avowed with alacrity, born of hot brandy and sugar, that Barnaby Lee was apprenticed to Captain Temperance Pyepott, had served four years, had three more to serve, and that his time was worth full a shilling and sixpence the day, as an able mariner's boy.

A little hush fell on the court-room while the secretaries wrote. Sick to the bottom of his heart, Barnaby looked at the Governor. Nicolls could scarce help a thrill of compassion at seeing the boy's moved face. But testimony is testimony, and there seemed no way to impeach it. Barnaby, on his little bench, felt very much alone; he had never before in all his life felt so utterly forsaken. There was not in the room a soul that he knew. Out of the window beside him he saw the church which stood on the hills beyond Brooklyn, and the roofs of the little village lying peacefully in the sun. He heard the ship-watch singing upon the vessels in the harbor. The songs which the English sing are gay, but these Dutch songs were melancholy. A pinnace had just cast anchor below the finger-post. There was a party of gentlemen in her, and a dog that was baying hoarsely. Two wherries were racing out from shore. He could hear the boatmen calling, and the gentlemen on board the pinnace laughing and crying out to the boatmen. Then the company all embarked in the wherries, and clapping their hands, raced to the landing, and vanished behind the colony warehouse.

On the glass of the window some idler's hand had cut the arms of New Amsterdam, with beaver and star, shield and crest; nor was it badly cut. It seemed strange to the boy, in a dull, stunned way, that the fragile glass had stood in its place while an empire had fallen into the dust.

There was a noise of feet upon the council-chamber stair and much confusion in the hallway, then voices asking this and that; and then the door of the chamber opened, disclosing a cluster of gentlemen standing in the entry, staring into the court-room with curious, confident faces. There was something of inspiration in the touch of their confident air. The captain of the picaroons looked up with a scowl not of welcome. His case was near out, he carried the day, and was irritated by interruption; at any rate, what business had any one interrupting here?

"His Excellency Charles Calvert, Governor of Maryland, the esteemed, the honorable!" said the usher.

The plaintiff looked out at the tail of his eye, and all at once a shadow seemed to fall on his confident face. Otherwise his countenance was in no wise discomposed. His mouth was firm and serene as before.

The first who entered the court-room door was the Governor of Maryland. With him were Masters Marmaduke Tilden, Thomas Nottly, Baker Brooke, Henry Sewall, his secretary, and Master Robert Vaughan, captain of St. Mary's Band of Fusileers and Artillery. With them were also Simeon Drew, Master Cecil Lang-

ford, and some other very pretty gentlemen—a strong and handsome party.

As soon as Governor Nicolls was made aware who waited upon his court he came down from his seat to meet them, and with dignity made them welcome. "Ye do my courts much honor," he said, "by attending them in person."

"Nay," said Master Calvert. "We are honored by attendance. I avow that I hang my head, sir, with shame, for coming so late in response to your call for colonial assistance in reducing this port to the crown. Border warfare of our own hath compelled our presence at St. Mary's; my hands were so full that I had none to lend."

"Don't trouble yourself on that score; we easily prevailed."

"Faith, sir, I see the evidence of it; you have turned these Dutch into English as a lady turns a glove on her hand."

Richard Nicolls smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "They turned themselves English, I trow."

"I presumed that my aid would prove Newcastle coals," said Governor Calvert, shortly; "but conscience would nothing but leap and prance until I had paid you my respects. Even so I might still have been derelict had not my cousin insisted. Ye remember him, Philip Calvert; you were acquainted at Brest." He turned his face a little and looked around the court-room.

He was thin, and his face was a trifle pale; though a

little touched with color and smoothed with rice-powder, there was pallor under the color. He stood with one shoulder sunk; his black hair hung down in curls upon his shoulders, tied back with a gay, bright, cherry-red ribbon, as it was on the morning when Barnaby first saw him in Maryland. His coat and breeches were blue and silver, and he had a smart cocked hat in his hand.

"That 's a charming face," he said, staring at Captain John King.

The light lay fair on the picaroon's face, and he eyed the Governor of Maryland with the bold serenity and composure that had imposed upon many as shrewd a man. His eyes for the instant stood steady; he twisted his fingers a little.

Then Calvert turned to Nicolls and laid his hand upon his arm with an odd look upon his face—one had almost said it was shamefaced. He bit his lip; then with deepest seriousness began to speak in a low tone, with a rapidity that almost baffled his hearer; for few could speak with the rapidity of the Calverts when they were in earnest, or equal the incisive directness and clarity of their language. It had a quality all its own, a luminous insistence upon the point at issue, a neglect of all the rest, convincing in its argument, persuasive in its feeling.

Nicolls started, listened, stared. "You do not say! By gad! the rogue, the dirty thief of the world!" And then, "Why, surely, here 's the case itself," said he. "Come up and manage it as ye please; and my assurance to ye, sir!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN SIGHT OF THE GALLOWS-TREE

MASTER CALVERT took his seat on the bench by the Governor, and facing sharply about, stared at John King. "What did you say your name is?" he asked, with a keen, penetrant look that was not to be avoided.

King met it, and eyed him, not winking an eyelash. "My name is Temperance Pyepott," he said. "It is the honest name of an honest seaman, with no et ceteras to it."

"Very like," said the Governor of Maryland. "What is your trade?"

"I am a coastwise merchant and bargainer."

"You have a permit?"

"My papers have been stolen."

"'A calamitous convenience,' to quote from Henry Fleet."

Henry Fleet was a pirate who had been hanged for his piracies.

John King stared fixedly at his interrogator, with cheeks turning purple-red. "Henry Fleet?" he said, chokingly. "What 's that to me?"

"I do not know," replied Calvert; "you are your own doctor."

The plaintiff sat eying his questioner with a new and almost fierce look of defiance. To be tried for a liar is one thing; to be tried for one's life is another. He twisted his fingers uneasily together, and began to move his feet about, while he eyed the Governor of Maryland with an odd, puzzled look, as if trying to conjecture what he was up to. Out of the western window he could see the narrow street winding away to the market-field, and the fort-wall closing the way like a dike. Over the fort on the river-shore was a gallows-tree, dangling a shred of rope in a melancholy breeze; and a gallows-tree is no pretty sight at the very best of times.

"Captain Temperance Pyepott," said Master Calvert, sharply, with a certain sternness in his voice not there before, "you say that your name is 'Temperance Pyepott,' with no et ceteras; there are certain et ceteras to your name that you have been blithe to forget."

For an instant the flush died out of John King's brutal face, and nothing but a bruise remained to color the ashy surface; he began to look about him with quick, covert glances.

"What your real name is," pursued Calvert, "does not alter the facts in the case. You were with Henry Fleet in the *Tiger* when he took the *Mercedes;* you were with Jem Percy at the sacking of Bay Island."

King looked up with a smothered cry, and made as if

to speak; but Calvert stopped him with a gesture. "You were also with Nat Godolphin, Solomon Fry, and Barney Hall at the plundering of Cornwalleys Manor in 1659. Are you right sure that your name is Pyepott?"

"My name is Temperance Pyepott; is there need to repeat it?"

"Nay; but it occurred to me that perchance it might be Haman."

"Haman?" said John King, sullenly. "I never heard of the rogue."

"Well, that is no matter, Captain Pyepott; he was hanged."

"Hanged?"

"Yes—for the sake of a good example: not much of a matter. Men have been hanged for more and for less."

The plaintiff sank back in his chair, his fingers clenched in the coarse black hair that dangled down his cheeks. Sweat had begun to come out and to stand in beads on his forehead. He put up his other hand to wipe them off, but the hand moved aimlessly toward his face and only touched his cheek.

"You were also at St. Mary's when Claiborne pillaged our capital; and, sir, there was never a Pyepott there, much less any temperate ones. I have begun to wonder, captain, just what your real name might be."

King was growing uneasy at his questioner's bantering tone; but the Governor's thin face grew threatening as his bantering went on: "You are not Joe Bryce, for

he was shot; nor are you Tom Smith of Kent Island, for he was taken and hanged. Coursey," he asked, turning suddenly, "please to hand me that list of names."

King sprang to his feet to exclaim against this summary procedure, but was met by a look on the Governor's face that took all the spring from his knees. "Soft, Captain Pyepott; before ye do anything touching on rash, pray look at the landscape!" said he, with a wave of his hand toward the window.

John King looked out, and across his face came a ghastly attempt at a smile, for all he could see was the gallows and the rope.

"It strikes me, Captain Pyepott," continued the Governor, quietly, taking up a bit of string that was lying upon the desk before him, "that you have made a great mistake in some of your calculations. You say that this boy is bound to you; don't you think that you make an error?"

"No; the knave was bound apprentice to me four years ago, in London."

"Four years ago? Are ye certain of that? Don't ye think that his time is out?"

"Nay; his time is a deal not out. He hath three years more to serve. I 've a right to him, and I want him."

Governor Calvert leaned back in his chair and did a most incomprehensible thing. He shut one eye very slowly, cocked his head on one side, and making a little running noose out of the bit of string in his hand, he held it up admiringly. King watched him as though he were fascinated.

"Master Temperance Pyepott," continued Master Calvert, "a complaint hath been lodged at St. Mary's, by Griffith & Company of London, that four years ago they despatched a ship to the Chesapeake to trade. Her name was the *Earl of Warwick*, her commission to return one year from the date of her sailing. Since that day, the complainants aver, there hath been nothing seen or heard from their vessel. They further assert that her master hath stolen their vessel in question, and hath turned her into a picaroon, to their much loss and greater discredit."

John King looked up with a smothered oath. His face was very white.

"Griffith & Company further allege that this vessel and her commander make rendezvous and harbor in the ports of Maryland, to the dishonor of the colony and the reproach of our government."

"My lords," cried King, "and your Honor, this is beyond all precedent!"

"Hold your peace," replied Nicolls. "In new countries 't is the fashion to establish precedents."

King held his peace, but watched Charles Calvert as a rat might watch a cat.

"Now, Master Temperance Pyepott," said Master Calvert, quietly, "if you still insist upon having your rights, we are ready to see that you have them. The only question remaining is, How much do you want to have them?" He took up the little slip-noose in his hand and put it around his finger. "I think it exceedingly dubious

that you ever had an apprentice. If you insist upon an apprentice, don't ye think that it verges on folly so to insist as to cause us to remember some things that you wish we might forget? Come now, Master Temperance Pyepott, as we look at the pretty view, does it not strike you forcibly that you do not want your apprentice half so much as you thought you did?"

Out of the western window against the sunset the gallows dangled its strand of hemp.

"How much do you want your apprentice?" asked Calvert, quietly, looking out of the window with a half-reflective air.

"I do not want him so much as that!" replied the picaroon, hoarsely. He could not take his dark eyes from the gallows.

"In fact, you 'll be hanged if you do! A sensible conclusion," said Calvert, placidly. "You are a wiser rogue than I thought you; I must say that much for you. 'Hanged' is none too pretty a word, I think you 'll agree with me; but pretty or not, it would have made a very sweet et cetera to your name."

King rose heavily to his feet. "My lords," he said, "and masters, your Honors, sirs, is this the course of law in these provinces?" A trodden snake will strike, and a cornered rat may bite. The blood had surged up into the picaroon's face, and he struck the ledge of the railing that ran around the platform where the judges held their seats. "For if this be the law," he continued, with passionate vehemence, "if interlopers can say their

say, bully men down, and talk of hanging, common men may have their say, despite your gentry; and I 'll have mine: that in your teeth! By glory, I have a tale I can tell that will make some pretty people wince, and I promise you that their large talk will dwindle very small before I am done with my story!"

His eyes had gathered fierceness out of their sheer malevolence; then something seemed to rise in his throat and stop his bluster: he had seen a gleam from Master Calvert's eyes, and a gesture of his hand.

The Governor of Maryland rose to his feet and took a step nearer to the railing. "We know the tale you would tell, you conscienceless, black-hearted rogue! I heard it from very first to last, three weeks ago. That story is over and ended; and you have come the day after the fair. You may thank the mistakes of others for my clemency toward you; I am within an ace of hanging you, story or no, for your too many offenses. A private shame may be covered, but you have made yourself a public scandal!"

"True," said Governor Nicolls, "as the Gospel of St. John."

"You have harbored in my rivers and crept about my coasts until the country rings with your villainy," continued the Governor of Maryland. "I have enough against you to hang you forty times; yet here, for the sake of another, I give you quittance. But, sirrah," and here his face flushed with sudden hot resentment, "I warn you off these general coasts; off mine in particular.

If you slip keel within my grants, or trespass on my fartherest border, by the Earls of Tyrconnell, I take an oath, I will sink your ship and harry you out until your boot-soles cry! Now off to your ship and out of our harbors as fast as you can set your sails. And don't ye cross my path again, or I shall forget my clemency,—given you here for the sake of one whom, for God's grace, I must needs forgive,—and hang you out of hand!"

"To that do I set hand and seal likewise," spoke up Nicolls, sharply; "and I give ye just twenty-four hours, sirrah, to ship yourself out of my borders. Enough; be out of my presence!" he said, rising with quick decision. "Clerk, adjourn me this court; the complainant hath lost his suit."

CHAPTER XXXIX

FAREWELL, JOHN KING!

THE picaroon raised his head. His face was pale, and his hair was thick and wet with sweat where it lay along his seamy forehead. His eyes went slinking around the room; his faltering lips were bitter and wet. "I will have my day!" he said. But his bolt was shot; and he had missed his aim. "John King, pass on!" said Fate.

Out of the threatening court he slunk into the dusky street, and as he went the very door-posts seemed to say, "Pass on!" Out of the court and down the street he hurried with sidewise, skulking gait, into the shadows of Winckel Street, on and out of the sight of man.

Into the twilight went John King, and Winckel Street was still, but the little yellow windows seemed to say to themselves, "Pass on, John King; pass on!"

Into the shadow and the silence of the falling night went John King the picaroon. The shadow covered him over, and the night's silence swallowed him. He was seen no more, and nobody cared, and nobody mourned for him. It is said that he sank off Barbadoes in a hurricane, years after; but the truth of this rumor no man

may affirm, further than this much: John King had passed on. Jack Glasco was stabbed at Martinique. So ended the lives of two precious villains who had measured out to them judgments such as they meted forth.

Barnaby sat on the prisoner's bench as if he were in a dream. What it all meant he had not an idea. It was impossible! As they came down from the judgment-seat, Master Charles Calvert looked at him across the room, and nodded with a smile, then, crossing the chamber, came up to the staring boy and took him by the hand.

"Well, Master Lee," said he, laughing and bowing, "we came in the nick of time. I am glad to have done ye the service."

Barnaby looked at him. "And sure, lad, we owe ye enough to be glad of a little credit." The Governor's olive cheek was flushed, and his kind voice nervously sharp. "You will stay with us at the tavern? A jail is no place for a gentleman; though there 's some that were far better in one, no doubt." This last with a grim chuckle.

Barnaby stared at him bewildered. He thought Master Calvert must be losing his wits. The Governor held the boy's hand in his own with continued friendly pressure.

"When you come to Maryland," he said, "you will not forget us? My wife has lost her heart to that face of yours; drop in at my castle anv time and take pot-luck with us."

By this time Barnaby was quite sure they both were

"'NOW, MASTER LEE,' SAID HE, 'I 'VE A STRANGE STORY TO TELL YOU.'"

losing their wits. His mind still swam with unforgotten dread.

"How now!" cried Master Calvert, "and what 's the matter with ye? Do ye think me driving hindforemost, my cart before the horse? Drew! Drew! Simeon Drew! What! here!" he cried, beckoning. "Let me make ye acquaint with your new client! You 'll be after having a talk upon business, I am thinking." The lawyer came quickly across the room. "Master Lee—Master Simeon Drew," the Governor said, presenting them.

"Master Lee, I am glad to meet ye," said Drew, with a wise, quiet bow, regarding the boy with a scrutiny that puzzled Barnaby. "Be assured, I am heartily glad to meet ye!" said the dry old honest lawyer, as he studied the boy's face, "I trust our mutual acquaintance will be profitable to us both!"

The court-room was nigh deserted; Governor Nicolls was coming up. "By your leave, Master Lee," said Drew, "by your leave, we two should be having a thorough-done private colloguing together. There 's a quiet room in the tavern around the corner; I think that we should be off to it; so, by your leave, your Excellency, and by your permission, Master Lee!"

Pulling the bewildered boy's arm through his own, with a very low bow to all, Drew trundled him to the tavern, plumped him down in an arm-chair in the snuggest room that ever was kept in privacy for the guests of an ordinary, and seated himself in an opposite chair.

"Now, Master Lee," said he, "I 've a strange story to tell you, for its extremest beginning and last tail-ending is all that I shall tell. The beginning ye may have some knowledge of, but the middle is lost; and 't is very much better for all concerned that we let it all fade but the moral. Will ye promise to take my word for it, and trust my verity? I am an old man, as ye see."

"I promise," said Barnaby.

CHAPTER XL

THE RUIN OF VAN SWERINGEN

SO much for what happened to Barnaby; in the meanwhile, what had been happening to Mynheer Van Sweringen?

He fought the Mohegans in the forests beyond Beverwyck, driving their war-bands before him, consuming their stores of maize, slaying all who opposed him, and destroying their villages, until the savages begged for mercy.

Having no communication with the world behind him, he kept his face turned steadfastly to the needs of each passing hour, and dealt sorrow to his countrymen's foe with a hand that knew no stay. His days went by with battle and his nights with watchfulness, until on the night of a troubled day in the forepart of September, as he sat by his camp-fire in the wood, beside a little brook, a man came up through the forest from the south, with the pack of a hunter upon his back and a musket in his hand.

"*Heida,* comrades, what seek ye here in the woods of Beverwyck?" called the man from the opposite side of the brook, as he stopped and stared at their party.

Van Sweringen answered him: "We seek vengeance upon the savages, for the slaying of Abraham Staets."

"Who strike ye for?"

"For New Netherland."

"Then ye strike for a will-o'-the-wisp," said the man. "New Netherland is no more."

"That is a lie," replied Van Sweringen.

"I do not lie," said the huntsman.

"Then it is a rumor thou hast heard—one that is false and vain."

"It is neither a rumor, nor false and vain. The news is in all the valley. Ye may go and hear it for yourselves."

Then Van Sweringen called the man across the brook and seated him in the camp, and gave him provision, although their own was falling short. "Eat and drink," he said, and with that gave the hunter wine from the flask at his belt. "As for me, I shall neither eat nor drink until I have proved the truth or the utter falsity of this tale."

"It is as I say," the hunter answered. "New Netherland hath fallen." So he ate and drank and slept with them, and when morning came went his way up the Mohawk trail into the wilderness.

But Van Sweringen and his company came down from the hills through the forest to Beverwyck, which lay by the gate of Fort Orange, and came into view of the palisades of the town while the dew still lay on the grass and the sun was coming over the hills.

There was a man working in a field before the town gates. Van Sweringen halted and hailed him: "*Hola,* there, *kerel!* what is the news?" he cried.

At the sound of his voice the man looked up, and, "Who art thou," he asked, "that ye come with your company asking news in the fields at five o'clock in the morning?"

At this answer Van Sweringen leaped the fence and took the man by the neck. "I asked thee what is the news," he said sharply; "it is no matter who I am."

The man fell on his knees and groveled. "Oh, sir, spare my life," he begged. "I meant ye no offense. New Amsterdam is fallen, and New Netherland is no more; that is all the news I know." Then from their arms and warlike array taking them to be English, and thinking to placate them, he raised a feeble cry of "God save the King!" and threw his cap into the air.

Gerrit Van Sweringen looked once at him, then turned quickly away, and asked no more of any man for news, but went into the town, and after much persistency obtained six saddle-horses from one stanch-hearted burgher, though spiteful words and contumely from almost all the rest, which he passed by, saying only: "I have no time now to quarrel; but if ever I come this road again, we shall settle this between us!" And leaving Beverwyck at noon, with three of his men beside him, he rode post-haste for New Amsterdam, sending his company down by yachts.

The yachts, with wind and tide and stream, came down

in four days; but those who rode on horseback, galloping down through the highlands, past Storm King, by the Esopus and through Haarlem village, came in sight of the gates of the fallen city on the third day in the evening, just as the sun was going down.

As their weary horses stumbled down the hills among the bouweries and meadows, they came to Peter Stuyvesant, standing at a gate, breaking his heart there in the twilight alone. Van Sweringen reined his horse to a stand. "What is this, your Excellency," he asked, "that wanderers tell in all the wayside inns? What is this lie that men have brought to me in the forests of Beverwyck? In my soul's name, what doth it mean?"

"It is no lie," said Stuyvesant, turning his face away. The tears were running down his cheeks. "We have sold our birthright and our honor for a mess of traitors' pottage: New Amsterdam hath fallen; our kingdom is passed away."

"Without a blow?" cried Van Sweringen.

"Without a blow," said Stuyvesant.

A man who was standing in the road came up to them at this. "Mynheeren," he asked, "is one of your company the Sheriff of New Amstel?"

"I am," replied Van Sweringen. "What is it to thee?"

"Naught to me, but all to thee," replied the man, simply. "The English have seized New Amstel, taking all that was there to be taken. Sir Robert Carr hath

plundered thy store and thine house, and hath given them both to his son."

Van Sweringen's garments were powdered gray with dust, and the dry mud from the water-pools clung in his hair. The foam of his horse's nostrils was in spots upon his cheek. There was no color in his countenance, no luster in his eyes; his face was haggard. His horse's head hung almost to the earth, and its knees tottered with weariness; its sunk flanks heaved; its eyes were glazed. Its rider sat upon its back as though he were a dead man. Down from the hill the flocks came bleating homeward; from the fields beyond the orchards the cattle followed, lowing heavily. The town grew gray; yellow candles began to peep. The glow was gone out of the western sky, and the whir of the locusts in the orchard failed, like the sound of a spinning-wheel whose treadle is left untrodden.

Van Sweringen drew himself up and looked about him. "Without a blow!" he said wearily, as if there were no one near, and as if he had not heard the man who had just spoken to him. Then, drawing his sword from its scabbard, he kissed its long, straight, splendid blade, and, with a sudden burst of anguish, broke it in two across his knee; and standing as high as he could in his stirrups, he threw the pieces over the wall into the dusty meadow-grass. "Farewell, good blade, forever more!" he said. "Forged in honor, honorably borne, shalt never be drawn to dishonor. Thou wast wrought to strike for the Netherlands; an thou mayst not strike

for the Netherlands, thou shalt never strike again. Farewell, good friend and comrade, farewell! Thy steel was for the Netherlands; my hands are for Van Sweringen."

Then all at once he stretched his hands out before him, saying, in a piteous, choking voice, "They are all that is left; I am ruined!" For at first he was thinking of himself; but now he thought of his wife and daughter.

With a face like the face of the dead Cid Campeador when he rode from old Valencia against King Bucan's horde, Van Sweringen came down to the city gate. The gates were closed and the guard was set.

"Halt!" cried the sentry; "what is the word?"

"I have no word," said Van Sweringen.

"Are ye friend or foe?" said the sentry.

"I know not," answered Van Sweringen. "I was the Sheriff of New Amstel: I am what ye have made me."

The soldier stared at him through the twilight; a corporal came and stared; then, turning his head away, coughed. "In God's name, ride in," said the sentinel, and Van Sweringen rode in.

When he had found the house where his wife and daughter were staying, he went in quickly. His wife was sitting at the window. "Barbara," he said, "I am ruined!" and there stopped, for he was choking.

She looked up quietly. "Yes, Gerrit," she said, "I had heard of it. They cannot say that I married thee for thy money any more!" and with that she laughed very softly.

"But I am a beggar, Barbara; they have taken every-

thing that I owned," he cried. "I have not a guilder to my name; I am brought to beggary."

"Nay, then, what of that?" she said, rising and laying her slender, firm hands on his shoulders. "Art still the man thou wast before. I am just as rich in thee, dear heart, as ever I was. To be ruined without fault is no disgrace. Be comforted; be comforted!"

But he could not be comforted, for his heart was bitter within him, and heavy as a stone. His empty scabbard rattled mockingly as he moved to and fro, and the shadows in the room seemed gibbering at the misfortune that had come upon him. He threw himself down in a chair by the fireside and stared into the ashes with a face that was white with despair.

His wife came and sat down beside him. "Gerrit, as for me," she said, "it matters not one whit. I gave up home and everything to go with thee. I knew not whither our way should run, nor what should betide. I gave all to be with thee; and I am with thee. I ask no more, being satisfied. Once was I poor; I am poor again. Dear heart, what doth it matter? A woman would rather have her own way with the man she truly loves than to run through a rain of guilders with an apron to catch them in. I have my way with thee, Gerrit, and I am satisfied. Laugh at me an thou wilt, dear heart; I am satisfied."

But he looked at her as a wounded dog might look at one who strokes its head. The deeper the heart the deeper the hurt; and he was no shallow man. He looked at her, but he could not speak. He arose, instead, and

walked the floor, for his bitterness was great. "Be not impatient with me," he said; "I shall be comforted after a while. But now!" and he struck at the empty air as though its emptiness mocked him. "It is all, all lost!" he cried in a tone of agony. "All lost, dear God, and I have worked so hard!" Then he came and sat down again by the hearth, with his face in his hands.

His wife was sitting on one side, Dorothy on the other, sitting upon a foot-stool and leaning against his knee; and "Father," said Dorothy, "we are here in the darkness with thee, mother and I. We do not mind poverty, father dear; so do not mind it thus terribly for us. Poverty is nothing. We shall take a very little house, and mother shall do the weaving, and I shall do the darning and spin;—oh, how I can spin!—and I shall gather wild hops for the brewing, and nuts and berries in the wood with the poor girls that I know; and we women shall cook, and thou shalt work by the day, and we shall save stuiver by stuiver until the stockings are full again."

"And thou shalt win thy way, Gerrit, despite this great misfortune," said Juffrouw Van Sweringen, steadfast in the unswerving faith of her fathers. "No sparrow falleth but God's eye sees it. Thou hast Dorothy and me; and Dorothy and I have thee. Love asks but little, Gerrit; wilt not be comforted?"

While she spoke there was a sound in the street of voices and footsteps, and some one beat upon the stoop,

then, stumbling up the steps, rapped heavily on the door, crying: "What! Here! Donder and blitzen! are ye all as dead as door-nails, that ye keep your house so dark?"

They all sat up suddenly, listening. It was a round, full, merry voice.

CHAPTER XLI

THE GOVERNOR HAS HIS JOKE

BANG, bang, bang! went the knocker. "What, ho! the house!" cried the jolly voice. "Don't keep me kicking my heels here all night!" Bang, bang, bang! went the knocker again.

Van Sweringen arose and threw the door wide. "Who is here?" he asked, "and what is wanted?"

"I want to see," was the response, "and I can't see in the dark."

"Then go where there is light," said Van Sweringen. "There is no darkness here for me. When one sits with those who love him he needs no other light."

"True for you," said the cheerful voice. "Let 's cry, 'Away with candles,' and sit with our wives and sweethearts like owls in the crooks of a ruin!" So saying, the cheerful speaker came stumbling into the room. "Zounds! man," said he, "let 's have a light. There 's no one here that loves me, for I can't even see my own nose. I 'll be walking over some one next. I beg for just one candle!" There was no mistaking that frank, blithe voice: it was the Governor of Maryland.

Van Sweringen lighted a candle, and motioned his in-

opportune guest to a seat. He would not forgo his courtesy, although his heart was well-nigh broken.

"Why, man," cried Master Calvert, in a gale of humor, "what possesses ye? You 're as glum as a cellar of sour beer. Why, faith, Bermuda blue would be scarlet beside ye; you 're as melancholy as a Lincolnshire bagpiper!"

"I pray ye will excuse me a little," said Van Sweringen. "I am ruined."

"It is true, then?" rejoined the Governor. "I had heard as much; but men lie so, one cannot tell what to believe. Ruined? Well, upon my word, man, that 's a merry jest!"

"A jest?" said Van Sweringen. "Bethink ye; I am a ruined man. This is no time to speak of jests."

But the Governor of Maryland sat with his hands on his knees, chuckling audibly to himself, as if he had penned up a joke in a hole, and, like a lad with a woodchuck, was minded to poke it a bit.

"No heart for jesting, eh?" said he. "Well, I would n't if I was you."

"Master Calvert," retorted Van Sweringen, sharply, "be careful! I am not in a humorous mood this night."

Master Calvert looked at him, smiling. "Well, I should not be, neither. Broken: not a stuiver left? Upon my word!" and rubbing his chin, he winked his merry eye and grinned quizzically at Van Sweringen.

"Be careful!" said Van Sweringen. "This passeth the limits of reason."

"No doubt," replied the Governor. "Ye have had reasons enough and to spare. Sure, I think ye might welcome a little folly."

"But beware, sir; this exceedeth folly; this goeth beyond a jest."

"Indeed it does," smiled Master Calvert; "it smacks of the very earnest. I little thought, last time we met, that I should ever have thee on the hip like this!"

Van Sweringen arose and strode across the floor, a wild look on his face. "Master Calvert," he said, in a trembling voice, "dost think this a gentleman's doing, to hunt a ruined man home to his wife, and to mock him with his misfortunes? Sir, it is ill considered. Why shouldst thou force a quarrel? Have there not been quarrels enough without thy seeking one with me?" His lips quivered, and his strong hands shook with the passion that was coming upon him.

But Charles Calvert looked gravely up at his quivering face. "Tut, mynheer! let me have out my jest!" he said. "Sure, ye had the joke on me the last time we were met together. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the wind is blowing my way now. Go, sit ye down and hold your peace, and let me have my joke out. It will cost ye less than yours cost me: I shall carry your jest in my side to the grave."

Then, all at once, as he looked up, his eyes filled with tears. "Dear God!" said he, "do I look like a man who is seeking a quarrel? or as one who hath come to crow and to triumph over ye? Don't make me weep for the

trouble you 're in; my heart has been aching for you all enough already! There, now, I must be mopping like a school-boy!" He dashed the tears from his eyes with his hand, and when he looked up again his smile would have melted a heart of adamant. "God keep us!" said he, with a trembling voice. "Do ye think me one to throw away friends for the quirk of a silly humor? They tell me ye rode into this town to-night with a face as gray as a dead man's. Do ye know what I 've been doing since? Weeping. D' ye see my two eyes? All onions could not put them nearer shut. But there 's a tune been coming through my heart that my lips can't keep still!" and, with a little quavering laugh, he pursed up his lips and began to whistle "Over the Hills and Far Away!"

"There," quoth he, as he finished it. " 'T 'as been running through my head all evening; and sure, I have set new words to it. The verse don't rhyme, and the meter is bad, and ye shall have to trim it yourself to the tune; but the running of it is this, and, man, I mean exactly what I say: pack up what little we have left ye, and come to Maryland. I have a sheriff's office there that cries for ye to come and fill it. There 's pretty posies hanging their heads in rows for the lass to come and pick them. Carr is a dirty scoundrel; I have just told him so to his thieving face. Let me make good the wrongs he has done. Then ye shall need no more to curse the English for a pack of thieves and perjurers. Come down to Maryland, Van Swerrington, you and all that be yours!

Man, 't will be a happy day. All the lads will be glad to see ye; I vow they have every one loved ye since the time they laid eyes on ye. Mistress Van Swerrington," he said, with a laugh and a half a choke, "prevail with me against this dear, honest fool of thine! He is the obstinatest argumentator that ever I stood out against."

Van Sweringen went to the fireside and sat down in his chair. His shoulders were shaking, and the candlelight sparkled in the great hot tears that crept down through his fingers. And as he wept he turned his back to them, that they might not see him weeping like a boy. But Calvert, springing to his feet, went to Juffrouw Van Sweringen's side, and, bending with much grace, reverently kissed her fingers. Then he kissed Dorothy in the middle of the soft hair above her forehead. "When I write my Aunt Doll that her pretty namesake is reduced to a shift," quoth he, and now he had begun to laugh merrily again, "sure, the old soul will send out half Cheapside to clothe her: silks and satins, velvets, laces, cotton prints and ramsaloosalems. By the bones of the Red O'Donnell, she shall bloom like the roses of Sharon! But, madam, I must apologize: I ruined a shirt for your good man. I put my tuck through it to the tune of 'All Ragged and Torn,' I promise ye; and had his back not been as limber as a gallon of lampreys, he would have brought you home some sad buttonholes. But, marry! 't was I had the buttonholes; and a most discomforting stitching it was." He shrugged his shoulders with a rueful grin. "Sure, I thought I might fence with Crichton

himself; but your man, there, was too much for me. He did a new trick for me—ace, deuce, trey! and that 's why I love him. Why, we 'll all be as happy as bees in a hive! You will come, will ye not? Nay, now, ye cannot have the heart to refuse!" He looked over the candle out into the room with a genial, boy-like smile; then, quickly dropping his bantering manner, he spoke in a business-like voice. "You can take up a thousand acres, at twenty shilling the year. Ye may believe as ye please and say what ye will, so ye be Christian and speak no treasons; and if ye will teach us to keep our own laws as you have kept those of the Dutch, you will confer a precious favor on the next Lord Baltimore." As his long speech ended, he silently bowed, and stood there quietly.

Mynheer Van Sweringen got up from his seat, and turning, said simply: "My friend, my good and my indeed true friend, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have put a new light in the world for me." His face was composed, but his voice was yet shaking. "I will pack whatever goods I have left and come to Maryland. I will take you at your word." Then all at once he paused, with a troubled look around the room. "But, Master Calvert," he went on, still searching the darkened corners with his inquiring eyes, "there is a lad to whom I am deeply beholden, I and all of us, for my life. Him ye must accept with the rest of us, or we shall come to no bargain."

"Oh, father," cried out poor Dorothy, "they have taken him!"

"Taken him?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Who hath taken our boy?"

"The law hath taken him, father, to be tried by the Governor. "A ship's captain, oh, such a terrible villain, hath claimed him for his apprentice!"

Van Sweringen turned with conscience-stricken face. "Forgive me my trespasses as I have not forgiven those who have trespassed in the least against me! They had never known the lad was here had I not cruelly used him to save a cause which was already lost!" So saying, he would have gone on condemning himself; but Master Calvert held up his hand, and, "Stay now; not so fast with self-reproaches," said he. "Perhaps we may avoid them. This boy? Is his name Master Barnaby Lee? Is it he who was with you in Maryland?"

"Ay," said Van Sweringen. "Where is he? What dost thou know of him?"

"Oh, none so much," laughed the Governor. "Still, it may prove sufficient. I think ye need worry no more for him: he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and, I trow, of some others also. I have just left him hobnobbing with Master Simeon Drew his lawyer, in a quiet room at the tavern, with a green bag full of red-sealed warrants. The lad has fallen heir to a fine estate of six thousand pound sterling the year, and sails with me for Maryland, upon my yacht, the *Golden Robin*, as soon as we may be out of port, to enter upon his heritage."

CHAPTER XLII

WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN MARYLAND

TO pry into the innermost recesses of another man's mind is like opening a neighbor's cupboard and peering into it: a thing unpleasant and unprofitable unless one be a thief. Yet sometimes the cupboard door swings wide, and stands so, open, showing, whether one has stared or not, all the covert odds and ends upon the cupboard shelves.

July had blazed itself away in a last week of white and bitter heat; August had come with promises of more exhausting drought. The meadows were withered; the brooks, dry; the roads lay deep in burning dust; the days were parched and choking, the nights fairly sickening with the heat. Somewhat less evident, but plainly apparent, the Vice-Chancellor of Maryland, Master Philip Calvert, was certainly under the weather. He was exceedingly ill at ease.

What troubled him nobody seemed to know; but worried and ill he assuredly was.

"Ecod! he hath stood too long in the sun," said Roger Askridge. "He hath taken a calenture. He should ha' worn a dock-leaf in his hat."

"He has lost money," said Baker Brooke. "It is the talk of the colony that he has frittered away his substance on vanity and squandered his wealth in ill-advised adventures."

But Simeon Drew, old, shrewd, and wise, said nothing but "Philip is growing old."

The Vice-Chancellor's face was older and he seemed to be thinner. His clothing hung upon him in a loose, ill-fitting way; instead of his old, familiar air of costly luxury, he had a stinting, meager look; and where once he had been the very pink of care, he wore the look of an absent-minded sloven. His lace was neglected and frayed; his once handsome wig hung disheveled upon his collar; his fingers grew dingy; his linen had a dubious Isabella color; he spilled a horn of ink upon his coat, yet went on wearing it, day after day, with a great smear down the skirt, as if he had not seen it, or, seeing, had not cared.

When acquaintances were about him he was unnaturally gay, as if he had been drinking wine; but as the long, hot days crept by, he lost heart for merriment, would speak to few, then to fewer still, at last to none at all, unless upon urgent business or some matter of importance, and, when no one was by, sat moping and dejected at his desk. Thus, for hours, he would sit, engrossed in thought, collapsed like a blighted weed in his chair, and lost to all that went on around him. Then, suddenly starting up, he would lift his head with a startled jerk, and shaking it, draw back, as though to disen-

gage his mind from some intolerable thought, as a dog shakes off a rat which has fastened upon its lip. And where once he had been so proudly high and grandly domineering, he was now by turns as peevish and petulant as a child, and as cringing and obsequious as a barber. His eyes were blood-shot, his face ill-colored, his body bent as with age; the disorder of his dress grew greater daily. And when Master Charles Calvert, the Governor, had recovered from his wound, and came among the offices, overseeing this and that, he watched his cousin, the Vice-Chancellor, covertly, with a curious look, saying nothing to any one, but thinking, thinking, thinking, and keeping his own counsel; until one afternoon he stopped as he passed the Vice-Chancellor, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Philip," said he. "You certainly are not well. You 've been sticking too close to business. I think you 'd better rest awhile; go up to Piney Point; hunt a fox or have a ball; it will do ye a world of good."

The Vice-Chancellor threw down his pen upon his desk. "I wish that you would not pester me so!" he said, in a querulous voice. "I am not ill, and I don't need rest; and I 'm not going up to Piney Point until I 'm good and ready. All I want is to be let alone; and I wish you 'd leave me alone! I don't see why you should be always a-coming and a-asking after me: I 'm sure I did not always come a-asking after you."

The Governor looked at him. "No," said he. "Ye did not: not since the day ye came to inquire how bad I was

hurt, before they had brought me home, while as yet nobody knew nothing at all, not even that I was gone out."

The Vice-Chancellor's long, thin hands lay stretched upon his desk. He did not move them, nor make the slightest motion. The room was very still.

The Governor looked at him, and his brave, generous face was very grave. "That was a strange thing, Philip," he went on, "a very strange thing indeed. Ye must have felt it in your bones." The Vice-Chancellor's impassive face was the color of lead. He made no reply.

"Now I think you are ill," said the Governor. "At least I should rather think ye ill than, with good grounds, to think some other things which a man might think who is given to taking notice."

Then "Eigh! Cousin Philip, be careful!" said he, as if by some sudden impulse saying more than he had intended. "Be careful; remember our honor, if ye have no care for yourself. There be queer stories afloat of late into which they have somehow inveigled your name at the cost of your reputation; and ugly rumors be going about: I have given them all the lie. Look to it, cousin; bear your course as delicate as I do. There 's naught an honest man can gain by dabbling in dishonor, naught save cankering private shame or public ignominy. Look to it, Philip; look to it, for the sake of the family if not for your own, man," and turning with a grave face, the Governor left the office.

Two days later Master Philip Calvert went up to Piney Point.

"What 's o'clock?" he asked, when the footman let him in at the door, and stood staring at him, wide-eyed. It was verging upon midnight. He had come all the way by a foot-path meandering through the forest. When the footman told him the hour, he did not seem to hear. "Johnson," he said, "I am tired; get me something to eat. Get me something to drink, too, something strong. And, Johnson, have the bed made up in the bedroom facing the hills; I think it may be cooler there. And, Johnson, if I should be a-sleeping when ye bring the breakfast in, don't ye wake me; leave me sleep, for I would rather sleep. Don't wake me if I sleep all day; keep the people quiet; don't be calling through the house, nor sweeping through the hallways, and don't go a-clumping up and down stairs like a paddockful of horses. I have not been a-sleeping well; these hot nights give me the quavers; I ha' lost a deal of sleep; so, mind ye, don't ye wake me, nor leave me be awakened, or I will send ye packing. Don't ye call me at all; I 'm weary; I 'd like to sleep ten thousand years!"

But when he had got into bed he could not sleep. He arose, and walked the room all night. When the first gray light of morning crept along the east, and across the hills he could see the white mist drifting up out of the valleys, he threw himself down across the bed, and slept there heavily all day long, now and then turning from side to side, and at last awaking in a stupid state, more weary than when he lay down.

He came down-stairs, unshaven, unkempt, and dishev-

eled, in his draggled clothing and the crumpled linen in which he had slept. "Don't fetch me coffee; I don't want coffee: I did not tell you to make me coffee; who told ye to make coffee?" he said complainingly. "Here; take it away, and don't be standing there, staring, as if ye were a stump! I want rum and sugar; d' ye hear me? Fetch me the rum, I say. What 's o'clock? Nay; I don't want to know; don't ye tell me; I don't care what 's o'clock"; and he rubbed his blue, unshaven chin with his trembling hand.

Next morning he wanted his horse brought up; but when it was brought he had changed his mind, and would not go out riding. He whined or complained like a petulant child of all that was undone or done. He would walk; and then he would n't; he would rest; but, no, he could n't; nothing was right; everything wrong. He chid his valet for following him when he strayed about the place; abused him like a fish-wife when he did not find him constantly at his heels. "Out upon it!" said he, "and murrain on it all! there 's nothing goes right any more!" Then, one day, he caught himself talking aloud to nobody. Thenceforward he would walk alone in the meadows no more. The meadows were hot, and the woods as still as death. "I can't abide a wood that is silent as the tomb!" said he. So he hung about the house all day until he lost his appetite, and sat at the table musing gloomily, and rattling his plate about. "Bah!" he said. "This is a ghastly hole!" and overturning his emptied wine-glass, he pushed the untouched dinner away, and strode moodily out of the room.

He grew more tired and worn each day. His eyes began to sink into their sockets, and the skin beneath them to hang in little puffy bags. He would let his man do for him no longer; and, turning his mirror against the wall, looked into it no more; so that the powder and rouge upon his face were unevenly laid. Then he left off using rouge at all, and his cheeks grew sickly pale and sallow.

He could find no rest from his increasing restlessness, nor release from his wakefulness. When he would have slept, he dreamed, and when he dreamed, he awoke, for he always dreamed of an opening pit into which his feet went helplessly sliding. And so the days crept wearily by, dawn, noon, and sunset, and after sunset, night.

Then at last came a burning afternoon, when the whole earth panted for breath. There was not a cloud in the sky to break the sun's intolerable glare. The wind, what little there was left, was hot as the breath of a furnace. Even that failed before evening came. The air grew stifling.

The servants went about bare-legged and with bare feet; the earth was like hot ashes. Master Philip Calvert sat before the house porch, beneath the towering elm-trees, which seemed to bring a light wind down through the deadly sultriness, and in some measure to relieve the intolerable heat.

The sun went down as suddenly as if it had been jerked away; it was pale as a silver groat, or the half of a broken apple. The moon came up as the sun went down, like a golden shell, rising with no perceptible motion.

The earth grew hushed. The barnyard creatures were unusually still. A fox's bark rang through the hills, reverberating strangely. Even the paroquets ceased screaming, and slipped among the tree-tops with a faint, quick sound of wings. "There be-eth a storm a-coming, sir," said the footman, nervously. "Shall I go light a candle in the house?"

"Yes, I would if I was you," said Philip Calvert. Then he suddenly added, "And, hark ye, Johnson, light them all. D' ye hear me? Light them all."

The man stopped. "Shall I light the candles in the sconces, sir?" he asked.

The Vice-Chancellor laid down his pipe. "No," said he, slowly, "I don't think we 'll light the sconces." Yet before the man had reached the house, he turned upon his chair and called after him, "Ho, Johnson! I say, you may light the sconces. A plague take it!" he added, with a quiver in his voice, as he looked about him under the trees. "I don't know what has come over me—I don't!" and he took a sip of the sugared rum that stood in a glass beside him.

He had been drinking heavily that day, both wine and rum. His eyes were weak and watery, and the rims of them were red. His under lip was loose and pendulous, and trembled constantly as he spoke.

He took up a spindle-shaped brown carotte and rubbed himself some snuff. It was highly spiced and very keen, and the fine dust from the rasp made him sneeze. The rasp flew out of his hand into the grass and he could not

find it again. He kicked impatiently here and there: "Oh, henker take it all!" He had spilled snuff all over his coat, and his breast was drabbled with wine. He had grown more negligent and unkempt with every day that had passed. Men sometimes do heroic things that they may just seem brave to themselves; but when a man has fallen to such an estate that he has not pride enough to keep up a decent appearance, he has come to a low ebb.

The footman hurried to the house, and, having lighted a candle, went rapidly from room to room. As he went, the little lights came glimmering out after him, like yellow fireflies, pale and wan, for it still was dimly light outside with the afterglow and the light of the moon. Having finished lighting the rest of the house, he hastened to his own room, and lighted the guttering candle-ends that stood in the little sconce. Then he hurried down the back stairs to where the maids were sitting; for he felt the need of company: the night had begun to have a strange look; the light reflected from the sky was copper-colored and odd, and there were unusual noises through the house as if the floor-beams were stretching themselves; moreover, the stair creaked under him loudly; and the footman had not been to mass for fourteen months, and had an uncomfortable sense at the pit of his heart that he was not all that he should be.

So the footman sat with the serving-maids, and the horse-boy sat with the hostler; but there was no one to sit beneath the elms with Master Philip Calvert.

For a while he sat beneath the trees, smoking uneasily,

and watching the stars; but everything was so still that he could not stand it. He arose and came quickly up to the house, and, entering, went swiftly from room to room, peering furtively into each, and then back to the hall to look out.

For all that the moon was up, it was now exceedingly dark. A few stars were visible in the east, low down under the tree-boughs. A fitful glimmer came and went along the hills, of summer lightning dancing in the south. The wind had set in from the west, inconstant and feverish; there was no coolness from the sea; the trees seemed to be withering. The hot odor of the forest was distinctly perceptible; one could hear a myriad frogs. Just as the Vice-Chancellor turned from the door, he heard a hollow moaning among the hills, far off and faint, a mournful, melancholy sound. "There surely is a storm a-coming!" he said, and stepped out on the porch. As he looked to the west he could see the shimmer of distant lightning. There was no thunder as yet; a hush lay on the remote uplands, and a silence upon the valley. The stillness took possession of him. "Egad!" he said, and gasped for breath as if he were stifling, "why is it so still? Here," he said, coming to the door where the servants were sitting together, the footman holding the housemaid's hand, and the cook's maid holding the footman's. "Why don't somebody make a sound? Why don't ye talk?"

"Zowks, master!" said the housemaid. "We'm nothing at all to say!"

"Well, for pity's sake, say it, then," said he. "Don't sit there like bumps on a log."

So they made up a sound among them desultorily for an instant; but it had no aim nor purpose, and, as soon as he was gone, died away. He looked back once or twice as if he would rather have lingered there for the sake of company; but the remnant of his lineage and his pride took hold of him; his uneasiness drove him on through the house like a moth, from candle to candle, listening to the moan of the wind among the hills, far off. There was now not a breath of air stirring among the trees outside.

The hall seemed unusually dark and wide as he went to the foot of the stair. As he came to the landing where the stair turned to the right he suddenly paused, and for a moment listened: there was a sound as if some one were rolling a heavy table to and fro in one of the rooms below. Then, boom, boom, boom, the sound resolved itself into a sullen, hollow rumble, beyond the walls. "There it comes!" he said. Going on quickly into his room, he lighted every candle there.

The air was close; the midges danced around the candle-flames. He opened the window-lattice and looked out.

A mist had gathered in the east like a heavy red drift of smoke, shutting the moon away. The storm was beginning to lift its front slowly over the western pines. "Gad, look at the clouds!" he said.

Along the low hills the clouds came slowly rolling and

heaving up like a billowing mountain-range, deliberate, ponderous, toppling dimly, and heavy with the gathered storm. As he watched them slowly heave across the green, uncanny sky, the lightning playing vividly among them, now here, now there, lighting them up like lamps that go by the windows of some great, dark, gloomy mansion in the night, suddenly, far off, he heard again the rumble of thunder. Then all the world was suddenly still. "It 's coming," he said uneasily. "It 's coming." Then he lifted his head.

There was no bell in the colony which might toll so deeply and heavily, rolling over the hills like the boom of a distant cannon; yet as surely as he listened he heard the distant clang of a heavy bell. He listened with startled face. The sound quivered and vibrated all about him in the air. "Why," he said, and put his hand up to his face, "it is as if I heard Bow Bells! That is very singular: to hear a bell where there is no bell." His under lip was trembling as if he had the ague. He was ill with the heat and the rum he had drunk, and the close, hot air oppressed him. The strange, sweet smell of the trees in the wood crept in through the open window; the room was filled with it; it seemed full of green leaves and shadows; the trees stood dark and motionless. The lights waved softly to and fro; his clothing rustled as he turned. What time it was he did not know; no one seemed stirring anywhere but himself; yet he did not go to bed. "I should not sleep if I did," he said, twisting his long, white fingers together nervously. He was grow-

ing very uneasy, nervous and excited. Since the bell had ceased ringing the silence was insupportable. He walked the room with erratic steps—it was very lonely. He listened—it was very still. The lightning had become more vivid; the hush between the distant, reverberating peals of thunder grew constantly more intense. All at once the curtains at the window rose and waved; he felt a quick, cold puff of the rising wind.

He ran to the casement to secure the lattice. The trees were tossing wildly. The elms waved their black branches like arms across the sky. The leaves on the ash seemed all turned white. As he drew in the lattice, a chill drop of rain struck and spattered upon his cheek—and just for a moment, as through the opening of a door comes a burst of music and laughter, and then is shut away, he heard through the stillness the beat of a horse's hoofs, cut-a-thump, cut-a-thump, cut-a-thump, coming on through the darkness; and then the sound was gone. Down rushed the wind through the tree-tops. The grass at the roadside bowed and sprung again before it. The house shook. The elm beat against the gable. For an instant nothing could be heard but the furious tumult of the gale. Far off he heard a great tree fall somewhere within the forest, a riving, splintering, startling sound. Then nearer, louder, sharper-beating than before, he heard the drum of a horse's hoofs, seeming to race with the breaking storm.

Down came the great, tremendous rain, in roaring sheets and torrents; over the shivering meadow-lands the

pouring showers ran; across the pine-trees that topped the hills they trailed and swept like a woman's fallen hair. Philip Calvert closed his eyes to the blaze of the now incessant lightning, and crossed himself and muttered a prayer at the thunderous jar which followed each flash, reverberating through the hills and shaking the ground beneath the house.

Through the roar and rush and the sweep of the wind he could hear the dull beat of that great, racing stride, coming on through the darkness and storm: cut-a-thump, cut-a-thump, cut-a-thump, cut-a-thump. It seemed to be coming nearer and nearer. "That 's not on the road," said he. "That 's in the woods. Sure, Tom of Bedlam would not ride through the woods on a night as dark as this! Why, now, I believe it is a-coming here!" He shrank back instinctively. "Now, who can be a-coming here?" he faltered. "Who can be coming here of a night like this?"

He crossed himself, for, as he spoke, there came a blinding flash of light, as if the sky were split, and after it another. Then followed a peal of thunder which made the very foundations shake; with a sudden-rising whiff of the wind out went the lights, and left him in utter darkness.

He ran to the door and opened it. The hall was dark as pitch. He followed the wainscot to the head of the stair. "Dick," he cried in his shrill, high voice, "Dick Johnson; what! here! fetch me a light! Quick, I say, Johnson; fetch me a light!"

There came a knocking at the door below. "What! Here!" an imperious voice cried. "What! Here! the house!" A heavy knock made the door-bolts creak, and the door-chains clinked and rattled.

Clasping his hands upon his breast, Philip Calvert leaned against the wainscot. He heard the muffled thump of feet as the footman sprang out of bed, and a swift snipping of flint and steel; a wavering thread of light came swiftly down the hallway. On the heels of a parley came a rattle of chains. He crept to the landing and peered down across the balustrade just as Johnson shot back the last bolt, and threw the door wide open.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE GOVERNOR SEES, AT LAST

THE Governor sat at the small writing-desk in his private office, leaning upon the arm of his chair. His brow was knitted in unavailing thought. The fingers of his idle hand drummed on the desk awhile, were still, then drummed again. The red sun shone through the lattice. "Pricer," he said suddenly, still leaning upon his chair-arm and studying the sunlight on the wall, "what was the name of the vessel we held on charge of piracy the first year of the King's reign? I can't remember."

The private secretary studied the floor. "The *Earl of Warwick*, sir."

Knitting his brows, the Governor shook his head. "That 's not it," he said. "Sure, I thought I had found it," he said, with a sigh, and went on with his drumming and thinking. After a little, "Pricer," said he again, "what of the *Earl of Warwick?*"

"Well, sir, she was stowed with household goods," said the secretary slowly. "A most unusual cargo, sir, as I remember it."

"I don't remember the household goods," said the

Governor, thoughtfully. "Were they sold at public auction?"

"No, sir; I don't believe they were," replied Pricer, then he rubbed his curly pate. "Now, sure, I don't believe they were ever sold at all. Why, now, on my word, what did become of them? They were as fine a lot of household stuffs as ever I saw; carven chairs and tables and chests, and very handsome carpets, and a bit of statuary, and some family paintings, and table-service, sir, as elegant as any in the provinces. 'T is singular I cannot remember what was done with those furnishings! I 'll look it up."

"It is not worth while," said the Governor. "That 's not what I was after."

But Gerald Pricer was the sort of a man that, once suggest to him a question, was not to be restrained from that quest except by direct command.

When Governor Calvert came back from his plantation, the secretary looked up from his table beneath the window. "I have been looking over the inventories of '60, sir," said he. "The household goods of which we spoke were laid away in store. They were valued at six hundred pound sterling, and were held to await an owner."

"Mm-mm?" said the Governor, musing. "I suppose they managed to find him?"

"No," said Pricer, "they did n't."

"Ah, they did n't?" the Governor echoed carelessly. "And that was the end of it?"

"No, sir," said Pricer. "It was n't the end of it. They were garnisheed for fees."

"Garnisheed? Six hundred pound sterling? For fees?" said the Governor. "By gad, that 's a princely fee! Who had the face to take six hundred pound sterling for fees?"

The private secretary took up his pen. "Master Philip, sir."

The Governor sat for a moment silent. He did not drum. "Are ye right sure of that?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the secretary. "I made a point to be sure before speaking of it, sir. I made memoranda, lest I should forget."

"Let 's see that memorandum."

The secretary laid the slip upon his patron's desk.

" 'Six hundred pound sterling,' " read the Governor, " 'certified value of the goods that was took from *The Earl of Warwick*.' 'That was took from *The Earl of Warwick*,' " he muttered musingly. Then he raised his head with a singular glimmer in his eye.

"Pricer," he asked suddenly, "d' ye wot the great Earl of Warwick?"

"Guy, sir, who slew the wild boar?" asked the secretary, smiling.

"No; not Guy, but he they called the King-Maker—'Warwick, the King-Maker.' Ye wot him. What was his cognizance?"

"His coat of arms, sir; or his badge? His badge was the bear and the ragged staff."

The Governor started a little. "Are ye right sure of that?" he asked.

"I can make sure," said Pricer. "I can look it up in 'The College,' sir. Here it is: 'Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick: badge, *The Bear and the Ragged Staff.*' "

The Governor sat very still. "It can't be true," said he.

"Why, sir, here it is in 'The College,' " said Pricer.

The Governor looked at the little slip that was lying on his desk. There was a world of trouble in his kindly face. "It can't be true," he said slowly. "No, no; it can't. Pricer," he said, in a lower tone, "do ye recall the name of the owner of those goods?"

"Is 't not on the memorandum?" asked the secretary. "Sure, I thought I had put it down upon the memorandum. I don't see how I came to forget," and he looked a little crestfallen, for he was a careful man. "I know I meant to put it down. I will not forget such a thing again. I think that the name was 'Henry'; yet that don't seem just right. Pshaw! I had it on my tongue; and there, 't is gone again! Aggravation! Ah, I have it!" he said, laughing triumphantly. "I knew I 'd recollect it. The name *was* 'Henry,' sir; 't was the christened name, not the last name; but I knew 't was a part. They had it entered 'Harry,' sir—'Harry Lee.' It also stood against six thousand acres of land, sir, on Piney Point, west of the inlet, that were entered for 'Captain Henry Lee' by Sir George Evelyn."

The Governor turned in his chair. His voice was suddenly harsh and stern. "Pricer," he said, "do ye ever lie?"

The private secretary put down his pen and stood up. "Master Charles," he said with honest dignity, "I have been your man this seven year; you have known me twenty-seven; your father, God save him! knew my people for years before I was born: did ye ever hear of any one of my kin being given the name of a coward or a liar?"

The Governor's cheek flushed. "I beg your pardon, Pricer," said he, in a frank, manly way. "I was hasty. I would the world had taken your example more to heart! Ye are a people honest in word and deed." Then he turned, and for a moment leaned on his desk, with his head upon his hand. "Pricer," he said slowly, at length, "have my horse up, the gray horse, and my pistols. See that the pistols are loaded, for I am going to ride, and to ride alone."

The Governor arose from his chair as his secretary turned to the door, and spoke very quickly: "Pricer, one moment. I would have nothing said henceforward of aught I have said to you upon this matter."

"Sure now, your honor," said Pricer, with a quiet, steady gaze. "Were ye speaking to me about any matter whatever? Sure, I don't remember it."

An hour later the Governor, mounted on a strong hunter, iron-gray, was spurring at a hand-gallop across the hills.

The Governor Sees, at Last

The sun went down. The stars came out. The pallid, languid moon arose and stared like a lusterless eye through a haze on the eastern horizon; it gave little light, though the moon was full. The highway dust was thick. There was no wind.

With a look at the sky, the Governor reined his horse from the road into a meandering bridle-path, lying faint among the still, gray trees, and spurred into the forest. He knew the path as he knew his hand, and spurred into the solitude.

The twilight opened the yellow primroses; green moths with wings a hand-breadth wide fluttered in the shadows; now and then the cry of an owl came quavering through the dusk of the woods. There was not enough wind to cool his face, but, as he rode, a few gray flecks of cloud stole up from the western horizon with a host of clouds behind them.

The Governor took one look about him, and then laid lash to his horse, setting his hat tight with one hand as he did so. He was now in a beech-wood braided with vines, where many a moldering forest-tree lay rotting where it had fallen. The dull red stars looked through the boughs; the wind was rising overhead. The air of the wood hung like that of a furnace, and the horse was frothed with sweat. It began to grow dark. The west was beclouded. A curtain of vapor moved up the sky, with fringed edges of a bright copper color. The wood seemed astir with unseen things, wings above, pattering feet below. Then, all at once, the wind came with a

shriek. It was so black now that he could hardly see the distance of a rod. The roar of the wind was full of the shrill outcries of birds made homeless by sudden wreck, for the trees were alive with the gale. By times it seemed to abate; but then came on again, until all the forest screamed with its fury. It came on, rushing over the hill-tops, sweeping across dark plateaus, gathering power, until it dashed with almost staggering force full in the face of horse and man, fairly deafening them with its increasing roar, and hurling the scattered, heavy drops, the few fore-fallings of the approaching deluge, like hailstones into their faces. Bending low over his horse's withers, for safety among the uncertain trees, Charles Calvert spurred on.

Out of the wood they broke into the open.

Darker even than the darkness, a great house lifted its ridged bulk like a blur against the sky. About it hung the forest's impenetrable gloom. Above it flashed the incessant lightning, finding its feeble echo in one dimly glimmering window's light. "On, boy!" cried the Governor, plying his whip, and galloped up the ebony slope just as the storm broke in fury around him.

The sound of hoofs had awakened the hounds. He sprang from his saddle and beat upon the door with the butt of his riding-whip. "What! here!" he called out. "What! here! the house!"

A faint light sprang inside; it seemed to die away; then it came again, and broadened in red streaks across the sill; he heard a shuffling tread of feet.

"Who 'e there? Speak up, or I 'll fire upon ye!" said a voice inside the door.

"In heaven's name!" he said. "Are ye at war with all the world, as well as out with honor? Open the door straightway; 't is I, the Governor, Charles Calvert."

He heard the rattle of loosed chains, and the thump of shooting bolts. The portal swung wide, and the wavering rays of a candle fell yellow about him. The footman was in his night-clothes and trousers, and had no stockings on.

"Where is your master?" asked the Governor, sharply.

"In his bed, the saints preserve him!"

"Go, call him; I would speak with him."

"The saints save your honor, I dare n't."

"Go, call him, I say."

"But he is not dressed."

"Don't answer me, sirrah; go, call him, I say; and that instantly. He needs no clothes to hear me. Go, call him, I command ye."

From somewhere above them in the hallway came a thin, shrill voice, quavering out of the darkness: "Who are ye, making all that noise? Who is it that wants me?"

The footman turned and let the candle-light shine along the hallway. The Governor held his hand before him that his eyes might not be blinded.

On the landing at the bend of the stairs stood Master Philip Calvert, already fully dressed in his scarlet velvet suit and long black flowing wig. The gay ribbons on the wig were all bedraggled and forlorn: his face was drawn

and pinched, and of a very ghastly color. He stood with one hand against the wall and the other upon the rail, as if his legs were tremulous and weak and he were seeking support. The velvet of his clothes was crushed, and his neck-cloth disordered; his appearance, his whole attitude, were desperately weary, as if he had been watching in his own sick-room for weeks, and lacking a chance to change his clothes, had slept just as he stood.

"Who is it? and what is wanted?" he asked; "and why do ye trouble me?"

" 'T is I, Cousin Philip," answered the Governor, and stepped out into the candle-light, the rain-drops sparkling here and there like spangles over his clothing. "I have come to speak with you."

"Ye have come to speak with me? In God's name, what would ye speak of that ye come at this time of the night?" He took his hand down from the wall and put it upon his breast; it fluttered amid the lace there; and he shivered as if he were ill.

"Ah, cousin," said the Governor, "what I have to say is not much, but enough: Where are the household goods that were taken from *The Earl of Warwick?* Where is the vessel that bore that name, and was known by the badge of the Beauchamps? What do ye know of Henry Lee, of his estate, or of his legal issue? And what of the unfortunate lad who was cabin-boy to a dirty rogue on a trading ship called the *Ragged Staff?*"

The Vice-Chancellor lifted his hand from the rail, and stared down at the Governor with a strange, uncanny

stare; his lips moved, but he said nothing. Then suddenly, with a choking, inarticulate cry, he clutched his breast with both hands, drooped as if he were actually withering, swayed to and fro, lost his balance, pitched headlong, and came sliding down the stair, a tragical, crumpled length of scarlet velvet, tumbled wig, and tangled lace, the edges of his scarlet shoe-soles beating sharply along the stair-steps as he slid.

At the foot of the stair he turned over and lay flat of his back, his glazed eyes staring up at the ceiling.

They carried him to a lounge in the side-room. "Here," said the Governor sharply to the footman, who stood like a palsied, dumb-stricken ghost, staring at his master's ghastly face. "Put that candle into a stick, and fetch me a flask of cordial. Jump! And hark 'e, sirrah," he said, with a face that made the footman gasp. "When ye leave this room and close that door, go straight to your quarters, speaking to nobody; for if ever I hear ye have whispered a word o' this night's doings or sayings, I 'll have ye done with a cat-o'-nines and sold into Barbados."

The footman swiftly obeyed him.

"Now, Philip," said the Governor as he poured a glass of the reviving liquor into the mouth of the shuddering Vice-Chancellor, "tell me this out from first to last. I shall first know what it is ye have brought to our name Then we 'll see what is to be done."

"Ah, man," groaned Philip Calvert. "I was tempted of the devil. I ha' paid it out a thousand-fold; I ha' gnawed my heart out with remorse." With that he fell

to sobbing weakly, which is a pitiful thing to see in a full-grown man. There was something tragically pathetic in his weak, tremulous lip, his pale, high forehead, his eyes that, try as they would to meet the gaze of the world with the old, proud, overbearing look, were grown so irresolute that they could not bear even to face themselves in the looking-glass. "I will make full restitution," he whispered. "I ha' fallen away; I ha' known no joy; my heart is dead, or broken. But, oh, Charlie, not ignominy—no, no; I cannot bear it! I cannot bear that men should point at me in scorn!"

"Then out with it all from first to last, that we may see what the dictates of justice require."

"'T will take all night."

"We have all night."

When the Vice-Chancellor was done, the Governor slowly shook his head. "Philip," said he, "ye have heard it read: 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.' Take thy feet out of it."

The next day Master Charles Calvert sailed for New Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XLIV

IN LORDSHIP LONELY

IT was a crisp October morning on which Barnaby Lee and Master Simeon Drew set out from St. Mary's town across the ferry to invest the heir to a fair estate. The sheep-bells tinkled on the hills. Everything was sharp and fresh. The brown brooks splashed down over the stones, and the autumn leaves rustled along the road. The rattling thump of the horses' hoofs was dulled and softened by them. The haze of September was gone from the hills; clearings, meadows, tobacco-lands lay clear and fair. On they went. The sound of the mill at St. Mary's died away in the distance, and with it the sound of horns from the ships in the inlet. Then the brown woods closed on the road behind them, and even the city was lost to view.

Thump, thump, went the hoofs of the horses along the leaf-strewn roadway. Little vistas among oaks and elm-trees opened constantly as they rode. Here and there a quiet cow, cheerfully spotted red and white, cropped at peace in the pleasant meadows. It was a fair, romantic country. The road wound among the hills; the forests were meshed with bridle-paths, and were full of the

sound of distant voices. Here and there along the way heavy oxen passed them, swaying down from the uplands with long-shafted trundles of leaf-tobacco rolling and rumbling behind them. "Sir," said Barnaby, his heart uplifted by the beauty all about him, "the Chiltern hills themselves are not more fair than this is."

"It is a fair land," said Drew, quietly, "a fair land, indeed. They chose well who chose it first; it is a garden-spot on the earth's face. You, yourself, Master Lee, are heir to a lovely place, lying beyond these woodlands, a beautiful spot and a fair estate. Yet, I pray thee, no further questions! You have been kept from a right inheritance by ill-advised connivance, but restitution has been made. There is a house, a good, substantial house, furnished from cellar to ridge-pole; furnished, make a note of that. There are stables and barns, bins, forge, a paddock, horses, sheep, swine, cattle, goats, I believe, and efficient service, though I have sent the underlings packing into parts that knew not Joseph; and there is a capital factor and overseer already in charge. This is in part compensation, if there can be any compensation, for the wrongs you have endured, not as restitution. The original lands were as wild as a fox, and as bare of tillage as this wood. They were taken in misapprehension by one whose name shall nevermore appear in connection with them. Ask no further, but forget; it will be much better forgotten. If you be pleased to retain me after thinking it over, Master Lee, I shall ever be pleased to serve ye."

"I do please to retain ye, sir. Ye have been mightily kind to me."

"To be sure I have," said Master Drew; "I was very well paid for it. Why should I not be kind when I am paid for it?"

"Were ye paid for saying 'God rest ye!' at my door in the dead of the night? I was not asleep, sir; I was thinking."

Simeon Drew turned red with confusion. The pose he loved was flinty hardness. He delighted to shut his lips, scowling, and say, "Begone, ye good-for-nothing dog!" But his heart was as soft as a woman's, when you came to the inner parts of it, inside the husk of years. "You 're a shrewd man, Drew," he would say to himself, as he put on his wig before his little dressing-glass in the morning; "you 're a clever man, Drew. But you are a hard man; ye oppress widows, offend orphans, and grind the face of the poor. Yes, ye do, Drew. Don't smirk so self-righteously; ye are a hard, cold man." Yet, as sure as "Begone, ye good-for-nothing dog!" came snapping from his lips, a shilling came out of his pocket. His wrinkled face was like an old, juicy apple that has lain all winter in a cellar and lost its juiciness without spoiling its flavor or losing its ruddy cheeks. He grew very red, and "Hut, tut, boy; you 're too young to flatter!" said he, in great confusion.

"Very well, sir," said Barnaby. "Then I shall keep it, and when I am old I will tell ye again. Ye have been uncommonly good to me, and I shall not forget it.

There was a woman once gave me a pie, at a Buckinghamshire farm-house, in the middle of the night. Some day I am going back again, and search that woman out, and give her a ring, if I have money to buy it. Sure, sir, it is good to be grateful to people who have befriended ye."

"There is little profit in it," said Drew, with a faded smile.

"My father said that profits were the checkers of Old Nick."

"Then the earth is Old Nick's checker-board, and the whole world 's playing a sooty game! Are ye sure that your father is dead, Master Lee?" asked the lawyer, soberly.

"I saw him fall on his face, sir, and heard the murdering pistols shooting. Do not speak of it any more, Master Drew; I can hardly bear to think of it!" With that, Barnaby, choking, spurred up the long hill.

Over its brow they came galloping suddenly into the open. Before them stretched a property beautiful and broad, on the southward slope of a green hill, by a wood of dark, tall pine-trees. They came on it quickly out of the wood, a strong barn of Flemish brick, a paddock, a forge with a smoky stack, an anvil ringing clearly in the dusky room below; then the house itself, standing up against the wood like a castle on a hill.

Beyond the house the plantation ran as far as the eye could see: maize-land, tobacco, and old wheat-fields; nut-woods and a wild-rice fen; meadow-lands netted with bubbling streams; hills shaded by untouched forests, in

which were birds and deer uncounted. It was indeed a rich estate. The house at the top of the hill was tall, with a gallery running between its wings, and many criss-cross-timbered gables, green with ivy to their ridge-poles. The chimneys, over which the ivy had grown, looked like needle-towers upon a castle of green. The front of the house and the portico, where it showed among the elm-trees, were garlanded with Virginia creeper, flaming red with the autumn frosts; and here and there a little window, hung with a snow-white linen curtain, sparkled and peeped like a twinkling eye through the overhanging vines. The diamond panes of the open windows gleamed in the cloudless sunlight as though they were gathering warmth and cheer against the dreary days of the coming winter.

About the rear of the house was an orchard of apple and pear and cherry trees, with a broad garden of roots and herbs, rosemary, sweet marjoram, sage, and thyme; nighest the house were peach-trees. Before the house lay a garden, full of many brown-leaved shrubs which in the summer had been flowers, roses of Turkey, and Persian irises, with hyacinths and tulips in rows.

Between the garden and the beech-wood, which stretched on downward to the shining marshes, lay a rolling breadth of unterraced lawn shimmering with the autumn grass. Here and there was a shade-tree with a little bench beneath it. Altogether it was as fair a place as was in the colony.

"Master Drew, is this all mine?" asked Barnaby, aghast.

"Yes," said Drew, "it is."

Barnaby stared, his heart in his throat. It was wonderful as a dream.

On a bench beside the door a man was cleaning harness, one eye on the harness and one upon a laughing, buxom lass who was standing in the door. Hearing the tread of the horses' hoofs, he dropped the harness, and came running out to meet them. "Welcome, Master Drew," he said. "I 'm glad to see ye!" Barnaby scarcely knew that he spoke. He dismounted in a daze. He felt as if he were dreaming.

But it was no dream. Under his feet the ruddy drifts of the autumn leaves rustled, giving forth a clean, fresh odor where the sun lay warm upon them. A woman stood on the step by the door. She curtsied low. "Master Lee," she said in a tremulous voice, "I ha' kept this house four years!"

"Then, mistress, go on keeping it," said Barnaby. "What could I do in this vast place if there were not some one to keep it? And if there be a butler and a cook, pray keep them also. I shall be adread in this great mansion if there be no other feet than mine to wake the echoes in it. I am not large as the house is, nor can I spread myself to fill it. If there be nobody else, ma'am, to sit beside my fire, I beg ye, come sometimes, yourself, and sit with me to fill the emptiness; or find me a clean, small cat to play with in the evenings; a hound is company afield, but falls asleep too soon indoors."

"Bless ye, sir," said the woman. "Shalt have a cat;

ay, two cats; and as for me, sir, I 'll look in, and my old man shall speak with thee. Who is to stay?''

''Ye are all to stay who are here,'' said Drew, in his dry, crisp way. ''We 've no fault to find. Ye 've kept the place exceeding well for Master—tooraloo, tooraloo!'' he suddenly broke off, as if he were singing. ''Come, Master Lee; let us go look through the stables. You will find the maids pretty; your valet is from London; he dresses wigs beyond all belief. You must get you a wig.''

''I prefer my own hair, sir.''

''Well, so should I, if I had any. But you really must find the rogue something to do.''

''As to that, sir, will ye not take him? I should lie awake half the night, I know, thinking what he should do.''

''Tut! you will soon be quite at home.''

Barnaby looked around them. ''Master Drew,'' he said earnestly, ''do ye think that by calling a place home ye can make it seem homelike?''

Drew looked down. ''Nay, lad,'' he said gently. ''No calling makes a place a home. 'T is the love that is in it which fastens on our hearts like a hook of steel. 'T is not those we live life with, but those we live life for that make it worth the living, and the place where we live it home. God send ye company; I ha' lived sixty year alone myself. Yet call it home; 't is a fair estate, and it may be that happiness shall abide beneath the roof; at any rate a stout heart is the best company for a man who goes walking alone.''

CHAPTER XLV

THE STRANGE RIDERS

ON a noonday, perhaps two weeks after, Barnaby Lee was taken by a spell of bitterest loneliness. What had him by the heart the boy could not imagine. There was no place he wished to go, no place he cared to stay; he found no satisfaction in idleness; he was irritable, lonely and depressed, and restless everywhere.

He left the house, for the building loomed about him as vacant as an empty inn, seeming greater day by day, and emptier.

The hallways echoed emptily as he closed the door behind him. The foxhounds sniffed with vague suspicion at his heels; they knew him for their master, but not yet as their friend. One old hound with a crippled leg, more kindly than the rest, came running after him. "Go back," said Barnaby, drearily; "there 's no need of your following me." The old hound stopped, stood watching him with its head upon one side, whined softly, wagged its worn tail a little wistfully, then trotted back; and Barnaby went on. Turning out of the road, he wandered aimlessly down through the tawny fields toward the river.

The Strange Riders

It was a beautiful day, cool and bright. A little wind was blowing. The clouds hung low on the face of the world, and as far as he could see the hills were crimson and purple and gold. The edges of the little streams had caught the fire from the sky, and across the Potomac the light lay in ripples of melted gold. Awhile the sky was overcast, and then the sun swept through the broken clouds. From somewhere through the great stillness came a sound of women's voices, singing, by the river, a Latin hymn to the Virgin, faint with distance, yet sweet and clear. A sloop with a sail like ivory was coming down the stream; in the sky two eagles flew straight up into the sun. The roof of a cabin, far away on the hills, was brilliant as a diamond. It seemed as if everything must be bright on a day as fair as this, lighted with the unutterable glory of the clouds. Yet Barnaby grew heavier-hearted, as if by contrast. The gulls swept above the broad stream, or rested on its moving waters. All the world seemed clad in peace; yet to Barnaby it grew lonelier through its very peacefulness.

He wondered if it were always so silent there in the hollow of the hill; and all at once his lips twitched.

He stopped beneath a little oak, his eyes suddenly filled by a rush of tears. This was the land where his father and he were to have dwelt together in peace. The dead leaves fell about him, drifting, twirling in the wind. He put out his hands, with half a sob.

"Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy!" he said, and then could say no more.

God knows if the dumb prayers of men are heard on the infinite walls of peace that ring the eternal city; but, "Oh, daddy, come back!" said Barnaby. "Come back to me again! I am desolate without ye, daddy. There is nobody left who cares for me!"

"What? Barnaby!" said a clear, girlish voice. "Hast so soon forgotten me?"

He turned, and there in the path behind him stood Dorothy Van Sweringen, the sunshine falling upon her face through the sparse leaves of the little oak-tree, her lips just parted as she spoke. Fair-haired and unhooded, her hair was blown about by the wind until it shone like a haze of gold. She had on the crimson jacket, and the little blue-and-white-striped petticoat in which he first had seen her on the wall of Fort Amsterdam.

Speechlessly he stared at her, totally surprised.

"It is I, dear lad," she said; and laid her hand upon his arm. "We, too, have come to Maryland, and are to be English, also. We live across one little brief hill" —she pointed as she spoke. "And our house is thy house; and, if thou dost so please, we are thy people. We have loved thee; we love thee now; we shall forever love thee for what thou didst for us; yea, for thine own self we love thee. Wilt thou not love and care for us as we love and care for thee? Then we shall all be kind together, and thou shalt never again be lonely."

She paused a moment, with cheeks suffused and a little mist in her bright blue eyes. Yet still he did not look up at her face, but stood with his head hanging down on his breast.

"Dear lad," she continued, "we have all come over to dine with thee, in honor of thine heritage; for thou art lord and master here, ruler of thine hall. I saw thee going across the meadow, through the wood, and down the hill; and so, dear lad, I followed thee, and am come to call thee home."

Barnaby looked up.

"How good ye are to me," he said; "how pleasant it is to see you!" Then he paused and swept one look over the broad autumnal world about them: the river rolling down to the sea, the hills a-dream in splendor, the mountains of cloud against the sky like alabaster domes. "It is a good world, after all," he said, "and I will not call it bad."

So they started up the hill, the bright leaves falling all about them, and the sunlight through the clouds running across the woodland. *Teray, teree, teray!* sang the little bird in the thorn-bush; a squirrel scampered with rippling tail across the fallen leaves; a grasshopper, ancient and hoary, sprang through the spears of the faded grass. Dorothy looked up and smiled; her bright cheeks were a little flushed, her eyes unusually blue. She put out her hand and tenderly patted Barnaby's shoulder. His face was brighter and more calm, but his mouth was wistful still.

The earthen path was lifted by the moles that tunneled through the woodland; a pheasant rushed by like a cannon-ball, and disappeared among the scrub-oaks. Then all at once the crows began to rise among the trees

that stood along the hill, and to fly away like cawing flakes of soot across the forest. There seemed to be a going-on beyond the underwood; as the two came through the beech-wood where the brush had been cleared away, they could see the hounds running down the hill as if they were hunting a fox.

Two men upon roan horses were coming through the forest beyond the limits of the clearing. Passing the gates at a gallop, they came thumping up the drive to the house. The hounds trailed behind, or ran before them, baying, springing up, and yelping, until the woods reëchoed with their clamor.

One of the men was a servant. He was sharply berating the hounds, calling them back and kicking at them as they leaped around his horse. But the other stranger spurred on ahead as if he were in haste. They still were among the woodlands, and the sunlight and shadow flickered upon them, so that one could not distinguish their features.

Barnaby lifted his head and stared.

"I wonder who that can be?" he said. "Let 's hurry, Dorothy."

Then all at once he put up his hands. "I am going to run," he said.

His voice was queer.

The riders had now neared the edge of the wood and all at once galloped out into the sunshine.

The man who was spurring so swiftly was tall, straight, and fair. He wore a scarlet riding-coat and a

gentleman's decent sword. When Barnaby saw the rake of his leg and the way he sat his saddle, the boy started up the hill, running as hard as he could run. His face was white and his eyes were staring. All he could see was a patch of red sweeping along the roadway, for suddenly he was crying hard; yet while he cried he was laughing, and while he cried and laughed together he ran until he seemed almost to fly.

The stranger, galloping through the grassland, seeing Barnaby running so hard, turned in his saddle and looked at him, and then from looking began to stare.

Barnaby put up his hands and shouted. What he said no one could have understood. But the stranger, hearing it, gave a cry, and turning his horse from the beaten road, came galloping down through the field as if he were riding for life's sake.

Barnaby's hat had fallen off, and his yellow hair was flying. He was running as he never had run before. The man loosed his feet from his stirrups as the horse came on, and before he had come to where the lad was, sprang from his saddle with a great bound, and came running through the grass, crying, "Oh, is it you, my little boy? Oh, Barnaby, is it you?"

But all that Barnaby cried was, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!" and running even faster than he had run before, he sped through the tall grass, crying out and running, and met the stranger in the midst of the field, and fell upon his neck.

The loosened horse went thumping on, cantering

through the beech-wood, then turned with a whinny and looked back; the crows flew over the tree-tops cawing as if they were all gone daft; the hounds went baying up the hill in a white pack to the stables. But the two in the field heeded neither crows, horse, nor hounds, nor took notice of anything about them. They could hardly see for the tears, yet they looked with devouring eyes one at the other. They could scarcely speak for laughing and choking, yet they both were talking at once together, and neither listened to what the other was saying, nor cared so much as twopence for aught he was saying himself. The wind in the high grass around them made billows like a sea; but wind, billows, or sea were as nothing to them. They clung to one another as if hardly death itself should ever part them again, and the sunshine through the broken clouds made a glory on their heads.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE END

BUT Dorothy Van Sweringen fled like a deer up the slope through the meadows, and darting in at the open door, ran along the reëchoing hall to the door of the great, quiet room where her parents were waiting.

"He is not dead at all!" she cried, ablaze with excitement. "He rideth on a horse. He weareth a red riding-coat. He is coming up through the meadow; Barnaby is with him. Ai! happy, happy day!" Clapping her hands, she danced about the room as if she were possessed.

"Who rideth a horse?" asked Van Sweringen.

"Barnaby's father," she answered.

"What?"

"Ay!"

"Nay?"

"'T is true!"

"Oh, what a chance!" cried Van Sweringen. "Ach, let us run out to meet them!"

The three of them together, waving their hands and their handkerchiefs, sent up a shrill, clamoring cheer

from the porch as Barnaby came up the field, with his arm around his father, and his father's arm around him.

The afternoon went by like the wind; the moon came over the eastern hills like a silver platter on a purple wall; yet the sun was not down, and the rusty hills were still golden with the ruddy light.

Barnaby Lee and his people were seated at the table. The sunshine on flagons and drinking-cups danced in reflected rainbows on wainscot and on ceiling, and lay upon Dorothy's fair hair like the golden-circling aureole around the head of some maiden saint. There was a little stirring of knives and forks, a savory breath from the snow-white table, a fragrance of autumn leaves laid down in a wreath with barley-straws.

"And I am not dead, nor ever was," said Barnaby's father, softly. "George Levering, poor gallant fool, needs out with who he was as we came through the streets of Shoreham. The constables and yeomanry were on us in a trice. To me they offered passage scot-free if I would stand from Levering. But, nay, that could not be. So we fought them through the village, and made a stand in the market-place. Again they offered me my life if I would stand from Levering; but the poor lad set his back to mine; none but a coward could desert him; and so we fought until he died. I was only shot through the body. My time had not come. Arrested and jailed on the charge of treason, my life was saved, but I lingered in prison; and nothing I could say or do found me clemency with King Charles, until this spring, when the Earl of Southampton, who is my distant kinsman, stood my

friend, and I was pardoned. I stood like a beggar in the street. My Quarrendon estate was flown; my ancient friends were all estranged; my wife was dead; my son was gone. I had no heart for war; a profligate court I could not endure; I turned my face westward and followed the track of my old investments—what more is there to tell?" He looked around the listening table. "When I reached St. Mary's town I was met by news which made my heart swell until I thought it would burst within me. What it was, need I say? Here is my old investment; here are my lands; and here—my own son Barnaby."

With that he suddenly bent his head above his folded hands.

"Dear God," he said, "thou hast been passing good this day to Captain Harry Lee. I will say grace."

Then all of them bowed their heads, too, Barnaby's beside his father's, both as bright as hammered gold, though his father's was streaked with gray.

Harry Lee's voice was shaking as he faltered out his grace: "Father in heaven, who maketh us all we are, who keepeth us in safety, and who giveth us all we have: to those whom we love send thy saving love; to the foes whom we hate forgiveness; yea, Father, forgiveness even to those whom we, being human, cannot forgive upon earth; but grant us that we may forgive them in heaven as we ourselves hope for forgiveness. To thee eternally our thanks and glory must arise for thine infinite charity. Deserving naught, we are greatly rewarded;

expecting nothing, thou hast granted us all that our hearts have so long desired. Yet, Father, though it had been denied, though sore of heart and lonely, still should we always praise and exalt thy name, saying, 'Hosanna to the Lord of hosts, for His mercy endureth forever.' "

He crossed himself, so also Barnaby, while they recited in unison: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Alleluia!"

Van Sweringen was sitting between his wife and daughter, and under the edge of the table-cloth he was holding their hands in his. On the breathless little silence that followed the grace there fell a quick, sharp whisper: "Please, daddy dearest, I will love thee quite as well if thou dost not crush my poor fingers!" It was Dorothy's voice. They all laughed, for their eyes were full, and it was high time for occasion for laughter.

Captain Harry Lee looked around him. The faces of all were glowing and bright with the last red sunlight.

"God bless ye all that were good to my lad!" he said, in a deep, vibrating voice. "There was never a Lee forgot a friend; nor shall my boy, nor I. Is anything lacking which might add to the happiness of to-day? Nay, there is naught. God keep it so ever, bright and fair!"

"Amen to that," said Mynheer Van Sweringen. "May God so bless us all, wherever we may go!"

They were all quite still for a moment. Barnaby felt Dorothy's hand rest lightly on his own. Then the knives and platters began to move about the happy table. Twilight dimmed the glowing light, but peace had come with the stars.

Thus endeth here the story of the life of Barnaby Lee. The days that had promised the fairest had gone out in mist and storm, and those which had seemed the darkest had come to the brightest end. So it may prove with the commonest lives upon this little earth.

What happened further lies beyond the province of this book. Dorothy Van Sweringen and Barnaby Lee played their parts in this life bravely, and the world was the better for their having been in it.

Harry Lee was to the end a soldier and a gentleman. You may find his lands recorded in musty files in Maryland, if so be that you care to look. His life was hard and troubled, yet he lived it gallantly, and found comfort in its happy close. He has slept in peace for two hundred years beneath the Maryland pines.

Gerrit Van Sweringen was sheriff of Governor Calvert's county, as his friend had promised he should be, was interpreter to the Council, attained position and wealth, was a hot-headed, shrewd-witted, gallant fellow to the end, beloved by his friends, feared by his foes, and respected by all honest men. His descendants are scattered through many a State and many a Territory. It may be that you who peruse these pages have in your

veins a spark of the heat and fire that stirred his heart. If so, forgive a poor portrait: he has been dead these two centuries, and his memory has grown dim. Ours shall no doubt have grown as dim, or dimmer, two hundred years from now.

And so, with those of the story, to every one good night.

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